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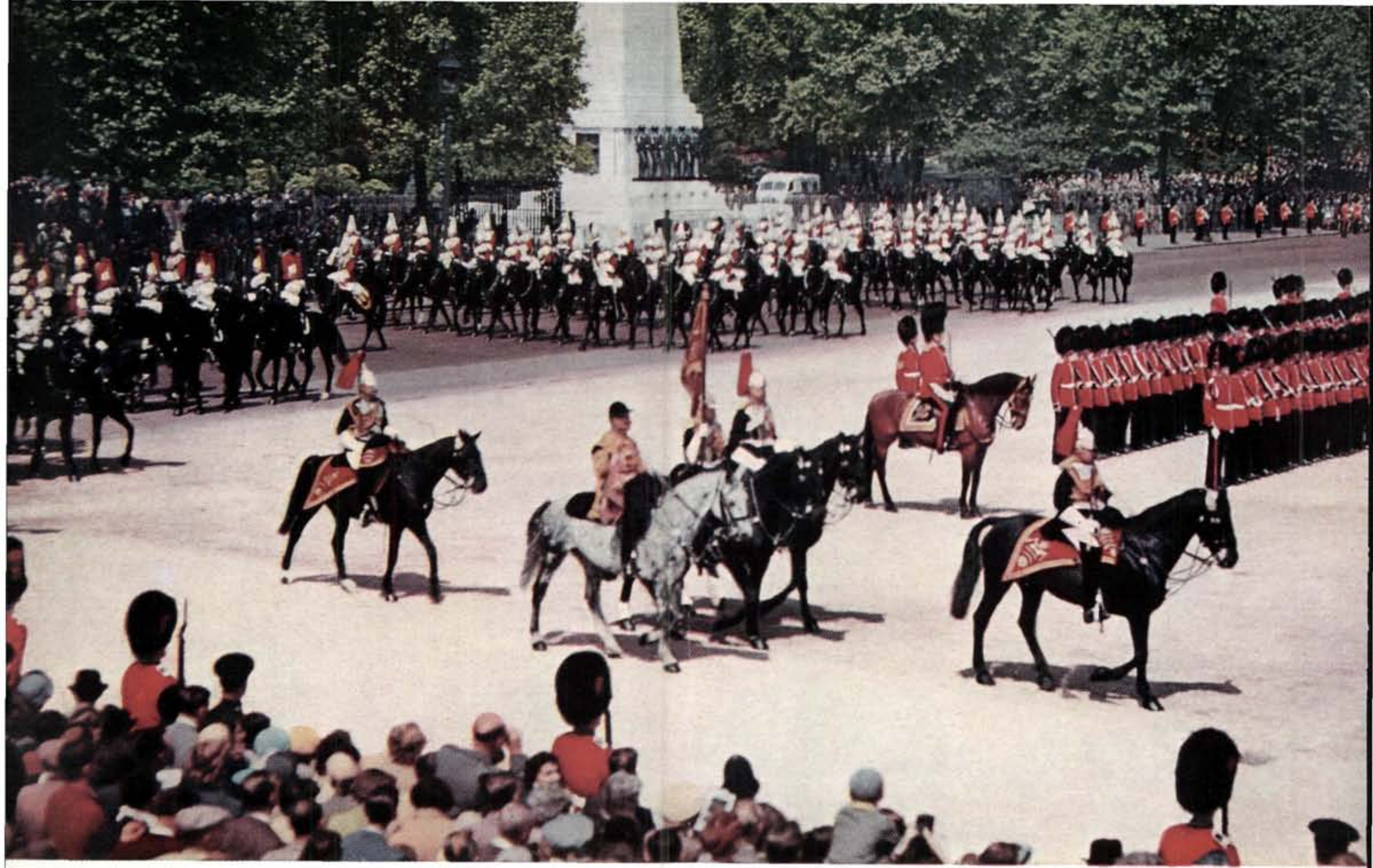

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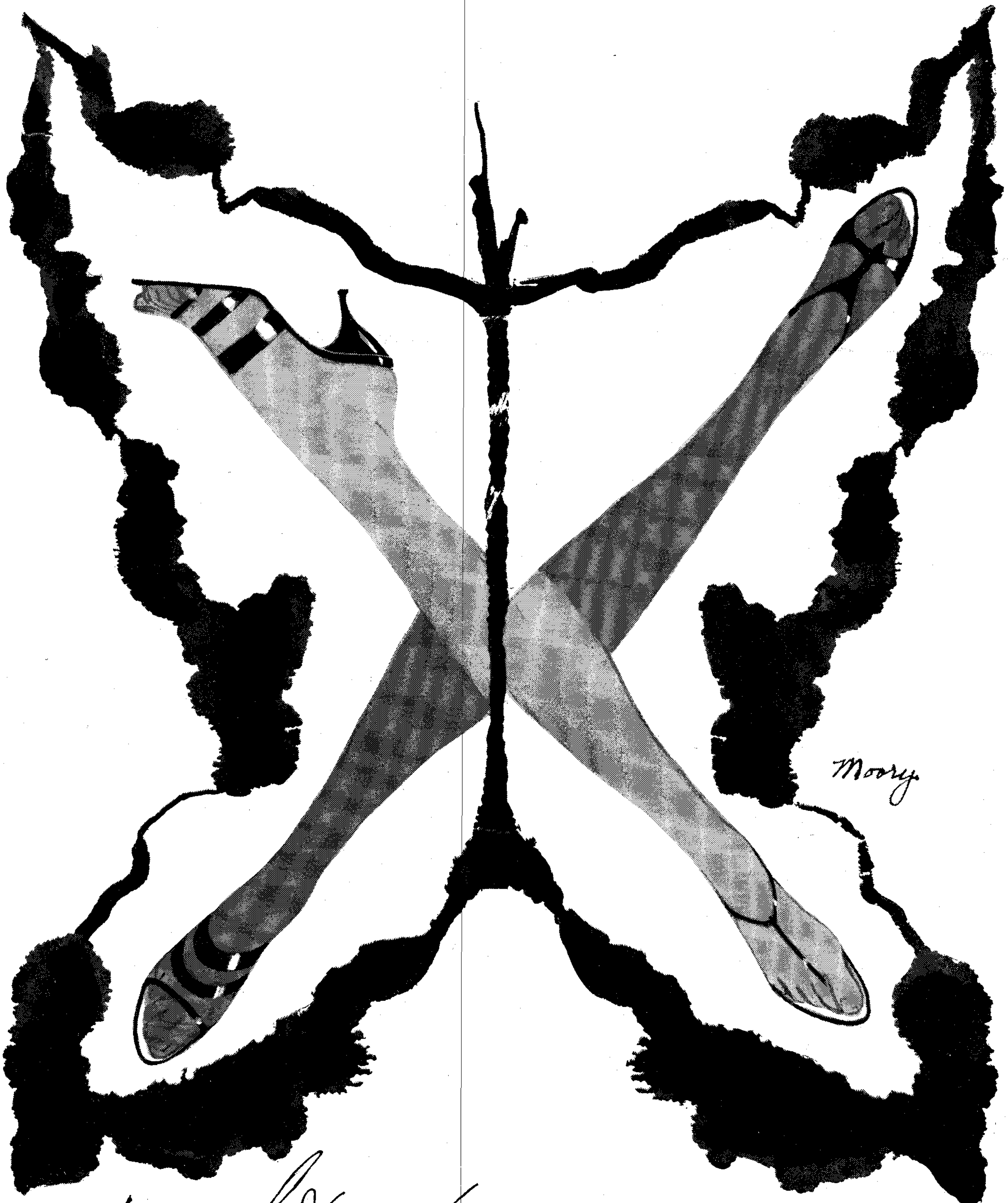

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Memorial Day, May 30. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All the Way Home—Tad Mosel's moving adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Lenka Peterson, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley figure in it. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Memorial Day at 2.)

Becket—A three-week return engagement of the Jean Anouilh play. Laurence Olivier has switched from the title role to that of Henry II, and Arthur Kennedy portrays the Archbishop. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 27.)

Big Fish, Little Fish—Several peculiar types, none of them very interesting, are assembled in this comedy by Hugh Wheeler, which tells of a melancholy man hog-tied by his devotion to his seedy and demanding friends. With Frank Overton, Hume Cronyn, George Grizzard, Martin Gabel, Ruth White, Elizabeth Wilson, and Sandor Szabo. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays and Memorial Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

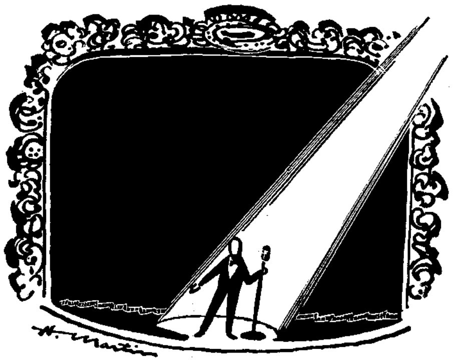
Come Blow Your Horn—An inconsequential comedy about a man who is dedicated to manufacturing artificial fruit and has great difficulty in getting his two sons to share his interest. Hal March and Warren Berlinger are the sons, and Lou Jacobi is the father. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:40.)

Critic's Choice—A drama reviewer finds himself emotionally knotted because his wife has written a lame-brained play that he must review if he is to preserve his integrity. Henry Fonda is the distraught critic, and Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton assist him in trying to put a little ginger into the affair. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 27.)

The Devil's Advocate—A kind of religious mystery drama, adapted by Dore Schary from a novel by Morris L. West, which describes the investigation of a potential saint in southern Italy by a Vatican representative. The play, in which Leo Genn and Sam Levene are conspicuous, sprawls all over the place, and neither its dramatic nor its philosophic content is particularly noteworthy. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 28.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A pair of hilarious mimes in a sequence of satiric skits that takes pot shots at everything from the Tennessee Williams school of playwriting to the Parent-Teacher Association. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 31, and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)

A Far Country—A play concerned with one of Freud's first attempts at psychoanalysis, in the course of which he cured a young woman of her conviction that her legs were permanently paralyzed. There isn't very much in the way of suspense in this drama by Henry Denker, but the writing is honest and the performances by Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker, who enact the principal roles, are laudable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
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Mary, Mary—The dialogue of this comedy by Jean Kerr is comic, and the characters are vivacious, so the fact that the plot—which has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement—isn't overly original is not terribly important. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell are all entertaining in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—Translated from the French of Eugene Ionesco by Derek Prouse, and directed by Joseph Anthony, this satire about people who would rather sink to the level of swamp animals than risk nonconformity in the modern world is savage and funny, and Zero Mostel, Eli Wallach, and all the others in the cast are to be highly commended. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

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A Taste of Honey—Shelagh Delaney has assembled an odd and frowzy lot of characters for her work—a prostitute and her paramour (Hermione Baddeley and Nigel Davenport), her lovelorn daughter and *her* paramour (Frances Cuka and Billy Dee Williams), and a homosexual pal of the girl (Frederick Combs)—but they're intensely alive, and their dilemmas compel our attention. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**the best man:** Gore Vidal's view of what might take place during the jockeying for position prior to a Presidential nominating convention. With Frank Lovejoy and Lee Tracy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.) . . . **the miracle worker:** Karen Lee plays Helen Keller as a child, learning to break out of the prison of deaf, sightless muteness, and Suzanne Pleshette is the teacher who rescues her. The author is William Gibson. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Mandingo—A play by Jack Kirkland (taken from Kyle Onstott's novel of the same name), with Franchot Tone and Brooke Hayward. Directed by Louis MacMillan and produced by Billy Baxter and Edward Friedman. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—Very large, very lovely, but not very stimulating, even though Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart, the "My Fair Lady" triumvirate, all had a hand in it. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in King Arthur's court, which, as designed by Oliver Smith, is truly spectacular. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Carnival—A musical that has to do with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. Adapted from the movie called "Lili," the play has ingratiating performances by Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, Pierre Olaf, and Kaye Ballard, and includes a most diverting quartet of puppets manipulated by Mr. Orbach. Bob Merrill did the music and lyrics, Michael Stewart wrote the book, and Gower Champion supervised the whole lively affair. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Donnybrook!—An amiable gallop through the west of Ireland. Robert E. McEnroe did the book, Johnny Burke the music and lyrics, Jack Cole the choreography, and Rouben Ter-Arutunian the sets. Eddie Foy, Philip Bosco, Susan Johnson, and Clarence Nordstrom are quite successful in portraying some of the local types. Art Lund, as an Irish-American, and Joan Fagan, as an Irish girl he marries, are perhaps not as convincing as they might be, but the thing is spirited and, all in all, good fun. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

Do Re Mi—Several underworldly specimens of the sort that provided Damon Runyon with his stock in trade try to horn in on the jukebox business in this rather lethargic comedy, which has a book by Garson Kanin, music by Jule Styne, and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Phil Silvers and Nancy Walk-

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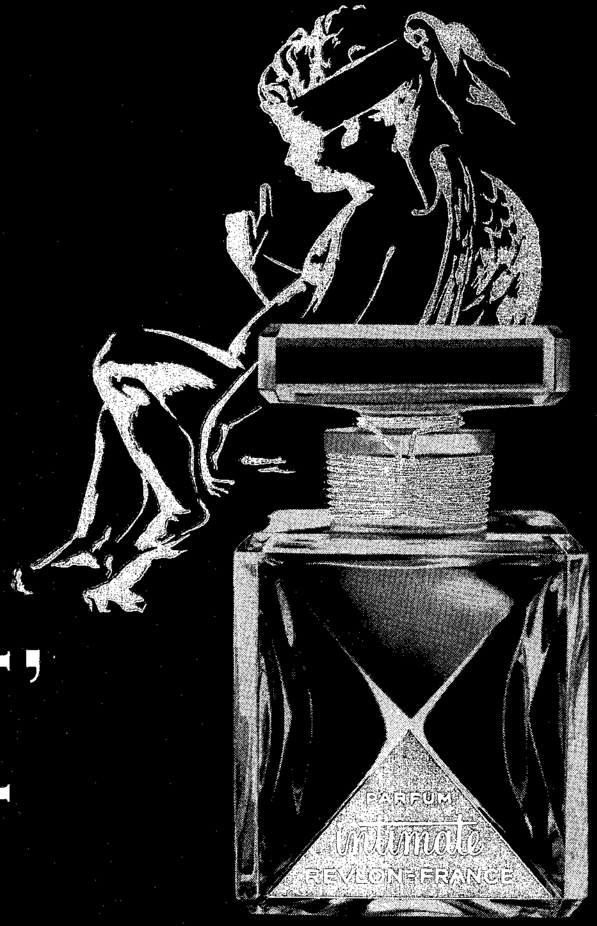
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

er do their best to keep things lively. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Girl in the World—A merry, if simple-minded, musical adaptation of "Lysistrata," in which Cyril Ritchard, Janice Rule, and Dran Seitz, among others, prance about to good effect. The book was written by Fred Saidy and Henry Myers, the lyrics by E. Y. Harburg, and the score by the perdurable Jacques Offenbach. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 31, and Thursdays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—A musical farce originally created for French consumption. The book and lyrics leer along about a trollop and the company that keeps her, and the choreography displays more enthusiasm than ingenuity. Elizabeth Seal plays the prostitute, and Keith Michell is cast as her particular boy friend. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—There may be an occasional lag in this rhythmical description of the ascent of a poor girl from the backwoods of Colorado to the glittering social heights of France, but all in all it is most satisfactory entertainment. Tammy Grimes is lively and unpredictable as the lass, and the score, by Meredith Willson, is as chirky as a summer band concert. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—A host of primitives are let loose in the Southwestern oil fields in this account of a rambunctious dame's attempt to come up with a bonanza as a petroleum promoter. The music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh, and the book, by N. Richard Nash, are pretty weak, and the direction and choreography, by Michael Kidd, are for the most part lethargic. Lucille Ball is the dame. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bye bye birdie:** Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn in a musical that has to do with rock 'n' roll, adolescence, and springtime. Music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, and book by Michael Stewart. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 31, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)... **fiorello!:** The Little Flower transplanted to the stage and set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley is Fiorello, and Howard Da Silva is one of the Mayor's intimates. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2.)... **the sound of music:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Mary Martin becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Theodore Bikel is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Call on Kuprin—Jeffrey Lynn, Eugene Leontovich, and George Voskovec in a dramatization (by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee) of Maurice Edelman's novel of the same name. Directed by George Abbott and produced by Robert E. Griffith and Harold S. Prince. Opens Thursday, May 25. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"Porgy and Bess," with William Warfield (Irving Barnes substitutes for him at the matinée performances), will play through Sunday, May 28.... ¶ "Pal Joey," with Bob Fosse and Carol Bruce, will be the last in a series of four shows by the company. Preview Tuesday, May 30, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 31, and will run through Sunday, June 11. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The first of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is a masterly horror-comedy about a typical well-to-do American middle-aged couple (Mommy and Daddy), a grandma, and a pair of mysterious visitors, all of whom say exactly what comes into their heads, printable or not. The second play, however, is an out-of-whack contest between some Southern racists and the celebrated blues singer, who is never seen—and never felt, either. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

American Savoyards—An eleven-week season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday through Sunday, May 25-28: "Iolanthe."... ¶ Thursday through Sunday, June 1-4: "The Mikado." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Thursday, May 25, at 8; Saturdays and Sundays at 4 and 8:40; and Thursday, June 1, at 8:40.)

The Balcony—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 10:30.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt again, with a sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be, but the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is superb. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave. S., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; Sundays at 2:40 and 8:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, May 30-31, at 8:30; Thursday, June 1, at 2 and 8:30; and Friday, June 2, at 8:30. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

A Curious Evening with Gypsy Rose Lee—A silent film on her life, assembled and narrated by Miss Lee herself. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Evenings with Chekhov—A triple bill, composed of "The Anniversary," "On the High Road," and "The Wedding." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:15.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

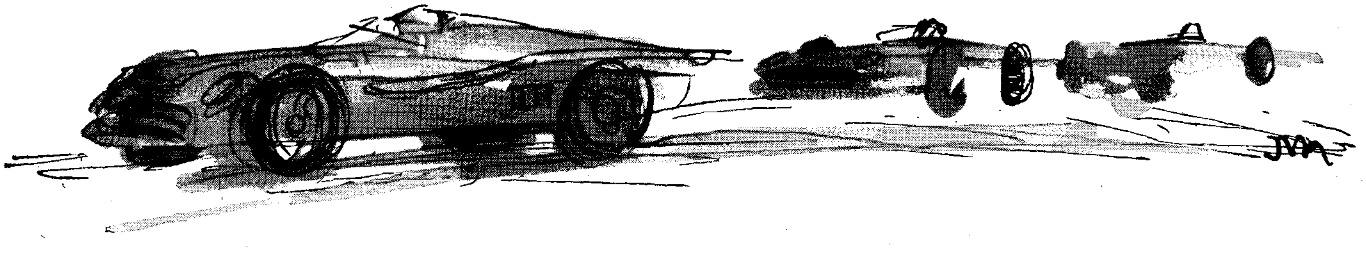
Hamlet—A practically uncut version that diddles and blurts along for more than three hours, and is notable only for the rare moments when twenty-seven-year-old Donald Madden, as Hamlet, discards his dewiness and gives as good as he takes. The direction, by Stuart Vaughan, puts one in mind of a track meet. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 31, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:25; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 18.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham, as Hedda, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Frederick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. A superior evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

In the Jungle of Cities—A 1922 Bertolt Brecht dealing with the largely inscrutable relationship between an Oriental businessman and a lad from the prairies. The production matches and often surpasses its materials, which are usually purposefully obtuse. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Final performances Thursday and Friday, May 25-26, at 8:30.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An excellent, if occasionally flawed, production of Rabindranath Tagore's 1910 fusion of classic and folk Indian drama, in which we are told, through stylized speech, dance, chanting, and pantomime, how a symbolic king and queen eventually achieve oneness. The cast is both Indian and American, and has been directed by Krishna Shah. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30. Special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two very good sketches, the first by Samuel Beckett and the second by Edward Albee. The members of the cast are Herbert Berghof, Jordan Charney, and George Bartenieff. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at



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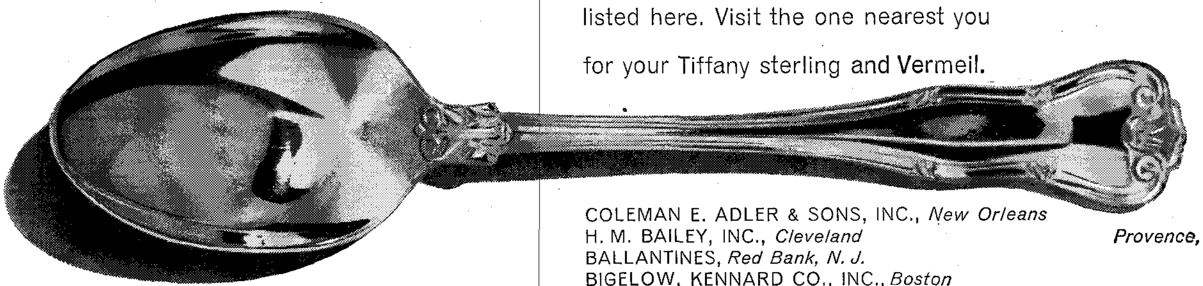

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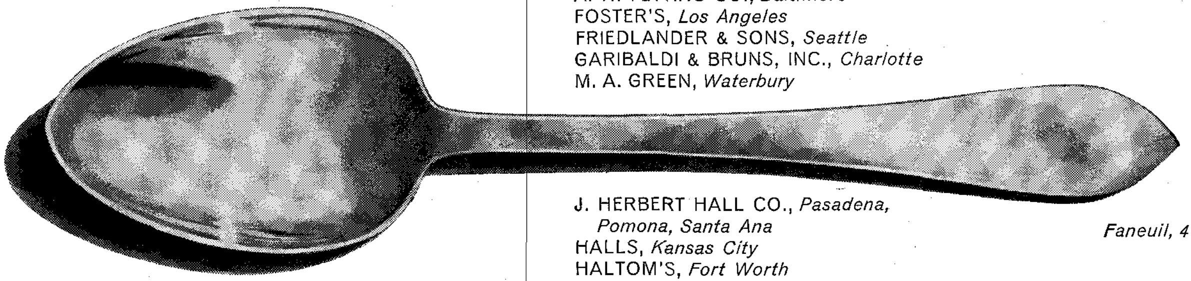

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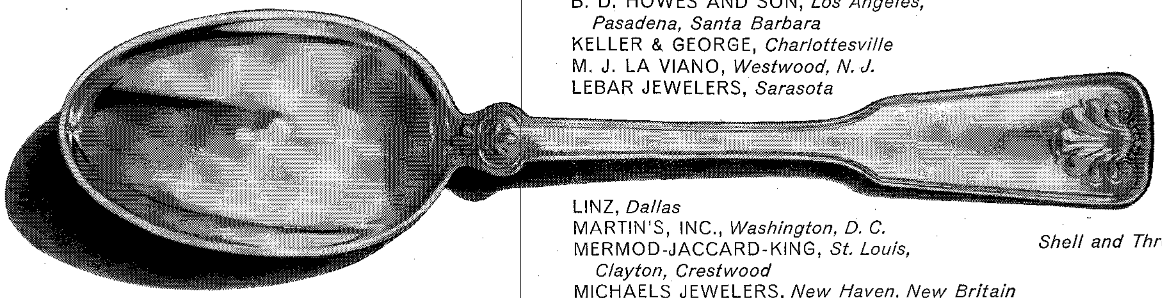

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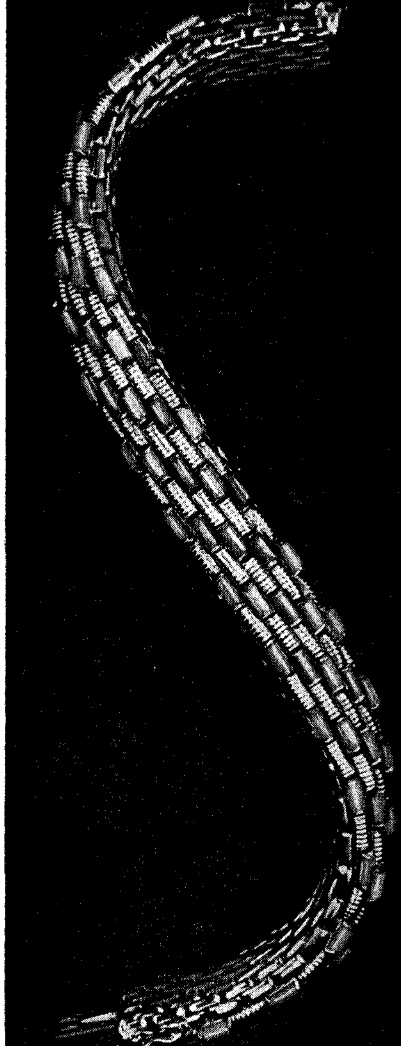

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MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College, and among the artists in residence are Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30. Special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)

The Threepenny Opera—Remember the six-day bike races? In the cast are David Atkinson and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—A strenuous and only partially successful attempt to supply Thomas's celebrated radio play with faces and forms, which, as before, merely get in the way of the poetry. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Worm in Horseradish—Eli Mintz, small, futile, and funny, plays the papa of a poor Jewish family located on the lower East Side in this comedy, which was stuffed in her own kitchen by Esther Kaufman. The time, naturally, is 1906. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, May 28.)

Note—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting) is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

DANCE PROGRAMS

José Greco—With his company of Spanish dancers, singers, and musicians. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturday at 2:40 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 28.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The "No Casting Tonight" sign is forever conspicuous by its absence from the offices of this famous old talent agency. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra perform for anyone who likes to dance.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—"Anything Goes," which is almost, but not quite, being revived in the Cotillion Room, shows what can happen when the pristine innocence of Early American dialogue is brought up to date by someone who is not P. G. Wodehouse. It's well sung, though, by Wilbur Evans, Jimmy Carroll, and a new sprig of catnip named Marie Santell. The routine: twice a night Friday and Saturday but only at dinner the rest of the week. There's also a plentiful supply of dance music. Sunday, May 28, ends the Cotillion Room's season. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music at cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, whose population runs to founding fathers and their dancing daughters.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, Ted Straeter, bandsman and fashion plate, and his swarm of musicians (part champagne, part gin-and-tonic) alternate with Mark Monte's crew of Latin lovers in supplying dance music the whole evening. At dinner and supper, there are songs by Katyna Ranieri, who turns them into weighty pronouncements by special permission of the copyright holder, the oracle of Delphi. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra (only for listeners) flows gently in the Palm Court from four to seven and in the Edwardian Room at dinnertime. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, pale and cool and beautiful and dignified, is where Charles Holden's and Nicholas D'Amico's orchestras dispense both prancing and listening music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Jimmy Palmer's dance band whispers no louder than the wind in the willows as it executes its simple maneuvers in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, an affair of steel, has dancing with every course to Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's trio. Twice during the evening, there are song recitations by Dorothy Shay, who really seems to believe in such hobgoblins as the village idiots of the Ozark Mountains. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Life is but a dream as the dance band of Gunnar Hansen and the Latin trio of Marco Rizo roll quietly but merrily through the Roman moonlight that bathes the handsome Columns. From seven-thirty to eight-fifteen, the music is solely for musing; thereafter it's for exercise. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the stately rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper. No music Sundays.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—*Comme il faut*, never come as you are, is a primary consideration in the Embassy Club (Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band for dancing, from eight-thirty or nine to one-thirty or two) and in the Knight Box (Jani Sarkozi and his violin, from eight or so on). Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Tony Martin, one of the more persuasive of the they-loved-me-in-Las-Vegas calling, holds the floor of the Empire Room at dinner and supper. There are vitalizing injections of dance music by Emil Coleman's mighty band and Theo Fanidi's smaller collection of crickets. The music begins at seven-thirty. Mr. Martin leaves on Saturday, May 27; the room will be closed Sunday through Tuesday, May 28-30. On Wednesday, May 31, Woody Herman's band will arrive. . . . ¶ The bosky dell called Peacock Alley has music for contemplation from seven-thirty, music for footwork from eight-thirty until one or two. The Sunday pattern is dance music, and nothing but, from eight to one.

Note—The Rainbow Room, one of the almost topless towers of our own Ilium, is serving the drifting-and-dreaming music of a trio from cocktails through dinner, except Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

little club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A real New York cityscape, made up of people who honestly believe that only one state has yet been admitted to the union. They are accompanied during dinner by piano music. After the theatre, the small and handsome Plush Room accommodates Jane Harvey, who breezes through a thoughtfully planned bouquet of songs. Closed Mondays. . . . **goldie's new york**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): "Hail, hail, etc." is the national anthem of the holidaymakers, three generations deep, who assemble in this chipper bar-and-grill. Bob Printz, romance in his fingers, runs a piano by himself from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders appear thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a Sunday-punch team. Closed on the Sabbath. . . . **drake room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Wal-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ter is giving the knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Doing as the Romans do, which involves simultaneous dining, expatiating, and listening with one ear to Herman Honigsberg's wagonload of touring violins and a brace of touring guitarists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Northern Italian restaurant that can easily be mistaken for a Northern Italian opera house. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Mr. Bruschi is also impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Not a castle in Spain, or even in France, but in never-never land. Wandering from pillar to post of the dining hall, Norbert Faconi addresses his *you-were-meant-for-me* fiddle from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this example of the good life, Jules Kuti has a go at his piano, off and on, from five to eleven. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A bunch of Latins whooping it up in the oldest Spanish colony of the New World. Dancing for customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Social whirlwind is the favorite party game in the bar, where George Feyer casually rumples a piano with the back of his hand. He begins at eight-thirty and goes through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The night people of the Eternal City, keeping up (between seven courses for dinner) with a round of strolling minstrels, who are augmented, after the theatre, by such *con-amore* singers as James Cosenza and Candida Pilla, who certainly love their work. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Johann Strauss countryside under a continuous but gentle bombardment of zimbalon, bull fiddle, piano, heart-of-oak tenor, and wispy soprano. Tibor Rakossy, a true operetta hero, is the tenor. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A Polynesia that's not much more than forty-five minutes from Broadway but that's still able to go native in its bill of fare and its music. A set of string men whang away in the main room; George Summers, a jazz man, is on hand every night but Sunday to manipulate the piano in the bar. Everybody else works every night of the year. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): It could be taken for a breezeway in old Segovia, but you'll quickly discover that all the other visitors, including the chef, are from the New World. Conrad Monjoy's piano cajoles the diners with pillow talk during the evening. The concert ends at twelve on weekdays, at one on Saturdays; no music on Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): *Se habla español,* mostly with piano, guitar, and soprano conditioned to fairly late hours. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, an establishment where everything is done on tiptoe, Steven Weltner composes calm, collected strophes at his piano between cocktail time and suppertime. His night off is Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): An international settlement, despite the name, since the singers, amateur and pro, who show up as the night wears on come from every and any where. The principal one is now Monica Boyár. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The wee bar of the Hotel Stanhope is a perfect sounding board for guitarists, and Renato Rossini happens to be a prince of this particular realm. Nine-thirty to one is his playing time. No music Mondays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Cal Bostic, a new jump-tune singer and pianist, stirs up quite a ground swell in this small and comfortable art gallery. The other amusement is something to talk through. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Any quantity of fine, upstanding young ladies who are too lazy even to get dressed but never too tired to appear in public. They're led by an imp of Satan named Gloria Le Roy. This carefree world is also visited by Frank Libuse, a gadfly who knows precisely how to make low comedy comic, and Mamie Van Doren, a girl of as much interest to devotees of monumental architecture as she is to devotees of the human voice. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): This enterprise is for the time being converting itself into a child's garden of verse, what with Connie Francis rolling when she's not rocking and Paul Anka (who succeeds her on Thursday, June 1) tossing in his infant treble. Jackie Mason will start pulling jokes out of his ragbag the same evening. The décor is a troupe of eight girl balletomanes, whose every visit to the floor is a maiden voyage. Dancing for the guests, too.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The two Smothers Brothers are serving to remind us that folk song should be risible as well as ritual; Nina Simone is presenting a carved-ivory profile, some terribly intense songs and piano, and a couple of sidemen; Dick Gautier comes over after hours from "Bye Bye Birdie" and muses his cosmic and/or comic thoughts aloud. Jimmy Lyons' glittery trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are his aides) and Otis Clements' piano calk the minute hiatuses in between. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Saturdays, Alex Fogarty plays lingering water-color piano from six to eight, and early in the morning there are outpourings of piano and/or trio. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The bitter truth about practically everything that has to do with us mortals is set forth in "Dressed to the Nines," this season's Julius Monk merry-go-round. The soothsayers, sharp as so many little razors, are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Bill Hinnant, Gerry Matthews, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl. William Roy and Carl Norman staff the up-and-coming two-piano orchestra. The *horas de verdad* are nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): A new midnight star, Sylvia Copeland, is shedding a special West Indian phosphorescence over the undergraduate dormitory of the Julius Monk *lycée,* not to mention over the chansons she dallies with. There are also, grouped around a piano, the Three Young Men, who work in some bright and original choral effects when Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, a double-piano squad to remember, aren't doing their own bright keyboard effects. The pianoforte twins begin at nine, the chanters at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Some of the new hands are just auditioning, but there's always Phil Leeds, a wit whose self-effacement does not hide the fact that he's a real clutch hitter. Along with this, the customers get those time-honored early settlers—Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, makers of brash music; Jimmie Daniels and his boulevardier songs; and the interlude piano of Loumel Morgan and the exceptional Don Evans. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAMELOT,** 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): Matt Dennis, whose cajoling three-octave voice can cut the sugar content of a ballad to suit the most rigid dietitians, is rambling along with his staccato piano and trio. His pink-and-black setting will remind nostalgic venerables of the Volstead Act, Scene 1. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Spanish ladies, Spanish gentlemen indulging themselves in their national pastime—footwork accompanied by if-looks-could-kill glances. And in the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the flamenco voice of Domingo Alvarado tell a thousand and one tales of the power and the glory of Spanish love life. Sundays, the sole activity in the whole shop is a matinée tea trot. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a

sketched at Sea

Seafaring gentleman

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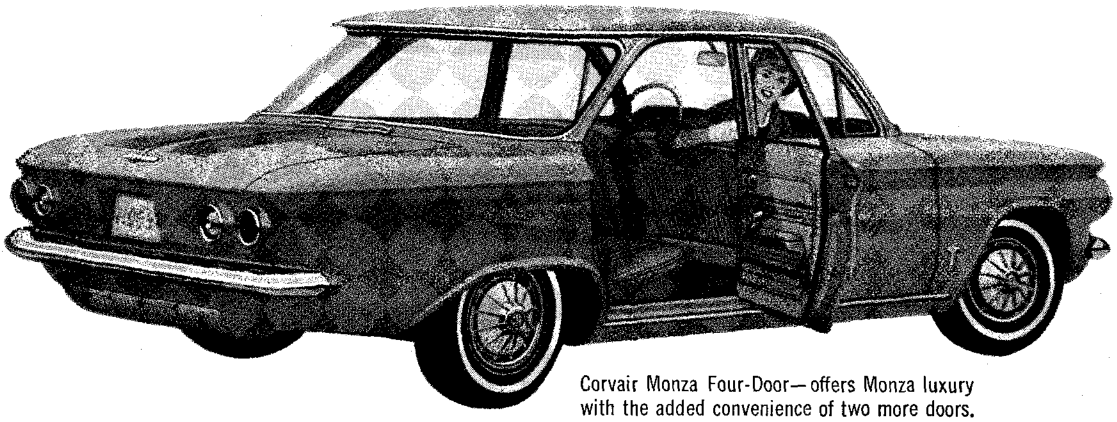

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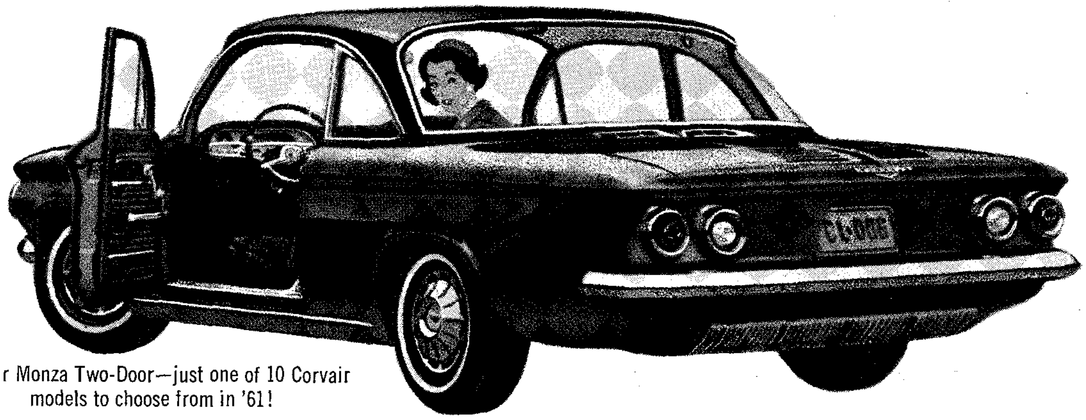

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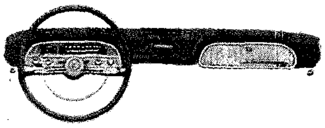

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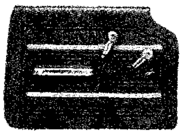

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

destiny who has shaped not only the ends but the whole lives of many other intoners of ballads, is weaving sunlight and shadow together into a fabric that no one else can quite duplicate. Sam Hamilton's thoughtful piano is the perfect counterpoint. This eyrie is upstairs inside the Roundtable. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Edmond Hall's modest but moving clarinet sounds through this version of Tara's hall, closely followed by a quartet and, now and then, Mr. Condon's guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): A twain you'd never expect to meet—Louis Armstrong, an apostle of jazz occasionally given to Uncle Tomfoolery, and Julie Wilson, a comely girl given to songs of dalliance. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The world seen all too plain through the morose-colored glasses of Lenny Bruce, whose bite can be worse than his bark. Les McCann's trio does another sort of jazz. Sunday, May 28, is the last call for Mr. Bruce; on Tuesday, May 30, Ronnell Bright's threesome will check in. Afternoon sessions every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Marian McPartland's trio, which shifts from storm-and-strife to sentimentality and back again, is demonstrating the modern idiom. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): One of the two plantations left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too artful-and-crafty, is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk, to say nothing of Don Frye, the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity a little competition. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar are Don Shirley and his threesome, who are inclined toward rich, beautiful poesy in their instrumentation. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): New notes are being struck by Kenny Davern's Washington Squares, in which Cutty Cutshall, Johnny Windhurst, and Buzzy Drootin are also visible and audible. There are jam sessions on Sunday afternoons at five, in addition to the evening session; the place is closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): There's nothing very secret about the weapons employed hereabouts, as even passersby quickly discover. The matinées are run by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman; the soirées are run by Sol Yaged's quintet (off Mondays) and Cozy Cole's quintet (off Tuesdays). The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. Saturday nights, the Coles and friends open up the hayloft upstairs. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones, armed with a quartet, is putting as much heart into his horn as the management will allow; Lee Evans, surrounded by a trio, does house-beautiful piano. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The missionaries of progress in their farthest-south settlement. The Montgomery Brothers, a fairly special native industry, are sounding off every night but Monday. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Wednesday, May 31, is the last night for Sarah Vaughan's undying voice, Olatunji's unruly drums, and the cheery rataplan of Junior Mance's nimble threesome; the next night, Buddy Rich's quintet becomes the lodestone and he the lodestar. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On the stage of this vasty nether world is Josh White, who made the shirt-sleeves, the stool, and the guitar a way of life for thousands of less skillful minstrels. He gets there around ten. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Yusef Lateef's quintet is demonstrating how

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

far out the Near East has gone in jazz. This happens every evening but Tuesday, which is given over to catch-as-catch-can sessions by stand-ins. Cecil Taylor's over-the-hills-and-far-out trio is another exhibit. The scenery is extremely earthbound. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): Kenny Dorham, who has served under many an eminent banner, is now calling the tunes himself. His assistance is a quintet. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

MANUEL AYASO—Drawings by a Spanish-born American artist; through June 10. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial day; open Thursday evenings until 9:30.)

GEORGE BELLOWS—Landscapes and figures (1906-24); through Saturday, May 27. (Allison, 32 E. 57th St.)

RONALD BLADEN AND SYLVIA STONE—Three-dimensional paper collages by the first and abstract paintings by the second; through Thursday, June 1. (Brata, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

CHARLES CAMOIN—Landscapes, still-lifes, and odalisques by a contemporary of the Impressionists and one of the three still-living Fauves; through June 10. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

BERNARD CHAET—Representational paintings and drawings; through Saturday, June 3. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Monday, May 29, and Memorial Day.)

DOROTHY COULTER AND RICHARD MAYHEW—Drawings by the former, paintings by the latter; through Saturday, May 27. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

BURGOYNE DILLER—A retrospective, 1933 to the present, of abstract paintings and constructions, geometric in style; through Saturday, June 3. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. Closed Memorial Day.)

BALCOMB GREENE—An exhibition of European cityscapes with figures that is running simultaneously with his retrospective at the Whitney Museum; through June 16. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

LUCIANO GUARNIERI—Portraits and other works by a contemporary Florentine artist. For the benefit of Boys' Towns of Italy. Through Saturday, June 3. (Galerie Internationale, 1095 Madison Ave., at 83rd St. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY—Drawings and pastels of landscapes and figures (1908-42); through Saturday, May 27. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

OSCAR JESPERS—Sculptures in bronze and granite, as well as a group of drawings; through June 30. (Landry, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

MINORU KAWABATA—Abstract paintings; through June 10. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

JEANNE LISTER—Abstract oils and water colors. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May 27. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

MIRKO—Bronzes, mostly archaic in feeling, and wax pastels by a leading Italian sculptor; through Saturday, May 27. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

HENRY MUHRMAN (1854-1916)—Pastels; through Saturday, May 27. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—Abstract sculptures; through June 17. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

NUALA (ELSA DE BRUN)—Pastels, mostly of New England; through Saturday, June 10. (Feingarten, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

GABOR PETERDI—Abstract landscapes (drawings and prints); through Saturday, May 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GIOVANNI BATTISTA PIRANESI (1720-78)—Engravings; through June 15. (Rothschild, 27 W. 67th St. Closed Saturdays.)

CHARLES SELIGER—Tenuously graceful abstract oils; through Saturday, June 3. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

KUMI SUGAÏ—Paintings by a Japanese abstractionist who lives in Paris; through Saturday, May 27. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

VO DINH—Semi-abstract landscapes, still-lifes, and figures by a Vietnamese artist who works in Paris. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, June 3. (Vercel, 23 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

ROBERT WIEGAND—Geometrical paintings; through Thursday, June 1. (Phoenix, 40 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

LUCIA WILCOX—Broadly brushed Abstract Expressionist oils, mainly in grays and whites; through Saturday, June 3. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings, 8 to 10.)

JANE WILSON—Large Midwestern and Long Island landscapes; through Saturday, May 27. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

JEAN XCERON—Abstract water colors; through June 30. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

ADJA YUNKERS—Venice is the theme of a series of new lithographs and gouaches; through June 16. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

EARLY MASTERS OF MODERN ART—A private New Orleans collection of French and American Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings (by, among others, Degas, Renoir, and Cassatt) never before shown here. For the benefit of the Accessions Fund of the Isaac Delgado Museum, of New Orleans. Through June 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)

THE NUDE IN SCULPTURE—Pieces by Degas, Kolbe, Lehmbruck, Maillol, Rodin, and others; through June 30. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—The 1961 Annual Exhibition, composed of oils, water colors, sculptures, and graphics; through Sunday, May 28. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

AFRICAN ART—Statues and masks carved of wood and ivory, plus some cast in bronze, make up a survey of various tribal styles from the Mali Republic through Sierra Leone, Liberia, the Ivory Coast, the Congo, and so on; through Wednesday, May 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Works in several mediums by Carroll Cloar, Bruce Conner, Jacob Lawrence, and Nathan Oliveira; through Friday, May 26. . . . **ARTZT,** 142 W. 57th St.: Paintings by the gallery artists—Erik Hoberg, Murray Finkelman, Edwin Koch, and others; through June 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 4.) . . . **CITY CENTER GALLERY,** 131 W. 55th St.: The May exhibition consists of paintings selected by Henry Botkin, Betty Parsons, and Adolf Dehn; through Friday, May 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 19 E. 71st St.: Six print makers—Irving Amen, Lowell Naeve, Guy Maccoy, Barbara Neustadt, Seong Moy, and John von Wicht; through Friday, June 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: The spring exhibition, comprising paintings and sculptures by Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, William Zorach, and other gallery artists; through June 9. (Closed Memorial Day.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Chen Chi, John Pike, and Vincent Glinsky are three of the participants in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Wednesday, May 31. (Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.) . . . **JACKSON** and **ANDERSON,** both at 32 E. 69th St.: "Environments-Situations-Spaces," an exhibit devoted to new art movements by six younger artists, including Allan Kaprow and Claes Oldenberg; through June 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JANIS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Arshile Gorky, Franz Kline, Mark Rothko, and seven other painters; through Saturday, June 3. (Closed Memorial Day.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 13 E. 58th St.: "The Civil War" in paintings, drawings, and prints, by such artists as Eastman Johnson, Adolf Metzner, and Thomas Hovendon; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 17 E. 57th St.:

The annual season's retrospective of paintings and sculptures, by Edward Betts, Isabel Bishop, Raimondo Puccinelli, and others; through June 30. (Closed Memorial Day.)... MILCH, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, Hobson Pittman, and Leon Kroll are among the nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists represented in a showing of oils and water colors; through June 17. (Closed Memorial Day.)... NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.: "The Creative Process," an exhibit of paintings and sculptures, together with preliminary sketches and studies, by Josef Albers, Jack Tworkov, Jacques Lipchitz, and other contemporaries; through June 10. (Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)... PERIDOT, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: The gallery group, including Rosemarie Beck, Tobias Schneebaum, and Morris Brose, in a showing of paintings and sculptures; through June 15. (Closed Memorial Day.)... RICE, 1451 Lexington Ave., at 94th St.: An exhibition of paintings, gouaches, and collages by artists of East 94th and 95th Streets—Genichiro Inokuma, Mark Rothko, and Helen Frankenthaler, for instance; through June 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 7.)... SALPETER, 42 E. 57th St.: Water colors and other paintings in a variety of mediums by Joseph Stella, Ben Benn, Milton Avery, and others; through June 16. (Closed Memorial Day.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the KNAPIK, 1470 First Ave., at 77th St.: The gallery's introductory show, composed of small paintings, gouaches, and drawings by George L. K. Morris, Miró, and Man Ray, to mention a few; through Aug. 15. (Closed Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.) ... PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Pascin, Braque, Calder, and other modern masters; through June 16. (Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

French; Group Shows—At the HUTTON, 41 E. 57th St.: "La Scène Française," an exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by, among others, Vlaminck, Renoir, and Buffet; through Saturday, May 27.... JUSTER, 154 E. 79th St.: Paintings by André Lhote, Max Papart, and other less well-known contemporary artists of the Paris School; through Saturday, May 27.

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibition will be on view daily, from 2 until dark, starting Friday, May 26, and continuing through Sunday, June 18.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit in memory of Electra Havemeyer Webb, containing twenty-six European paintings (by Rembrandt, Manet, Corot, and so on) that she inherited from her parents, the H. O. Havemeyers.... ¶ "Color in Prints," about ninety examples showing the development of color from Gothic woodcuts to contemporary prints. (Tuesdays, except Memorial Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"America Seen—Between the Wars," forty paintings from the twenties and thirties (by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Thomas Hart Benton, O. Louis Guglielmi, and others) chosen from the Museum's collection. ... ¶ A retrospective of about three hundred photographs by Edward Steichen. Dating from 1895 to the present, they include cityscapes, landscapes, nature studies, nudes, abstractions, and portraits. Through Wednesday, May 31.... ¶ "Futurism," a survey commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Futurist movement; starting Tuesday, May 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Twenty-first International Watercolor Biennial, made up of more than two hundred paintings from Germany, Great Britain, and the United States; through Sunday, May 28. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred paintings from the collection of G. David Thompson, of Pittsburgh, including works by Braque, Klee, Schwitters, and Degas; starting Friday, May 26. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Semi-abstract and figural sculptures (in wood, marble, bronze, and granite), together with

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

graphic art, by Peter Lipman-Wulf; through June 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Memorial Day, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Recent Acquisitions," an exhibition of drawings, manuscripts, letters, bookbindings, and printed books; through June 16. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Artist-Craftsmen of Western Europe," an exhibit of three hundred objects (stoneware, glassware, wood and metal furniture, enamels, stained-glass windows, mosaics, ceramic sculpture, church vestments, rugs, and the like) from Austria, France, Spain, and other countries; starting Friday, May 26. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Traditional Arts of Africa's New Nations," a display of sculptures, ivory carvings, ceremonial masks, and ornamental goldwork from more than twenty nations and covering four hundred years; through Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"American Painting, 1865-1905," including items by Homer, Whistler, and Sargent; through June 18. . . . ¶ Retrospectives of metal sculptures by José de Rivera and paintings by Balcomb Greene; through June 23. A good complement to the Greene showing is his exhibition at the Bertha Schaefer Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. (Daily, except Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Paulist Choristers—Father Foley directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, May 25, at 8:30.)

University of Michigan Symphony Band—William D. Revelli conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Friday, June 2, at 8:30.)

Naumburg Symphony Orchestra—Emerson Buckley conducting, with Doris Yarick, soprano. (Central Park Mall. Tuesday, May 30, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Boston, Thursday, May 25, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, May 26, at 8; Saturday, May 27, at 2; and Sunday, May 28, at 2 (doubleheader).

Horse Show—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, May 27, and Monday through Saturday, May 29-June 3.)

Hunt Racing—Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. For the benefit of the Boys' Club of New York. (Purchase. Saturday, May 27.)

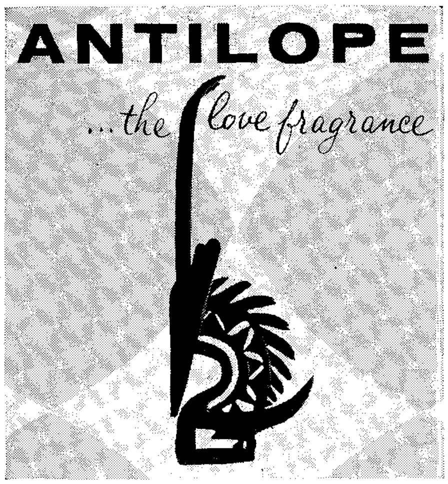
Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, May 31. The Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 27; the Juvenile, Monday, May 29; and the Metropolitan Handicap, Tuesday, May 30. . . . **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Thursday, June 1, through Friday, June 30. The Belmont, Saturday, June 3. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 11:30 and 1:25.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Tuesday, May 30. The Jersey Derby, Tuesday, May 30. (A train leaves Penn Station at 11 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Soccer—International Soccer League at the Polo Grounds—Saturday, May 27, at 2:30: New York Americans vs. Dynamo (Rumania) and Bangu (Brazil) vs. Besiktas (Turkey). . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 30, at 2:30: Besiktas (Turkey) vs. New York Americans and Kilmarnock (Scotland) vs. Karlsruhe (Germany).

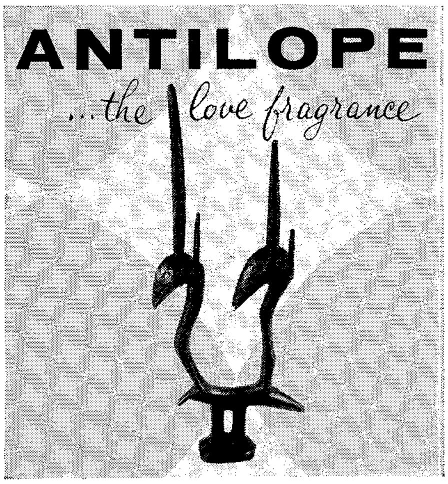
Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton, L.I.: Saturday, May 27, at 3, and Sunday, May 28, at 2.

Track Meet—I.C.A.A.A.A. Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Friday and Saturday, May 26-27, at 2.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, July



once there was a Prince



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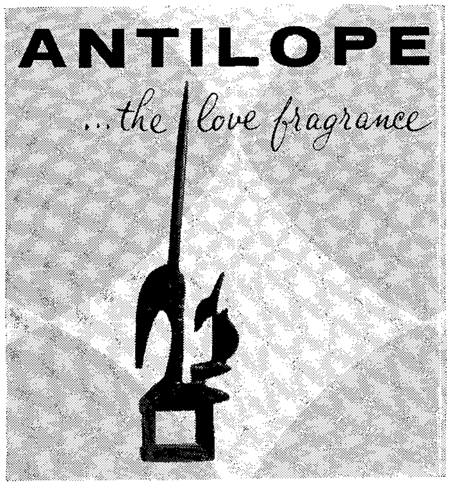

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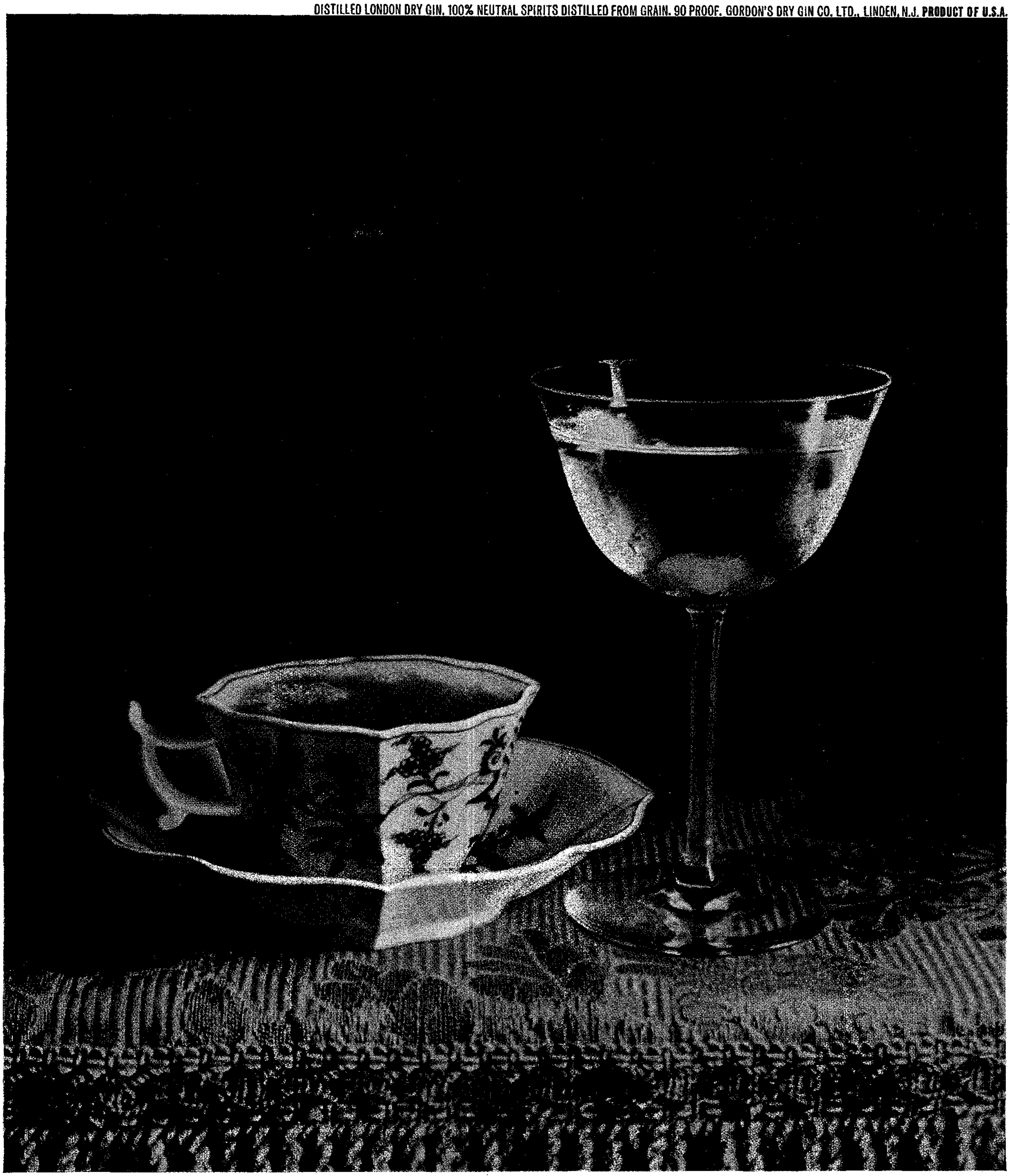

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Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 3-4.)

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the **peggy bridge marionettes:** "Little Brave Sambo," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays and Monday and Tuesday, May 29-30, at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.)... **cavkap productions:** "The Frog Prince." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturday, May 27, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sunday, May 28, at 2 and 3:30.)... **horizons:** "Does Poppy Live Here?" (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. Saturdays at 1 and 3 and Sundays at 1. For tickets, call SU 7-6797.)... **little golden theatre:** "Young Abe Lincoln." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Thursday, May 25, at 1 and 4:30; Friday, May 26, at 8; Sunday, May 28, and Memorial Day, at 1, 3, and 5; Wednesday and Thursday, May 31-June 1, at 4:30; Friday, June 2, at 4:30 and 8; and Saturday, June 3, at 2:30 and 4:30.)... **musical theatre for children:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturday, May 27, at 2:30 and Sunday, May 28, at 1.)

Children's Zoo—A miniature menagerie, where lambs, kids, ducklings, chickens, and other tame animals can be admired and even patted. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, daily 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays, except Memorial Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "On the Shoulders of Giants," concerns great astronomers of the past. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays, except Memorial Day, through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Memorial Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.)... ¶ Every night except Monday and Memorial Day, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—"The Babe Ruth Story," with William Bendix and Claire Trevor. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, May 27, at 11 and 2:30. Admission is free.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene on Thursday, June 1. In the meantime, there will be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Memorial Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, May 25-26, at 1:45: Garden and terrace furniture and sculptures, collected by Roy Leventritt and others.... ¶ Wednesday, May 31, at 1:45: Modern lithographs, etchings, and drawings by such artists as Bonnard, Cézanne, Matisse, and Toulouse-Lautrec; from various owners, among them Dora Hesse.

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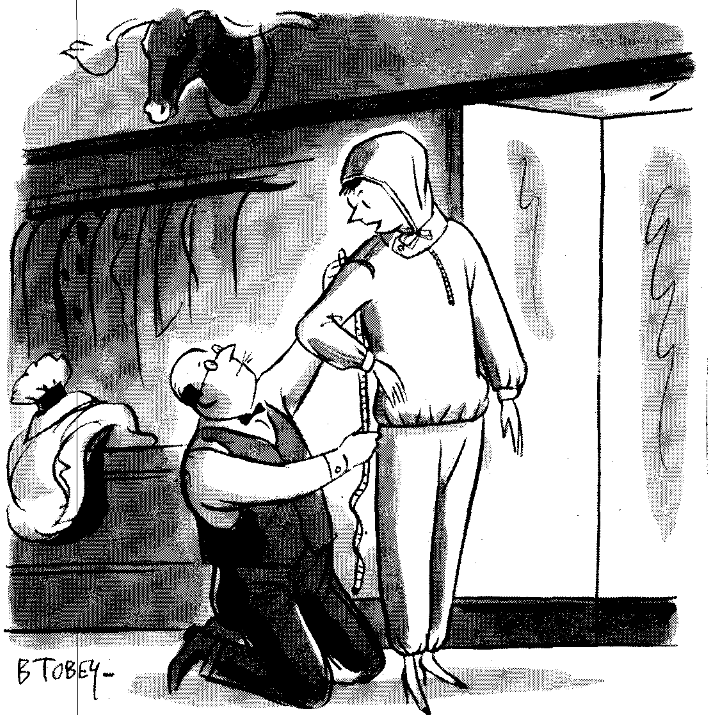

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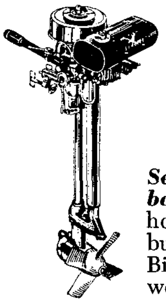

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Absent-Minded Professor—Fred MacMurray, as a bemused science teacher, is the leading actor in this wild farce in which gravity, in both senses of the word, takes a beating. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; through May 27. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; through May 30. . . . ¶ Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through May 31.)

L'Avventura—This Italian movie has won, and may deserve, several foreign citations for its technical prowess. Its ideas and characters, on the other hand, are dim, and its running time is from here to eternity. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Breathless—A New Wave import from France that deserves all its superlatives. The story, about an attractive, dangerous young car thief and his American paramour, is less important than the manner of the film, which makes all its telling points by implication and sheer style. Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg are sad and winning as the lovers, and Jean-Luc Godard's script and direction are masterly. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

La Dolce Vita—The pleasures and vices of Roman society, as herein revealed, haven't changed much since the days of the Twelve Caesars. The movie also reveals a number of other things, among them that Federico Fellini is a script-writer and director of dazzling imagination, and that Marcello Mastroianni, who plays the leading role, is the brightest star to appear here in quite some time. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Exodus—Perhaps the only way to face this interminable account of the founding of modern Israel is to take along a light lunch; goodness knows there's little enough in the plot to feed on. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb head a large and luckless cast. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

General della Rovere—Roberto Rossellini here makes his so-called "comeback" with a picture noble in intent and noble in execution. A melodrama laid in Italy during the Second World War, it depicts the transformation of a cowardly bootlicker into a true hero. Vittorio De Sica is superb in the starring role, and Hannes Messemer plays to perfection an honorable, pitiless Nazi superman. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through May 27.)

One Eyed Jacks—As the director of this movie about revenge in the old West, Marlon Brando has supplied a good many new ideas and twisted a good many standard ones into new shapes. As its star, his performance as a bandit and killer is unpredictable and nothing short of brilliant. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; May 25.)

Picnic on the Grass—The trick here is to sit back and relax, letting the scenery of Provence and the irrational antics of a score of assorted characters sift slowly down over you like sunlight. Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a pretty girl in her skin. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 31, tentative.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Ruby Dee, Claudia McNeil, Sidney Poitier, and Diana Sands head the cast of this movie about the domestic fun and domestic clashes of a Negro family. Most, though not all, of the clashes are the result of a check for ten thousand dollars that points the way out of the Chicago slum in which the family is stuck. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—In his own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city, Alan Sillitoe has provided the actors with some of the most pungent dialogue to be heard in any movie in years. Albert Finney, in the lead, is a delightful embodiment of the Bronx cheer. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Two Women—The director is Vittorio De Sica. The stars are Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. The language is Italian. The story (from a novel by Alberto Moravia) is about a woman who takes her young daughter to a mountain village in order to escape the bombing of Rome, and starts back home too soon. The result of the combination is a lovely movie that is also, in an odd sort of way, a heartening one. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer, and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting May 29.)

Dial M for Murder (1954)—Alfred Hitchcock's version of the thriller about a tennis player who wants to lob his wife to eternity. Ray Milland and Grace Kelly. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through May 28.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle of the last of the Plantagenets. An English picture, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 30.)

Room at the Top (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream against all the social pressures of small-town society. An English film, with Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 30-31.)

The Savage Eye (1960)—A semi-documentary that shows what happens when a lonely divorcée takes up residence in Los Angeles. Barbara Baxley plays the heroine. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 31, tentative.)

School for Scoundrels—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 28-29.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through May 30. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 30, tentative.)

12 Angry Men (1957)—A group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 31.)

W. C. Fields Shorts—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 30.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of documentary films called "The Flaherty Tradition, 1950-60"—Through May 27: "Notes on the Port of St. Francis" (1952), "The Hunters" (1957), and "City of Gold" (1957). . . . ¶ Starting May 28: "The Pirogue Maker" (1955) and "Power Among Men" (1958). (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Young Savages," Burt Lancaster, Dina Merrill.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
May 25: **ONE EYED JACKS.**
From May 26: "Atlantis, the Lost Continent," Anthony Hall, Joyce Taylor.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday through Tuesday, May 27-30, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
A RAISIN IN THE SUN.

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Parrish," Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
May 25: "Hitler's Executioners," a documentary film.
From May 26: "Primitive Paradise," a documentary on New Guinea.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Secret Ways," Richard Widmark, Sonja Ziemann.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Return to Peyton Place," Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"On the Double," Danny Kaye, Dana Wynter.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through May 26: "The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.
From May 27: "The Last Time I Saw Archie," Robert Mitchum, Martha Hyer.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 31 (tentative): "The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through May 30: **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.**
From May 31: "The Big Show," Esther Williams, Cliff Robertson; and "The Canadians," Robert Ryan.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 30 (tentative): **TIGER BAY,** revival; and "Modigliani of Montparnasse" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Lilli Palmer.
From May 31 (tentative): **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (in French); and **THE SAVAGE EYE,** revival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Young Savages," Burt Lancaster, Dina Merrill.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
A RAISIN IN THE SUN.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TWO WOMEN (in Italian).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through May 27: **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.**
May 28-30: "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine; and "The Savage Innocents," Anthony Quinn.
From May 31: "The Big Show," Esther Williams, Cliff Robertson; and "The Canadians," Robert Ryan.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
BREATHLESS (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
L'AVVENTURA (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Bridge" (in German).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 27: "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.
From May 28: "The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Secret Ways," Richard Widmark, Sonja Ziemann.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 30: **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.**
From May 31: "The Big Show," Esther Williams, Cliff Robertson; and "The Canadians," Robert Ryan.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 30: "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine; and "The Savage Innocents," Anthony Quinn.
From May 31: "The Hoodlum Priest," Don Murray; and "A Matter of Morals," Maj-Britt Nilsson.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
May 25: "Svenigora" and "Earth" (both silent Russian films).
May 26-28: "Svenigora" and "Shors" (both silent Russian films).
May 29-30: "Svenigora" and "Ukraine in Flames" (both silent Russian films).
From May 31: "Svenigora" and "Life in Bloom" (both silent Russian films).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through May 27: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE;** and "Your Past Is Showing!," revival, Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.
May 28-29: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS,** revival; and "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.
May 30-31: **ROOM AT THE TOP,** revival; and "Expresso Bongo," revival, Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Vitelloni" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi; and "The White Sheik" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through May 28: "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.
From May 29: "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 30: "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine; and "The Savage Innocents," Anthony Quinn.
From May 31: "The Hoodlum Priest," Don Murray; and "A Matter of Morals," Maj-Britt Nilsson.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 30: **TIGER BAY,** revival; and "Modigliani of Montparnasse" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Lilli Palmer.
From May 31: "Confess, Dr. Corda!" (in German), Hardy Kruger; and "The Sins of Rose Bernd" (in German), revival, Maria Schell, Raf Vallone.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Please Turn Over," Ted Ray, Jean Kent.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Fidelio" (in German), Claude Nollier, Richard Holm.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Return to Peyton Place," Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Violent Summer" (in Italian), Eleonora Rossi Drago.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (LT 1-0450)
From May 28, at 8: "White Nights" (in Italian), Maria Schell, Marcello Mastroianni.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), Martine Carol, Dany Robin.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through May 31: "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine; and "The Savage Innocents," Anthony Quinn.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 28: **DIAL M FOR MURDER,** revival; and "I Confess," revival, Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter.
From May 29: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and "It's Love I'm After," revival, Bette Davis, Leslie Howard.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 30: **RICHARD III,** revival; and "The Lost Continent," revival, an Italian documentary film on Indonesia and Malaya, with an English narration.
From May 31: **12 ANGRY MEN,** revival; and "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson.

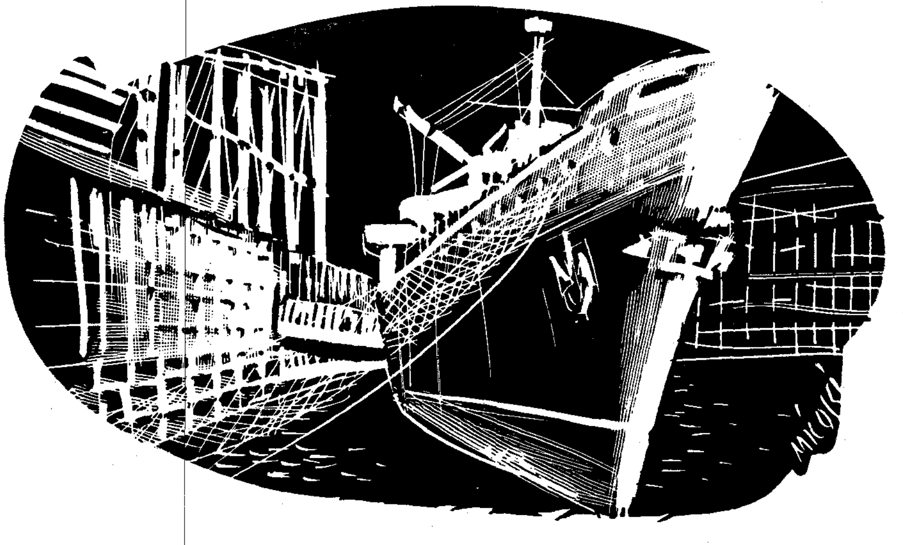
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 25: "And God Created Woman" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens; and "Passionate Summer" (in French), revival, Madeleine Robinson, Raf Vallone.
May 26-29: "The Strange Ones," revival; and "The Storm Within," revival, Jean Marais—both Jean Cocteau films, in French.
From May 30: **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS,** revivals; and "Le Plaisir" (in French; also known as "House of Pleasure"), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.

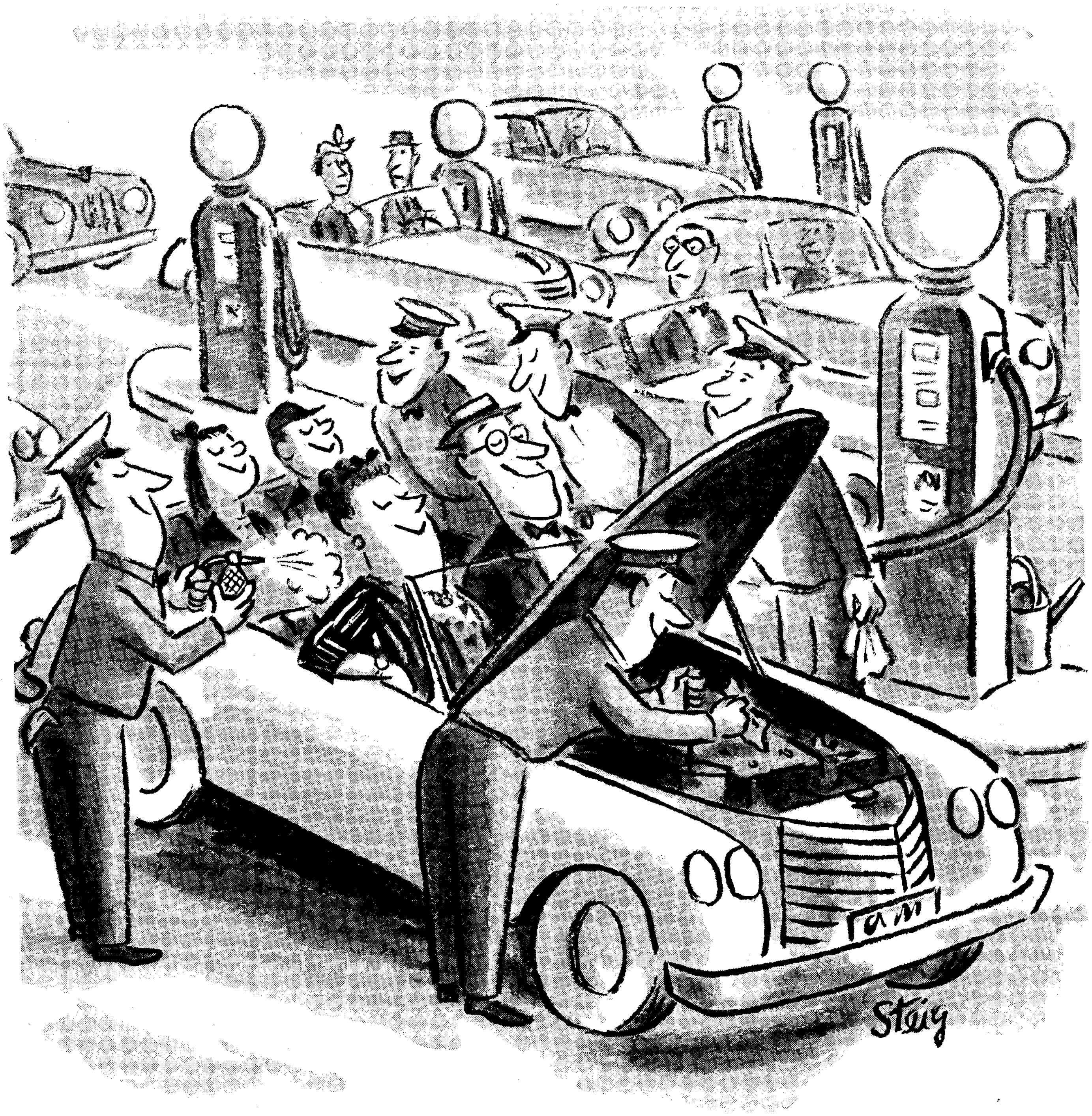
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through May 31: **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.**

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 31: **TIGER BAY,** revival; and "Modigliani of Montparnasse" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Lilli Palmer.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through May 31: "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine; and "The Savage Innocents," Anthony Quinn.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through May 30: **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.**
From May 31: "The Big Show," Esther Williams, Cliff Robertson; and "The Canadians," Robert Ryan.





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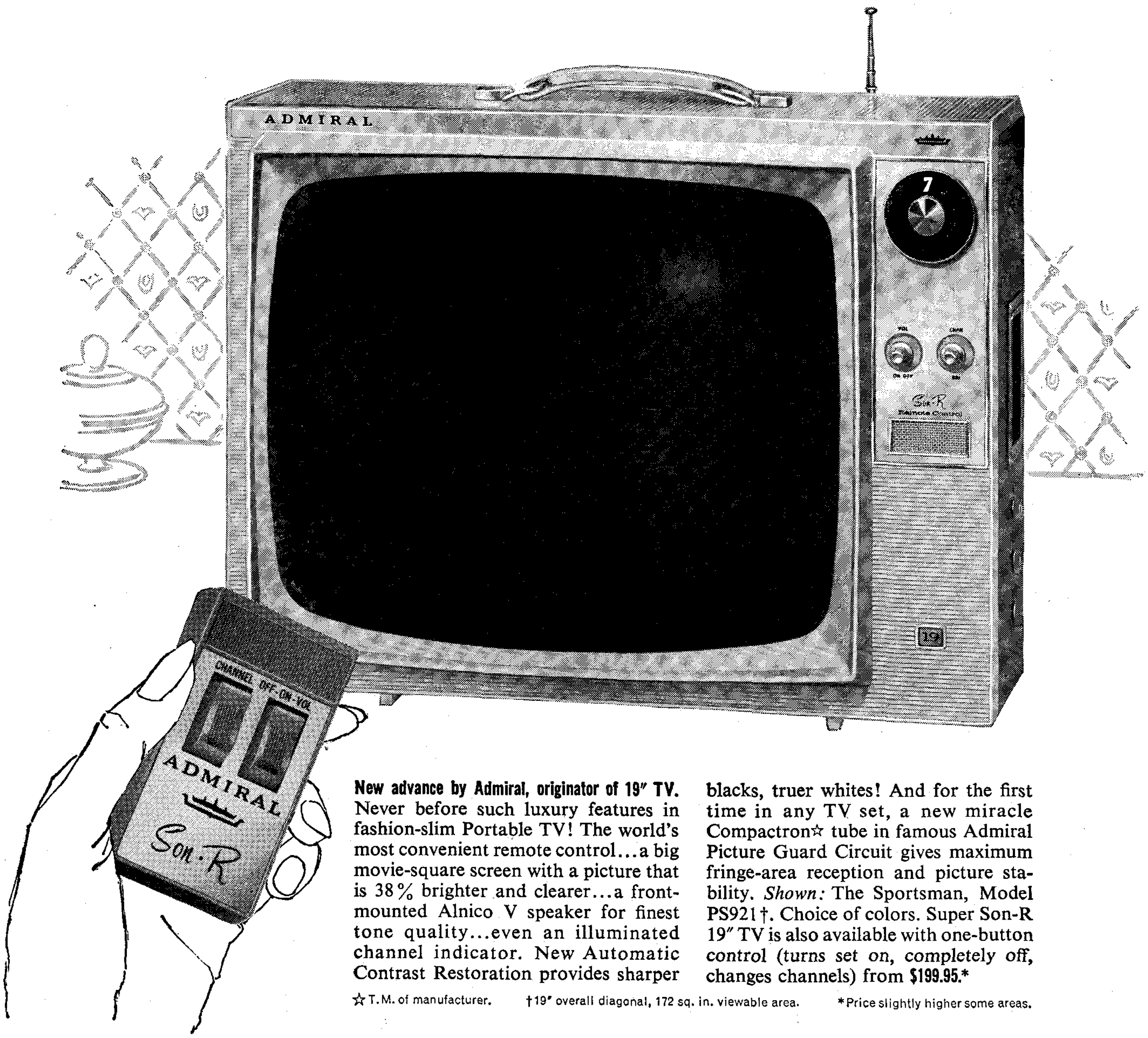

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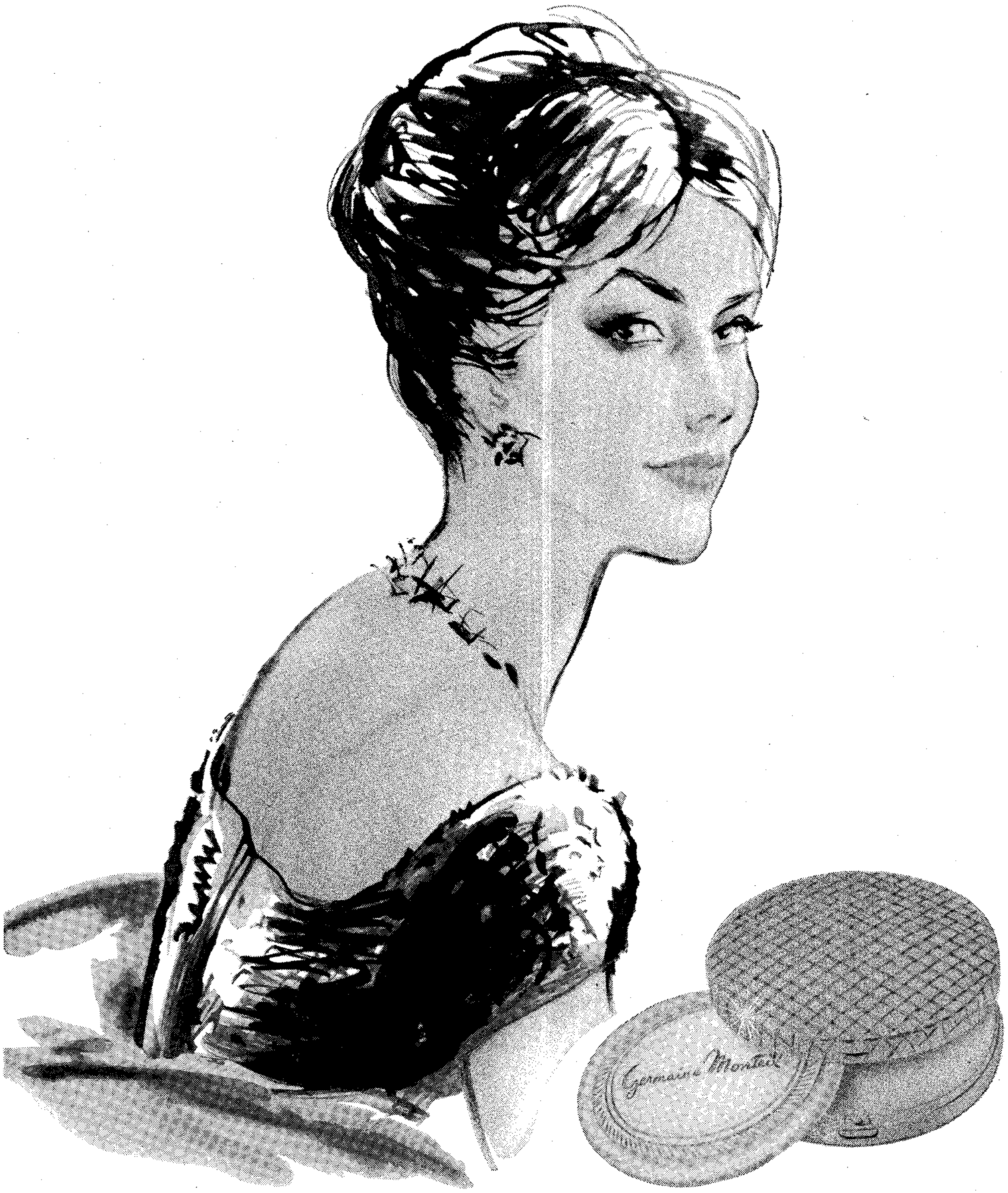

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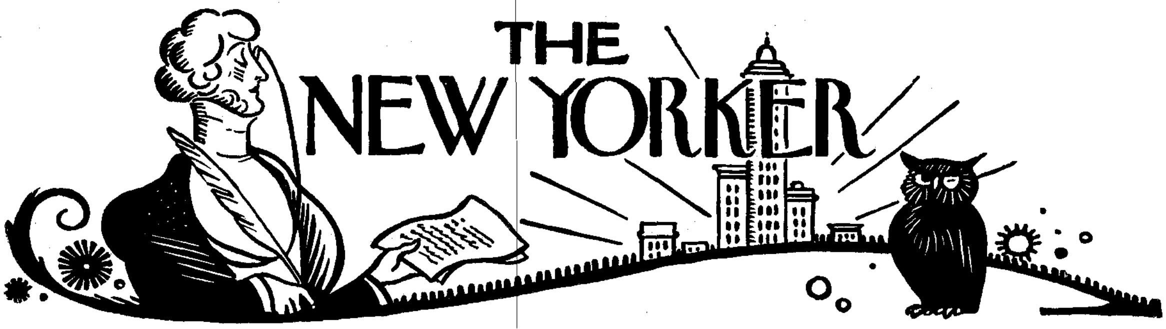
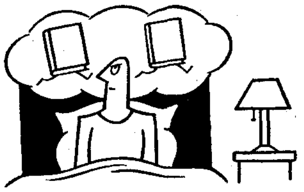


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE were slipping into sleep the other night when, for no special reason, the expression "a best-seller" skittered across our mind. It was almost as if we had never heard the phrase before, it suddenly seemed so unfamiliar, so unclear, so wrong. We were wide awake by this time and fully capable of analyzing our reaction. Why, yes, it *was* wrong! How can a book, we asked ourself, be *a* best-seller? It can certainly be *the* best-seller (for instance, William L. Shirer's "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich"), but as soon as another book overtakes it in sales it becomes simply a better-seller, or even just a good-seller, and perhaps, ultimately, not a seller at all. We promised ourself to speak to the proper authorities about this ridiculous situation in the morning.



Green World

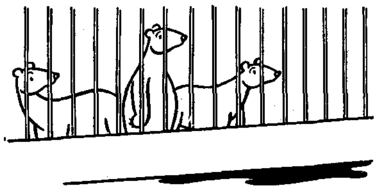
ONE afternoon last week, warm weather and curiosity led us (by subway) from the depths of Times Square into the sunshine and onto the elevated platform at 177th Street, to look into the fortunes of the Bronx Zoo, which had been closed for seven weeks on account of a strike by Local 1501 of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees. About a dozen pickets were circling in front of the Boston Road Gate as we approached, and on the gate itself hung a group of drawings of conventionally unpleasant animals (snake, skunk, weasel), each inscribed with the name of a worker who had not joined the strike. We explained our way into the park and stood for some time in the vacant space behind the turnstiles, waiting for William Bridges, the Zoo's curator of publications, whom we were to meet there. The steady brilliance and stillness of the air bound us in a spell. Leaves rustled, birds chirruped, pickets' feet shuffled; a woman wheeled a baby carriage silently past the gate. Finally, Mr. Bridges arrived in a station wagon, and we drove off through the woods.

"There's been a reversion to the jungle here in the last few weeks," Mr. Bridges remarked. "A muskrat came strolling by the Elephant House around three o'clock the other afternoon, though ordinarily our wild animals don't show up until after five, our closing time. Yesterday, I saw two Canada geese at the Italian Fountain Parking Circle, with six goslings. The Italian Fountain is the hub of traffic when the Zoo is open, but now there's only one car parked there. Belongs to an office worker."

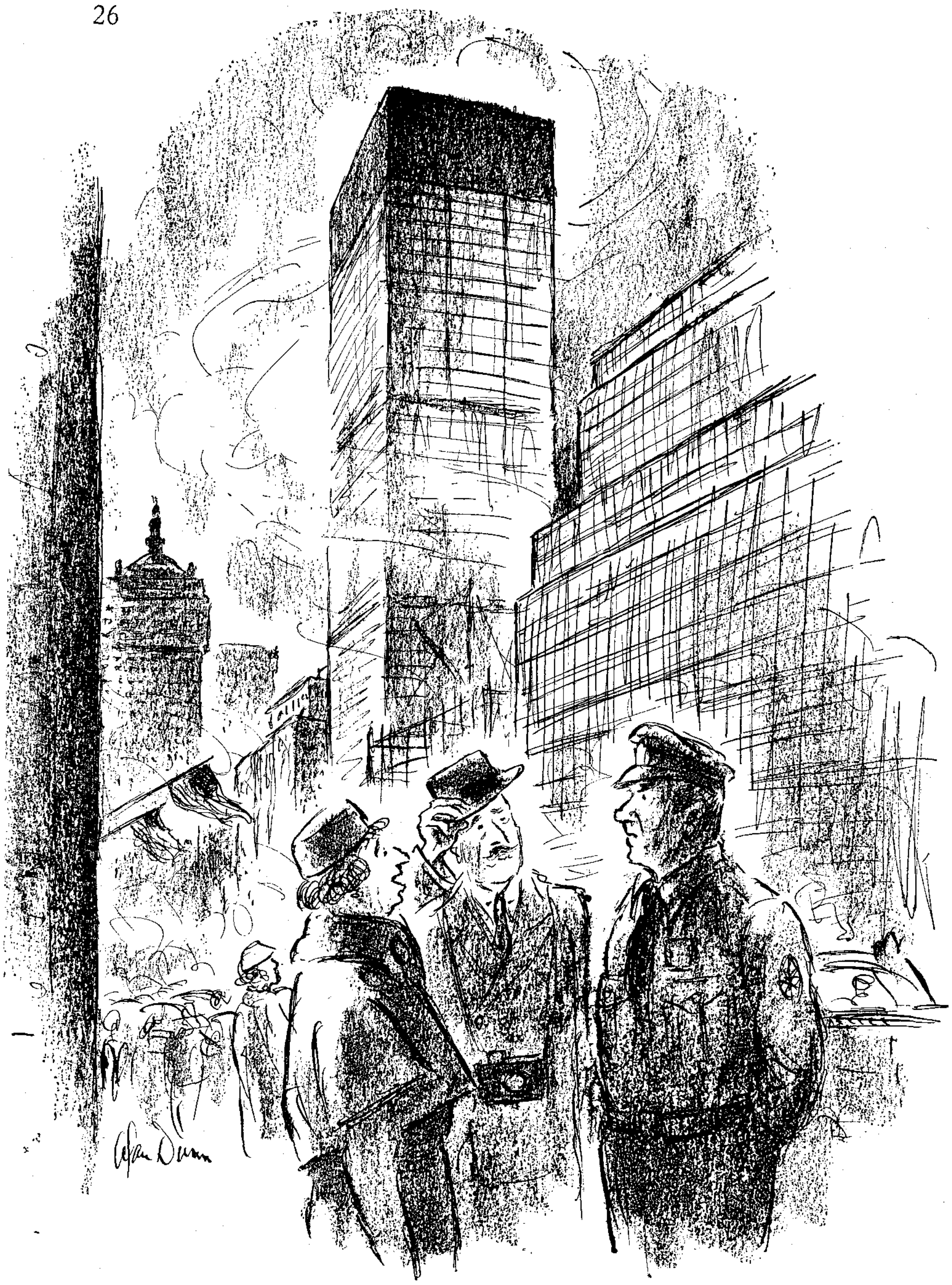
We drove past an empty cafeteria, and Mr. Bridges continued his list of strike-period changes. "I watched two cock pheasants here"—he waved a hand toward the banks of the Bronx River—"for ten minutes; they were apparently having some kind of territorial fight. Eventually, four hen pheasants came out of the bushes and walked over that hill, and the cocks trailed right after them. This would *never* happen with lots of people around. Things have been tough for the squirrels. Now they line up between the Administration Building and the one restaurant that's open to get fed by the office workers. Squirrels can, and do, eat buds at this time of year, but these squirrels aren't used to that sort of thing." We tossed a blossom we had picked up somewhere through the car window to an anxious squirrel, who ignored it.

"The elephants have exhausted the scraps of food in the area near their fence," Mr. Bridges said as we passed the forlorn elephants. "In the Children's Zoo, the kittens we had ready for opening day have grown up, and we're getting some new ones. The pelicans and the gibbons aren't out, as they usually would be; as a matter of fact, there are some Canada geese on Gibbon Island, probably nesting."

Just as we reached the Italian Fountain, the Canada geese that Mr. Bridges had mentioned seeing there scurried into the bushes at the side of the path, with the goslings. "Cottontails can be seen anywhere, any time, these days, instead of just creeping out of the brush after five," Mr. Bridges said. "The polar bears will be sorry when we reopen. Every morning, one of the policemen has been driving up Jungle Walk, here, with sugar lumps he's brought from home for them." Three polar bears, alerted by the station wagon, peered hopefully through the bars of their cage.



On the African Plains, a herd of antelope was resting in a patch of shade, a peacock screamed, and an ostrich lifted its head. "That ostrich is used to popcorn," Mr. Bridges said, and then told us about some birds that, after years of misogamy, had taken to nesting in the new quiet of the Zoo. These included the white-collared kingfisher, from Java, which had made no attempt to nest since coming to the Zoo in 1956, and Collie's magpie jay, "one of the most spectacular of the jays," from Mexico, a non-nesting resident since 1959. The kingfisher had settled into a concrete hollow specially made for her in the Main Bird House, and the jay had chosen to nest on a straw placemat there. "A grand total of three hundred and eighty-five eggs have been produced here so far this spring, and many are being incubated," Mr. Bridges told us, and went on to say that many of the animals were plain lonesome. "In the office a few days ago, we had a birth-



"Pardon, Monsieur l'Officier, nous sommes touristes. Où se trouve le Tombeau de Grant?"

• •

day party, with a cake, for one of the staff, and a whole platoon of squirrels gathered outside the window. The big cats are anxious to see people, too; every time one of us on the staff passes their cages, they come up front to be rubbed, and then they stare after us as we leave. Speaking of cats, three strange alley cats are hanging around the African Plains. One is a somewhat savage piebald, a desperado, but the two others are pretty friendly. They'll probably be adopted by some kids when the Zoo reopens. Peacock feathers, which are usually taken for souvenirs as soon as they fall, are lying around all over the place. And the Johnny-jump-ups and dogtooth violets are surviving instead of being picked."

Mr. Bridges had to go back to his work, and we were left to wander alone. We tried to interest a fat and wrinkled elephant in a pine cone, but he would have none of it. The tigers, lions, pumas, and leopards paid no attention to us as we passed by their cages. A rhinoceros (a two-horned African black rhinoceros) plodded closer and closer to us behind the negligible stone wall surrounding his pit, and though he was probably interested in peanuts, or possibly concerned about protecting his mate in the next pit, we tried to creep by without annoying him. A cardinal flew back and forth across the brook provided for the Canadian otters. Pigeons were devouring some hard rolls that had been cast on the African Plains for the antelope. An ostrich leaped to its feet as we walked by, fell to its knees, arched its head back, and swayed from side to side, but we were unable to gratify its obvious craving for popcorn.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Soviet Union's Academy of Sciences has an Institute of Higher Nervous Activity.

Keats' Curator

JOHN KEATS showed the first symptoms of consumption in February, 1820, when he was twenty-four; in November of that year, accompanied by his friend Joseph Severn, the painter, he arrived in Rome and came under the care of Dr. James Clark, an English physician living on the Piazza di Spagna. Dr. Clark secured lodgings for the two men in a house on the Piazza; he had hoped that the Italian climate would benefit his patient, but on February 23, 1821, Keats died, in a tiny bedroom on the third floor. Precisely eighty-two years later, Robert Underwood Johnson, an American author and editor then living in Italy, having noticed (as he states in his "Remembered Yesterdays") that "the Keats House . . . was shabby and dilapidated and had taken on at the rear a tenement-like appearance," and being "struck with the idea that a house so dear by its associations to all lovers of poetry should be saved as a shrine," invited a number of Americans and Englishmen then in Rome, among them Mr. (eventually Lord) Rennell Rodd, Chargé d'Affaires of the British Embassy, to a meeting in a bank to further this project. Thanks largely to Johnson and Rodd, both of whom later became ambassadors to Italy, twenty-one thousand dollars was raised by public subscription to buy the house, which opened, as the Keats-Shelley Memorial House, in 1909. The present curator of the house, which continues to be supported by public subscription, is Signora Edoardo Cacciatore, a translator of many an English and American poet, and a writer of *novelle* in her own right.

We reviewed the house's history and brought ourself up to date on its current status as a result of meeting Signora Cacciatore and her husband, a Sicilian poet and novelist, at a reception given for them by the Pierpont Morgan Library during its recent exhibition of Byron, Keats, and Shelley material. Signora Cacciatore's curatorship dates from 1933, when she was writing a thesis on Rupert Brooke for a doctorate at the University of Rome. "The third floor is given over to a museum and library," she said. "The painted flowers on the ceiling of Keats' bedroom are still there, looking just as they must have when he gazed at them in his fever. Their presence is moving, and so, I think, is the adjacent boatlike fountain in the square, which was designed by Bernini's father; Keats was in the room in which he died when he asked Severn to have inscribed on his tombstone, 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.' We have a number of Keats and Shelley manuscripts, several Keats family portraits, a drawing by Keats of a Grecian urn, and Severn's portrait of Shelley writing 'Prometheus Unbound' in the Baths of Caracalla. Our library contains eight thousand books devoted to Keats, Shelley, Byron, Leigh Hunt, and people associated with them. We have around four thousand visitors a year, who pay two hundred lire, or thirty-two cents, to get in, but anyone may come back free after his first visit and read in the library. It has a balcony, where a good many people spend an hour or so on sunny days."

We asked about the rest of the house, and learned that the ground floor is rented to a shipping company; the second is occupied by a caretaker; and the fourth is where the Cacciatores live. We also learned that Signora Cacciatore, whose first name is Vera, is the daughter of two doctors—Olga Signorelli, who has written several books on Eleonora Duse, and the late Dr. Angelo Signorelli, a collector of paintings and Greek coins. "Duse was a patient of *both* my parents," their daughter said. "One of my two sisters is a doctor, and the other has a small puppet theatre."

Accompanying Signora Cacciatore on a tour of the Morgan exhibit, we paused at the manuscript of "Endymion." "We have the photostat at the Keats house," she said, "but here is the *original*. Mr. Adams, the library's director, let me *touch* it this morning."

The Cacciatores' visit to America is their first. "New York is not as gray as London and Paris," Signora C. said. "I find many iridescences here. All those glass buildings! Everything is *shining*. The reality here is almost unreal. You know what I feel? I feel that many people feel lost in a very big town but that others gain a great comfort from the sensation it gives of being a part of the human world. In a small town you feel more aside, but here, on the streets, I suddenly felt a great peace—the comfort, as in religion, of being a part of the whole thing."

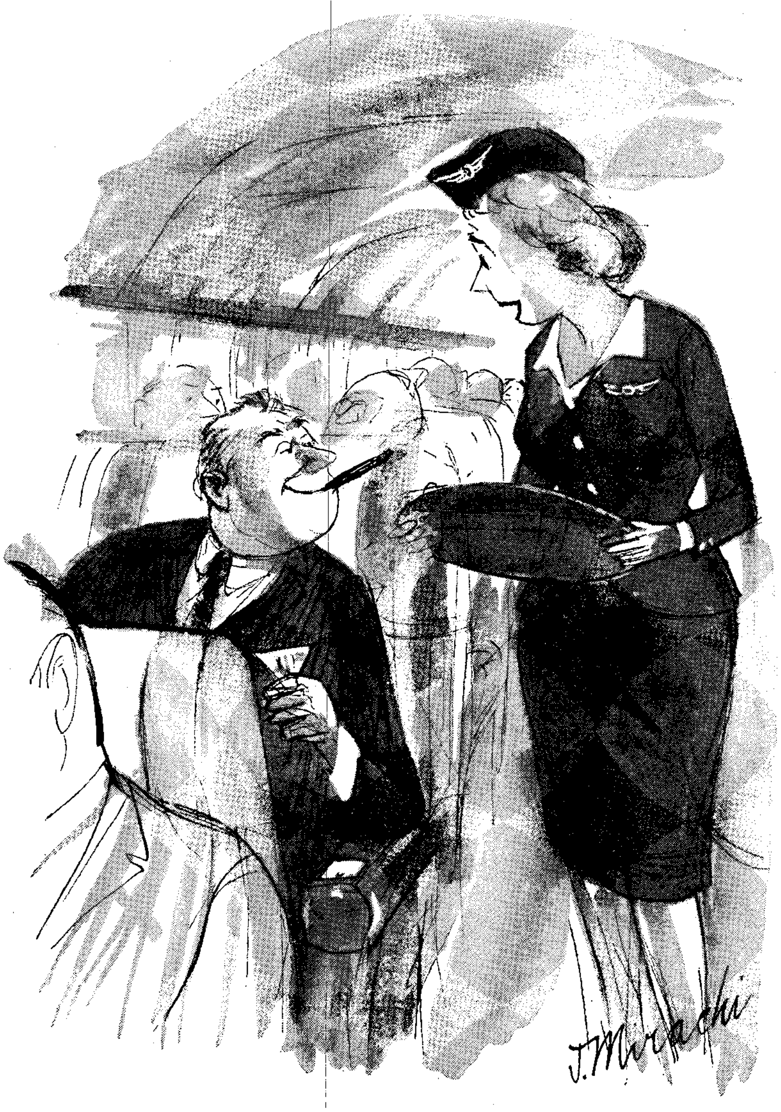
Her husband nodded. "I love big towns," he said. "I am a poet of towns, not the country. When birds chirp, I am not moved."

We asked the curator whether chicken *cacciatore* was named after a relative, on the order of lobster Newburg and peach Melba.

" 'Cacciatore' means 'hunter,' " she said. "The chicken is prepared the way the hunter used to prepare it. In Italy, it's called *pollastro alla cacciatora*, but here it's spelled like our name. There's really no connection, though. I don't even know of any hunters in the family."

Space Age

WE overheard a trio of five-year-olds preparing to play a game called "baseball teams" down in Washington Square the other day. One of the small fry announced that he was going to be the Yankees. The others protested that the Yankees was the only team they knew. Finally, one of the protesters said he would agree to be Jupiter. "And you," he informed the second protester, "will be Mercury."



"I'm sorry, sir, but if I sit on your lap I'll have to sit on every gentleman's lap."

1650 Broadway

WITH the Decoration Day weekend on the horizon, at least one unchanging promise of the summer season gets close; for hundreds of comedians, harmonica players, accordion players, jugglers, magicians, ballroom dancers, tap-dancers, novelty dancers, blues singers, and sopranos the lean, irregular-eating days are petering out as they begin to get booked into the entertainment programs of summer resorts, hotels, and country clubs along the Eastern seaboard, with a heavy concentration, of course, in the Catskill Mountain area that is known professionally to bookers as Sullivan County. The biggest and busiest of some fifteen bookers in the trade is Charles Rapp, a fifty-two-year-old, bald, freckle-faced lover of show business, and it was to his offices, at 1650 Broadway, that we sped last Thursday morning. We found Mr. Rapp in a small room that had a fine Great White Way view and was equipped with four cigarette-burn-scarred wooden desks and eight telephones. With Mr. Rapp were two assistants, Mrs. Chickie Nathans and Mr. Shelly Rothman, both of whom, like him, were talking on the telephone. Pasted on the wall over Rapp's head were typewritten lists of hotels (Ambassador Hotel, Atlantic City, N.J.; Banner Lodge, Moodus, Conn.; Brookside Swim Club, Union, N.J. . . .), lists of performer's agents (Adair, Rose, CI 7-3900; Adler, Harry, PL 7-2535 . . .), and lists of entertainers, grouped according to their specialties. On the desk before Rapp was still another list, handwritten on lined yellow tablet paper and headed "Decoration Day Availabilities." Mr. Rapp, who looked healthy and sunburned, and was wearing heavy black-rimmed eyeglasses, a black silk suit, a white silk shirt, and a white knit necktie, spoke into the telephone with great patience. "Let me tell you something, doll," he said. "If you hear a guy singing 'Ol' Man River,' you don't need to hear him sing 'Otchi Tchornyia.' . . . All right. I'll get you a swell harmonica player." He hung up and waited until Mrs. Nathans, a buxom young lady wearing a white-and-red striped sweater, had also hung up.

"Chickie, make a note of this," Rapp said. "The dance team of Margo and Chiverto go out of the Laurels Country Club and Stan Harper, the harmonica player, goes in."

"How come?" Chickie asked.

"Not a big crowd there yet," Rapp said. "A harmonica player is more intimate for a small group." He answered his telephone again.

"The season isn't here in full force yet," Shelly Rothman said to us. "Wait till next month—we start working fifteen, eighteen hours a day. And starting July 1st, a seven-day week. Wait till we start with the business of going to bed at six in the morning, and we're back in the office by ten. Keeping track of all those doubles! Two-shows-a-night performers. Getting replacements for ones who get flat tires or something." Shelly actually rubbed his hands in anticipation. "The shortest ten weeks of your life!" he said. He is dark, earnest, devoted, and on the threshold of forty.

"It gets in your blood," Chickie said. "This is my tenth year with Charlie. My husband has a good business, thank God, in garden furniture. My daughter, Abbey Lynn, was three years old yesterday. Do I have to do this? No! But it's in my blood."

"Charlie deceives people by keeping the outdoor, country, summer-resort look on himself all year round," Shelly said. "Thanks to the Lone Star Boat Club, on top of the Y.W.C.A. at Fifty-first and Eighth Avenue."

"You want a girl singer?" Rapp was saying over the telephone. "How about Linda Hopkins? She stops the show cold." As he listened to the reply, he turned his outdoor, country, summer-resort look toward us, cradled the telephone against a raised shoulder, and lit a cigarette. "Comics?" he went on. "Larry Alpert, Gary Morton, Mark Robbins, Rip Taylor. Rip Taylor. Good-looking guy. Terrific jokes. This kid works like Red Skelton. A very clever kid. He stops the show cold. . . . O.K., Linda and *Gary*." He hung up and yawned, and his telephone immediately rang again. "We're still very slow here," he said to us before answering it. "This is very mild."

After listening for a while, Rapp said, "You'll need a comedian. A comedian is the backbone of the show. I've got the perfect guy. Rip Taylor. We used him all winter, and he's great. If he's got a hip crowd, he's great. He's like Red Skelton. He's not the average mountain type. His price is going up in June. This kid played Laurel in the Pines about ten times. He played Fallsview. You're at liberty to check all the hotels I mentioned." Calmly, he hung up.

"This is the most intangible business there is in the world," Shelly said.

"There's a bigger need for entertainers than ever before," Rapp said. "Vaudeville is dead, but in those days how many places could you work? About sixteen houses. Now there's over a hundred places we book alone. And the entertainers are better today. In the old days, all a singer needed was a strong voice. If you couldn't belt, you were dead. Today, everything gets enlarged over a mike."

"Every new act today is a new challenge," Chickie said.

"I've been in the business twenty-seven years, and I still keep on the go with it," Rapp said. "I started in at the age of fourteen, at P.S. 45, when I entered some kids from the school in a Fox Crotona amateur contest. We had a five-piece band, two dancers, and a singer, and we won first prize. Fifty dollars. I took fifty per cent. Now I take fifteen or twenty. We pay the acts, and the hotel pays us. When I was seventeen, I was booking acts for all the Knights of Pythias lodges. I'm always geared for action. One minute I'm booking a monkey act, the next I'm worrying about a magician. Each one is important. To entertain nice people. Comes Saturday night in a resort, and they can do one of two things after they eat. Constantly dance the whole night, or be entertained. They're good family people. They like to sit and listen."

Rapp's telephone rang again as Shelly and Chickie took calls of their own.

"What type of act do you want?" Rapp said into the phone. "Sort of a fine-looking type that can introduce the acts, without telling funny stories or *with* telling funny stories? You want a name strong enough to draw people? Have you any idea of the budget? Let me ask you a question. Are you acquainted with any names? For example, you know Larry Storch? Morey Amsterdam? Harvey Stone?"

"A group of dancers," Shelly was saying. "Israeli dancers. Who can sing, dance, play instruments—you know?"

"We just started to fill up the booking sheet now," Chickie was saying. "Charlie will be here every day, morning to midnight."

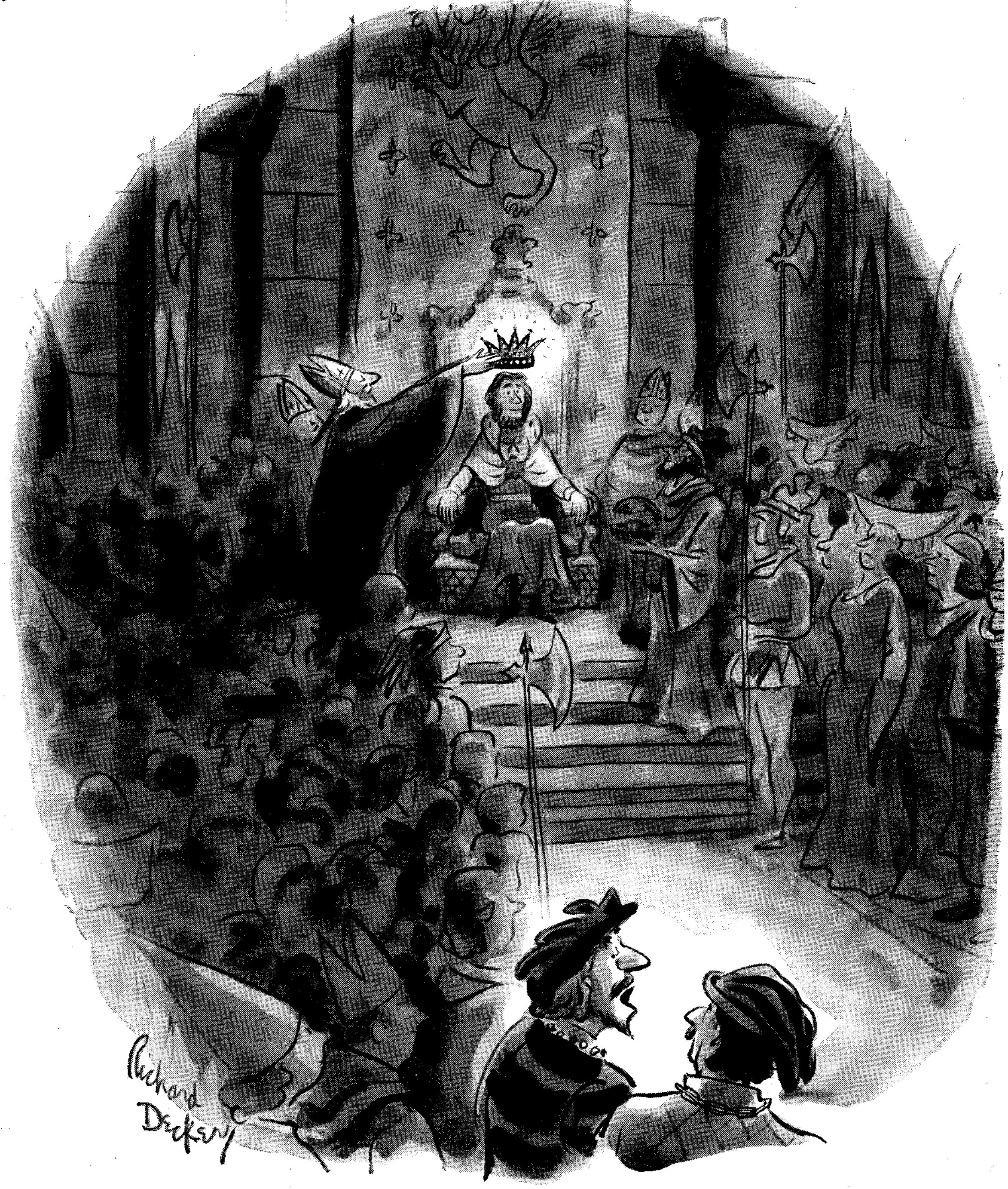
"You can't *get* Joey Bishop," Rapp said, still on the same call. "I'll reel off the names of some others to you. Jackie Mason. He opens at the Copacabana June 1st. He was on the Perry Como Show. How about Henny Youngman, who just played the Persian Room at the Plaza? I may be able to get Ricky Layne and Velvel, the ventriloquist, that Ed Sullivan uses all the time on his show. Gene Baylos—you know *him*? . . . You want somebody that comes from the *South*? Andy Griffith would want a load of money. . . ."

Into the room came a tanned, relaxed, silk-suited man smoking a cigar. He shook hands with Shelly, sat down, talked for several minutes about the merits of group insurance for entertainers, and left, smiling cheerfully.

"He used to be a singer; now he sells insurance," Shelly said to us. "Now he's extremely secure."

"I fail to see how he can leave show business," Chickie said. "Once it got into his blood."

"Let me tell you something, doll," said Rapp, who was still on the phone. "This may be a little out of my line. Like I wouldn't know how to go in for the kind of people booked in the Blue Angel, for example. What you may need is one of those offices that go in for picture people, which is slightly off the beam for myself. Unless you want



"How about that *for a status symbol?"*

to change your mind about a big name, in which case I have a terrific young comic on the order of Red Skelton. . . ." He finally hung up. "Some nut," he said to us. "He's got a big golf exposition in a sunny climate and he wants the exposition big-name type. For twenty-five hundred dollars. So he starts off with Gene Barry, who probably wants ten thousand dollars."

"Stan Irwin!" Shelly yelled as another visitor entered the room—a sleek-looking, good-natured fellow with old-fashioned matinée-idol graying hair, a smooth suntan, black silk slacks, highly polished black loafers, a gray-and-red plaid jacket, a gray silk shirt, a black knit tie, and mother-of-pearl cufflinks the size of half dollars. The others also gave Stan Irwin a big hello.

"We used to book Stan, a great comic, and then he went on to become a very big man in Las Vegas," Shelly said, introducing us to the visitor. "The last place we booked him was the Brickman Hotel, in South Fallsburg. Eight years ago. Remember, Stan? You look great, Stan." Big clapping on the back for Stan from Shelly and Rapp.

"Doesn't Stan look good, Charlie?" Chickie said.

"I'm in town checking out the Broadway shows, to see if any of them lend themselves for Las Vegas presentation," Stan said.

"Hey, I'm going to get George, the agent for the Brickman, on the phone and put you on with him for a surprise!" Shelly said. Everybody laughed as he dialled the call.

"The Brickman. The last place I worked as a comic before I went out to the Club Bingo in Las Vegas, where I came in for eleven days and stayed eight months," Stan told us. "I became their booker. You name it, I did it. Then they rebuilt the club as the Sahara. Now I create shows for various Vegas clubs from allied fields of entertainment. Eleanor Powell at the Sahara, after eleven years out of the business. Marlene Dietrich. Lauritz Melchior. That's my bit. And whole musicals. 'Tenderloin' opens at the Dunes this week. 'Gypsy' is coming to the Riviera. Not bad? When I come to New York, I like to keep up old friendships." He threw Rapp a laugh.

Shelly waved a hand in the air and then beckoned the visitor to the telephone. "George, here's a comic, he needs a job, he wants to say hello," Shelly said with great joy into the phone, and handed it to Stan Irwin. Rapp and Chickie looked on proudly.

"Hi! Can you use a great comic at the Brickman?" Stan Irwin said, going along with the gag. "I worked there eight years ago, the best basketball player ever worked the hotel. . . . What do you mean, 'Who is this?' This is Stan Irwin. . . . Yeah, *Stan*." He burst into laughter, and Rapp, Chickie, and Shelly were convulsed.

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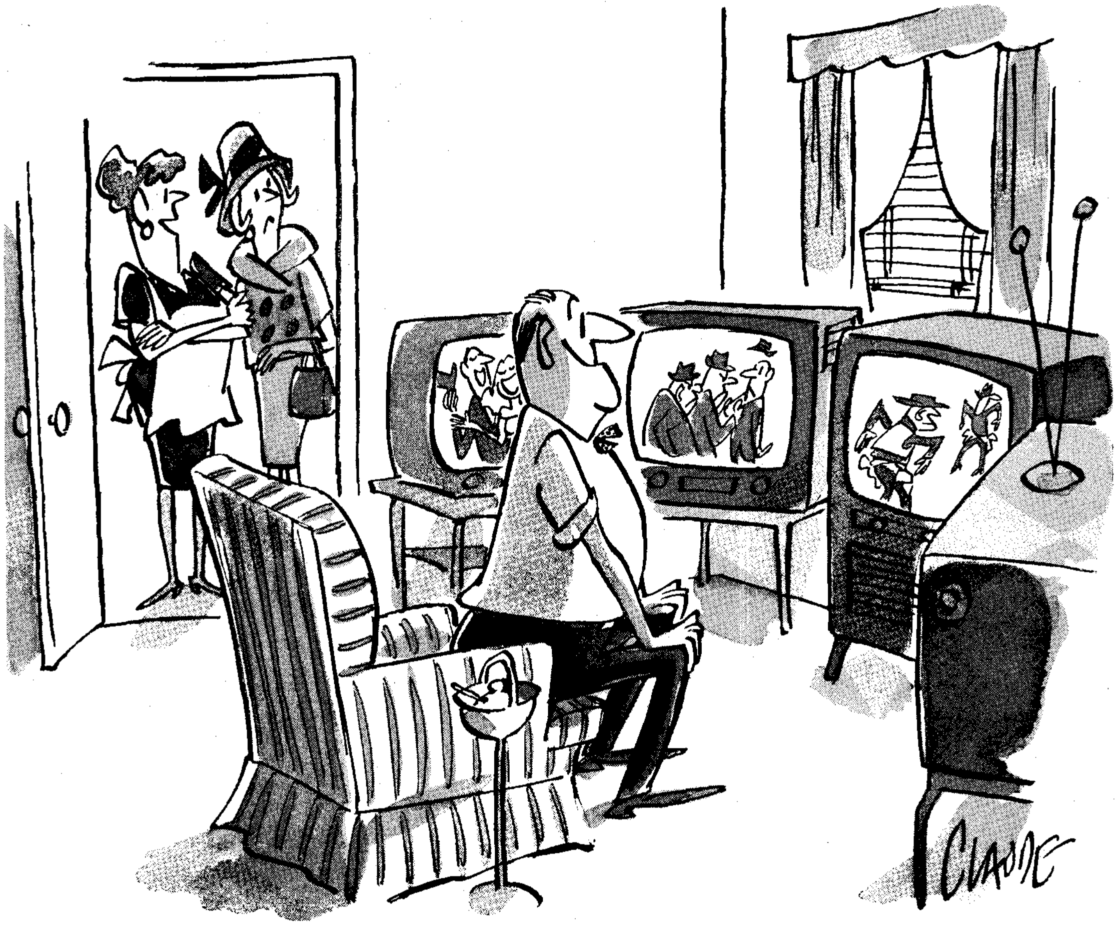
SIGN posted in all registration stations of the University of Hawaii during registration periods: "Keep Your I.B.M. Cards Dry."

THE SUNDAY PIGEONS

I BROUGHT an armload of kindling from the woods and laid it in the fireplace box. One wants to leave things in good shape. I went out to the pump for a final bucket of water. My wife and I were quitting a cabin whose tenants we had been on weekends, and sometimes longer, for three years. This was a month or so ago, when the daffodils were just out. I was aware that the daffodils were pretty. It came to me that before long the wild iris would be in bloom. I had nothing against the wild iris per se. The river at the foot of the slope outside was blinding in the noon sun. I had nothing against it, either, except its location—out there in nature, with the daffodils and iris. And for the thousandth time I upbraided myself, but there was the disreputable fact—I really didn't care about nature the way I ought to. I went in search of, and found, the framed, glassed sentence left on the wall by an earlier, more healthy-minded tenant, and kept hidden by me for three years. "There is a presence and an influence in Nature and the Open which expands the mind and causes brigand cares and worries to drop off.—Edward Carpenter," it said. I hung it again, all set for the next man, thinking that I could leave him a shorter framed thought if I wanted to. "If we walk in the woods, we must feed mosquitoes.—Emerson," it would say.

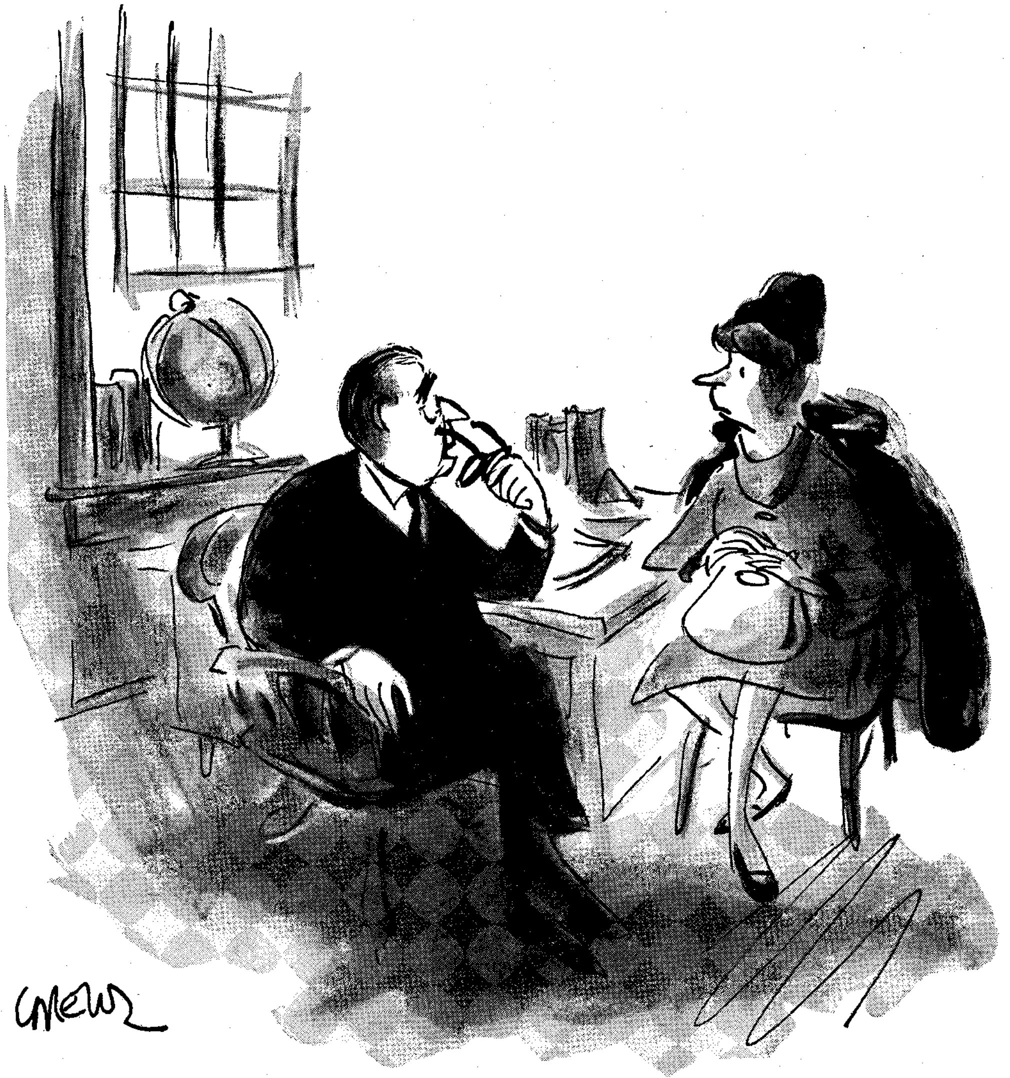
The trouble is that brigand cares fail to drop off me in the Open; on the contrary, they attach themselves and stick. I went on with my work—sweating, gasping a little, for the humidity was high—carrying out ashes from the fireplace to scatter in the woods. I scattered them. They blew back on me. At a cabin across the river, a man was making a terrace. *I* had started a terrace. I had dug and levelled, carried stones, and wrenched my back. Moles had got under the terrace and caved it in—moles or something. I heard the strokes of Eugene's—my neighbor's—hammer up the hill behind me, and from farther away the manly drone of a power saw. When I repaired my porch screen last summer, a hornet stung me. (The Open is full of things that will get you if they can; you hear them all night in the leaves, in the brush, walking around the house and around again. Indeed, the Open is full of things in general. There are moths at the lamps, beetles at the window, snails underfoot, spiders overhead, snakes beneath rocks, midges in the air, and moles below the terrace.) An army of jays and another of squirrels were having a war in an oak tree. I reflected that soon the starlings would come, and—gratefully—that this time I would miss them. I would miss the ragweed this year, the poison ivy. And yet, all over New York, where I was bound, and in a hundred shops between, people were fiercely buying spades and fly rods, Scotch coolers and first-aid kits. There I was, about to sneak down the stream like a delinquent salmon when all the other fish were doing their level best to get on up. Surely I was not a nature hater. But to me, right or wrong, nature seemed crowded and noisy, a place of restless nights and perpetual tension, of wear and tear and overwork—chaotic and dirty, unfriendly or downright dangerous—and I had to consider my nerves. It was all right for a visit, I thought, or for a weekend now and then, but you wouldn't get me to live there if you gave me the place.

It was time for a break, and when a man can spare a moment on a spring afternoon, he may be forgiven for daydreaming. I sat down at the foot of a tree and thought of the cooled, uninhabited air in my apartment, the utter peace. Well, in a matter of hours I would be running off there. Sometimes one feels in his bones that he *needs* to get away to the city. The roots at the foot of the tree were twisted and ridged, the bark was sticky. I stood up. I thought of my terrace—the one without the moles, the one with the deck chairs, the one in New York. Vistas run out from it. Sunsets are just down the street. And if one should ever get up at dawn (I sleep well, as a rule, in New York; I know its sounds), the city all around is translucent and breathless. It is hard to believe that so many streets, so many people, can be so still. I live what some might consider a simple life there—orderly, uneventful. I have my work to do. I come and go. Brigand cares drop off. Perhaps it is not as exciting as the Open, but it suits me.



"He has an amazing zest for life."

I WENT back to work. Clearly something was wrong—*something* was not as it should be between na-



"In a nutshell, Mrs. Turner, either your son is making an unusually fine adjustment to his lack of ability or else he just doesn't give a damn."

ture and me. I was worrying about this, and trying to burn a mattress in which field mice had passed the winter, when Eugene came down through the woods. I could guess why. He was going to see once more if he could keep me in the country. It would be just a last ceremonial effort, for he knew I was on my way. I like him—he is a kind and knowledgeable neighbor when the well runs dry or bats get into the chimney—but he is a recent convert to nature, and he thinks that he has to keep would-be apostates in line. He is short and dark, and out there he is untidy, though I run into him once in a while in town and then he seems quite in order. He is shaved, and his hair is combed. His shirt is tucked in. Now he came up beside me, stared at the smoldering mattress, and sat on his heels. "You know," he said, "you're going to miss this place."

I said I might. I was certain that I ought to.

"You take that river," he said. "Just the mere reflections."

They were all right—mostly of trees and the sky. But I did think you saw the same things over and over, in nature. Trees and sky. Of course, you see buildings and sky in New York over and over, but then if you look for reflections you can be in for a surprise. You can see a building reflected *in* a building, and the color of the sky behind it will be new. So, in fact, will the building. It will have a racy extra-dimensional slant to its corners and windows. I know a man who looks at reflections in auto fenders; they are tricky to catch, but he is fond of them. For him, with a little luck, any building can be royal blue or Nile green or a flashy maroon, and tapered and curved—a rhomboid on the loose. Buses high as the sky go past it; monstrous cars swell up in front of it and dwindle.

Eugene plucked a spear of orchard grass and put it between his teeth. "You don't *try*," he said, shifting his weight. "Half the time you just sit on the porch."

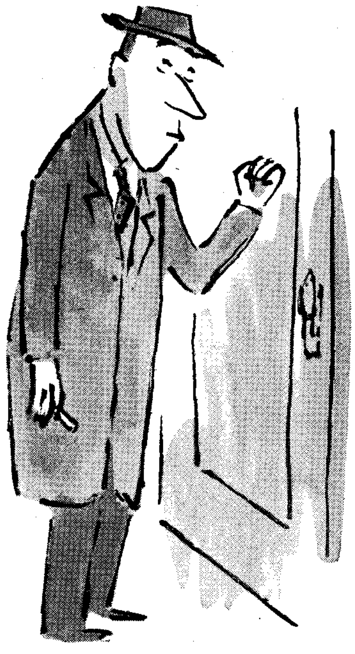
It was true. He said I should have gone out and observed the flowers in their habitats. And I should have. Two ducks slid by on the water with a string of ducklings behind them. Eugene said I ought to observe—to have observed—their ways. Of course, he was right. And still, there I stood, perversely thinking only of one windy morning in town when the streets were full of the first rush of office workers. What I was remembering was colored scarves on the heads of girls from a number of habitats—blues and yellows and lavenders and greens and golds. There were hundreds of them, as alike as petals, all bobbing and moving in crisscross paths, in and out, all blowing in the wind. Another time, I was standing just looking out my front window. It was early evening. The block was quiet. A black van drove up. A spruce young man and woman got out (while I watched, observing their ways). The man unlocked and swung open a huge door in the side of the van, and three spruce little boys jumped out, one after another. The man shut the door, and he and his wife walked away arm in arm, perhaps to the movies, their young in line behind them according to size.

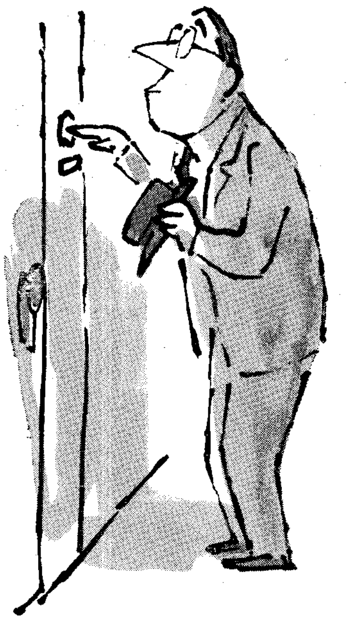
Time was running out, and the mattress was less than half gone. Eugene stood up, arms akimbo, and squinted at the horizon; he likes to scan it for rain. We brought water from the river and soaked the mattress and dragged it deep into the woods, leaving it to vanish at its own rate, possibly again with the help of the mice.

"I guess you just weren't meant for a nature lover," Eugene said, giving up at last, as we shook hands goodbye.

I said I guessed that was the size of it and I was sorry.

WELL, maybe. Most of the time I am remorseful about being the kind of unwholesome minority I am, but lately I have begun to feel that something can be said for me. Since that day, I have been thinking—one has *time* to think in the city. I go on solitary rambles. I poke and peer in stores. And I observe. You take pollen. Eugene is devoted to it, of course, and to the miracles of exchange and renewal that it works, as well he might be. And I thought of him—and it—one day on a tramp down Fifth Avenue. I was with another friend. He is the man who observes reflections in fenders. We came to the top of the rise on Murray Hill, and could see the crosstown traffic running left, then right, then left, all the



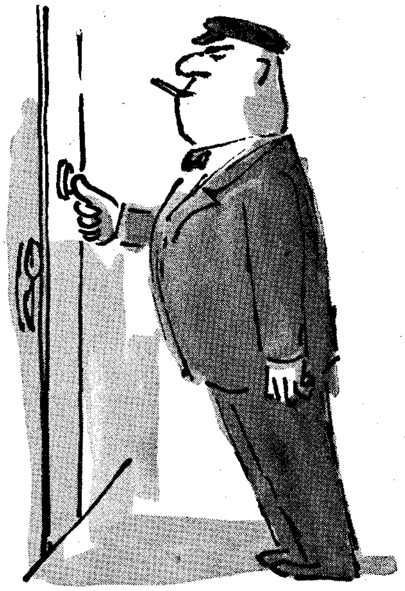


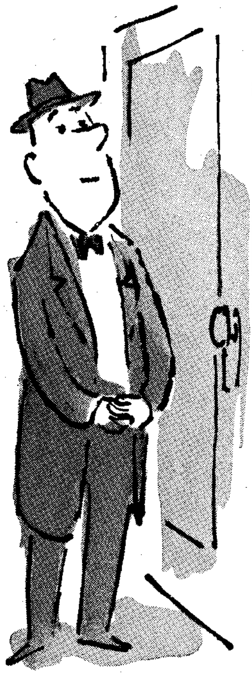
way to Washington Square. "Like shuttles," my friend said. He swarms with fancies. He meant that the taxis and trucks and cars were making the city's fabric—picking up, perhaps, a salesman or a schoolteacher or a rack of ready-made dresses, carrying them along for a while, weaving them in. It was a pleasant notion, but to my surprise I found that I myself was working on another one. Whom would the salesman sell his goods to, I wondered. Who would wear the dresses? What would the teacher teach? In whose head would he implant it? And I thought that Eugene ought in fairness to observe—sometime when he had his shirt in—that not all the carriers, the exchangers and renewers, are bees or the wind or snails.

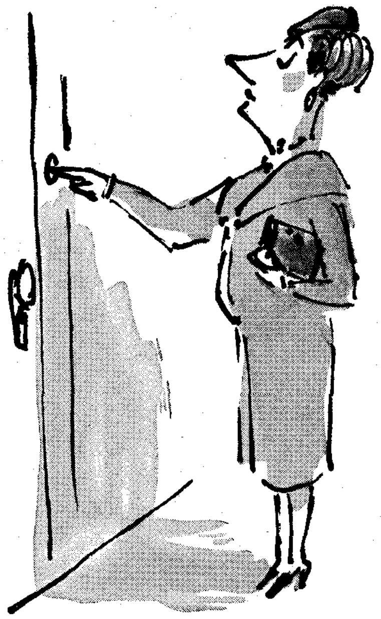
Or take birds. Eugene is devoted to *them*, except for pigeons. He spies on all species of rustic birds, rare or run of the mill, but I have come to think that he is missing a chance when he passes up pigeon watching. For a long time, I couldn't go quite as far as my wife, who sometimes refers to all birds as flying reptiles. To me, they were always just birds, and merely noisy. But then, one Sunday recently, it rained. A wet Sunday in the city can be confining, I grant. So I went to my office to finish some chores, and later stood for a while at the window looking at the mist and the still, blank buildings that went up into it and disappeared. Everything seemed to be of one color, and to have no life at all, until a single pigeon a block away dropped straight down from somewhere, and wheeled and dropped again, out of sight among the chasms, and another coasted down a long slope nearer by, and wheeled and vanished. Then everything was motionless once more. But just for a second the birds had seemed like the flying lizards they came from. And the next thing I knew, I was wishing that I could explain them to Eugene, and also—for he observes the formations of the earth as well as flowers and birds and weather—tell him about a hill I know of in Austria. For years, maybe centuries, people went blackberrying on it in summer. The view from it is good; you can see valleys, and alps, and other geologic arrangements among which lizards doubtless have flown. Then, a few years ago, the hill turned out to be made up of Celtic ruins—a city or two. They are being uncovered now, and the hill is going. But while it lasted it was as real a hill as if it had been made of rock—say, of limestone, which is also, when you come down to it, both ruins and nature.

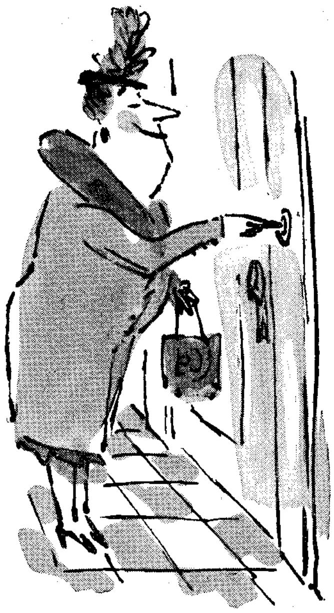
In fact (I thought, turning away from the window, and the mist and the formations of stone), coming or going, New York is a part of nature—it *is* nature, and has been all the time. And now I could hardly wait to get out into it again. Plainly Eugene had been wrong—*I* had been wrong. I was more of a nature lover than either of us had dreamed. The rain had stopped, but a hike seemed hardly worthwhile; few specimens would be out. Still, I decided to risk it; nature lovers are hard to deter. I would walk home.

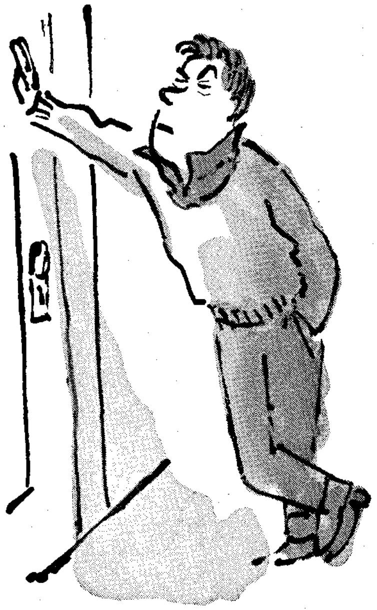
So I did, and sure enough, there on all sides was nature, busy even on a damp Sunday. She never stops. Certain moles or their prototypes (dig they must, country or town) were burrowing into and under Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street. The Library's terrace looked safe, I was glad to see. East a block or two, it struck me that I should have guessed all along that a railway station is as natural as a beehive; they are put together by different species, that's all. To each his own. I spotted a man wearing a bright-red corduroy suit and a Tyrolian hat with a brush in it. (Very rare. A tufted mismatch.) Down along Lexington, children just released from some of the apartments there (places as cunningly devised as orioles' nests, made of materials gathered far and wide) were hopping around on the sidewalk. Across the street was a building partly torn down. The plaster of its rooms showed pink and blue. No doubt it had

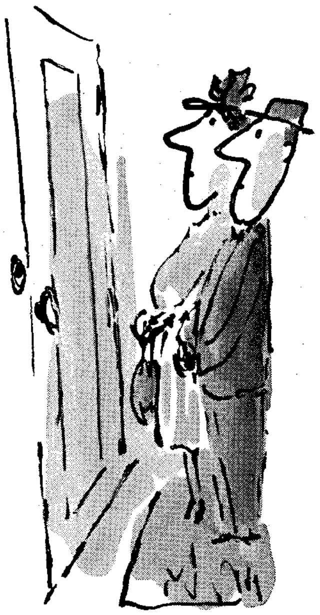






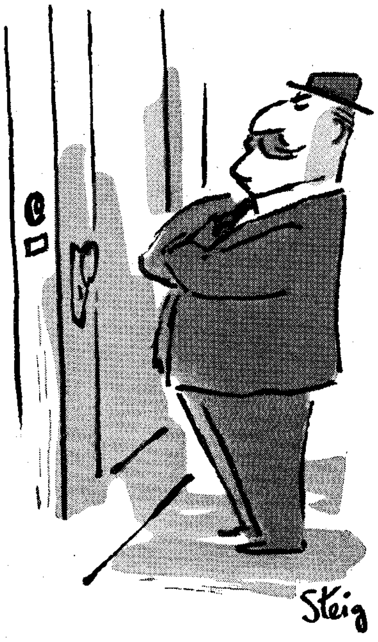






been gently eroded that very day by the rain, but on Monday morning other forces would come back and do it faster. I thought of the mattress. I thought of myself. I hadn't in the least regarded myself as a force of nature acting in conjunction with other forces—with mice and fire and, later, mold, in this case—but I had been. In fact, I often changed the courses of things. I thought Eugene could put that in his pipe and smoke it.

Of course, the city and the country do overlap here and there. If we sit on New York terraces, we must feed mosquitoes. Sometimes they breed in window boxes, sometimes they blow in from the country. Rain is rain, whether you scan the horizon for it or not. Frost on a pane is frost. On Madison Avenue at Thirty-seventh Street there is a little magnolia tree that I pass on my way to work. Its blossoms are beautiful, and come out before its leaves. I keep note of its cycles. It is shaped like a parasol. Its bark is pale. It reminds me of the rural part of nature just enough, and I happen to think that being reminded is fine. It keeps one from getting lopsided, one-track, in his view of nature. A person ought to pine for the Open now and then, and since that rainy Sunday I have felt that I could afford to—just a little—and I do.—Robert Henderson



THE GIRL FROM CALIFORNIA

THE limousine stopped and the driver paid the toll and waited for his change. The attendant in the toll booth looked at the couple in the back of the car and smiled. “Hyuh, Vince. Hello, Barbara,” he said.

“Hyuh, fella,” said Vincent Merino.

“Hello,” said Barbara Wade Merino.

“Going to Trenton, Vince?” said the attendant.

“That’s right.”

“I knew you was from Trenton. Good luck, Vince. So long, Barbara,” said the attendant.

“Thanks, fella,” said Vincent Merino. The car moved along. “He knew I was from Trenton.”

“Jesus, I’m glad to get out of that tunnel,” said his wife. “I get the worst claustrophobia in a tunnel.”

“Well, with me it’s the opposite. I hate to ride in an airplane.”

“I know,” said Barbara. “Jack Sprat could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean.”

“We’re gonna both of us eat plenty of fat where we’re headed for. Today you forget about the calories. *And don’t be nervous.* Take it easy. My fathernmother are no more different than your fathernmother. My mother ain’t even Italian.”

“I know. You told me.”

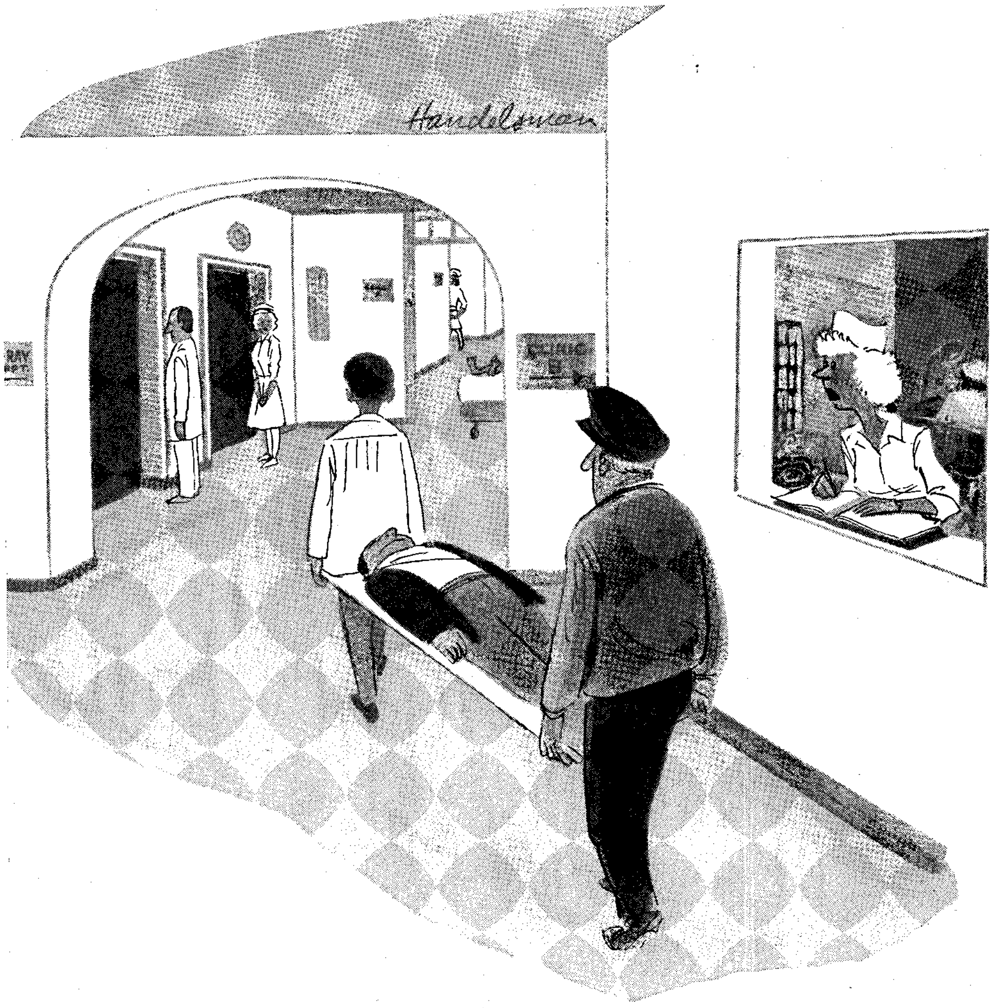
He tried to distract her. “You see them broken-down shacks and all? That used to be a pig farm, and you know something? The guy that owned it ran for President of the United States.”

“Who cares?”

“Well, your mothernfather are always talking about America, the land of opportunity. Now you can tell them you seen a pig farm on the Jersey Meadows and the owner run for President the United States. I never heard of that in California.”

“Thanks for trying to take my mind off it, but I wish today was over. What else will we do besides eat?”

“I don’t know. Maybe the old man will make the load. If he’s as nervous as you are, he could easily make the load. He could be starting right now. I hope not, though. He starts hitting the *grappa*, by the time we get there he could be passed out.”



“Just a moment! May I have your Blue Cross number?”

“How long does it take for us to get there?”

“About an hour and a half, I guess.”

“Maybe I could go to sleep.”

“You mean now?”

“Yes. You got any objections?”

“No, no objections if it’ll calm you down.”

“You sound disappointed.”

“Not exactly, but if you go to sleep you’re not gonna see New Jersey. I just thought, I know a hell of a lot about California, but you never saw New Jersey except from ten thousand feet up.”

“On the train from Washington last year, when I was making those personal appearances.”

“Yeah. The only reason why you took the train was because the whole East was fogged in. A hell of a lot you saw that time. All right, go to sleep if it’ll relax you.”

She put her hand on his cheek. “You can show me New Jersey on the way back.”

“Sure. That’s when *I’ll* want to sleep.”

“I wish we were both in bed right now,” she said.

“Cut that out, Barbara. You’re taking an unfair advantage.”

“Oh, go to hell,” she said, and turned her back and pulled the robe over her shoulder.

In a little while she fell asleep. She was always able to fall asleep. On the set, when she was making a picture, she could finish a take and go to her portable dressing room and sack right out. Or if they were home and had had a fight, she would slam the bedroom door and in five minutes’ time she would be sound asleep. “With Bobbie it’s a form of escape,” her sister said. “She’s very fortunate in that respect.”

“I’m built like a cow, so it’s only natural,” Barbara would say.

“Don’t knock the build,” Vincent had said. “It gets you two hundred Gs a picture. And me. It got you me. You’d of been one of them boy types, I wouldn’t of looked at you. I wouldn’t of *looked* at you.”

The smell of a cigarette or the sound of the radio would wake her up, so he postponed a smoke and sat in silence as the car sped along the turnpike. . . . Then he realized that he had been asleep, too. He looked out on both sides but failed to recognize his surroundings. From his watch he made a quick calculation; they were ten, fifteen—more or less—minutes from the Trenton exit. He put his hand on his wife’s hip and shook gently.

“Bobbie. Barbara. Get with it, kid.”

“Huh? Huh? What? Where are

we? Oh. Hello. Are we there yet?"

"I figure we're not far from it."

"Ask him. The driver," she said.

Vincent pressed the switch that lowered the division. "How much longer we got, driver?"

"We'll be in Trenton in five minutes, Mr. Merino. Then it's up to you."

"Thanks," said Vincent. "How about a little coffee?"

"All right," she said. "I'll do it." She poured coffee from a vacuum bottle. She put a lump of sugar in his cup and drank hers black and unsweetened. He gave her a lighted cigarette.

"Well, we're almost there," he said.

"Is the fellow from *Life* going to be there?"

"I don't know for sure. I doubt it. As soon as I told them it wasn't gonna be every Italian in Mercer County they lost interest."

She looked at herself in her vanity mirror. "Thank God for that, at least. Anyway they make a habit of sending a photographer and bossing everybody around, and that's the last you ever hear of it."

"I know. I don't even know for sure if my brother's coming from Hazleton. Both of my sisters will be there, that's for sure. But I bet their husbands have to work. My other brother Pat, him and another fella from Villanova. You couldn't *keep* them away."

"I hope I get them all straight."

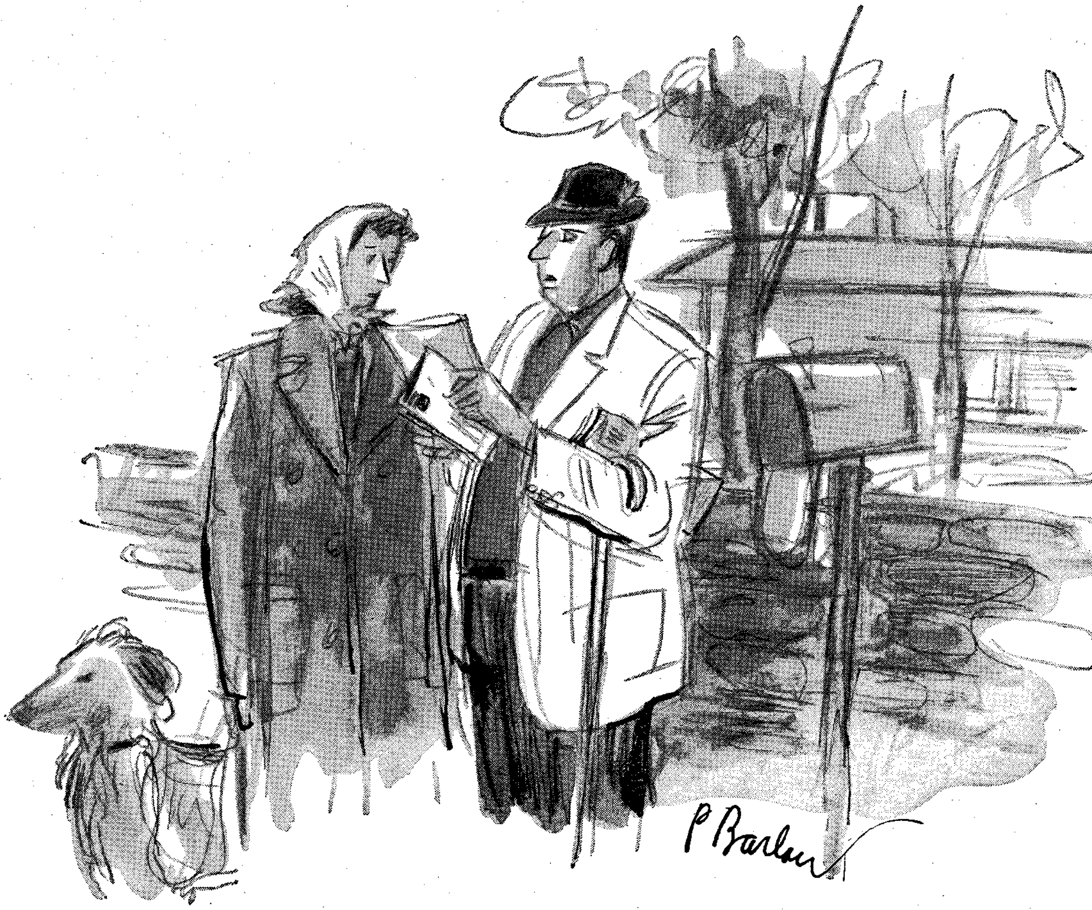
"Pat's the college boy and he looks something like me. My eldest sister is France. Frances. My younger sister is Kitty. She's about the same age as you."

"Frances is the older one and Kitty's the younger one. And Pat's the college boy, and resembles you. What about your brothers-in-law? What are their names?"

"Take my advice and don't find out their names. That way my sisters won't get jealous, if you don't know their husbands' names. Anyway I bet they won't be there."

"Who else?"

"The priest. Father Burke. And maybe Walter Appolino and his wife. He's a senator. State senator. If he wants us to pose for a picture, why, we better."



"I knew we should have waited! Now they're offering thirty-six issues at the very same special price that we just paid for twenty-four issues."

"What's the priest gonna be there for?"

"Well, maybe he won't come, being's we got married by a justice of the peace."

"Are they all going to make a stink about that? Because if they do, I'm going to turn right around and go back to New York. I don't have to take anything from them."

"You won't have to. Kitty's husband ain't a Catholic and her kids aren't being raised Catholic. I ain't worried about that, so don't you be. The only trouble I predict is if my old man makes the load, and Pat starts trying to make a pass at you. I'll give the son of a bitch a punch in the mouth if he does."

"Listen to who's talking."

"Right. Exactly. Listen to who's talking is right. He patterns himself after me because just because he happens to be Vince Merino's brother. Well, hands off Vince Merino's wife, Pasquale Merino, if you don't want to go back to Villanova minus a couple teeth. And don't you encourage him. Don't stand too close to him. He don't need any encouragement in that direction."

"Is there any of your old girl friends going to be there?"

"Not unless my brother Ed comes from Hazleton. I used to date her before Ed did."

"Did you score with her? I don't have to ask, I guess."

"Well, if you don't have to ask, why ask? What's the use of asking a question that you know the answer beforehand? Sure I scored, but not after she started dating Ed. Only Ed don't believe that. I don't think Ed'll be there."

"She probably throws it up to him that she could have married you."

"Hey, *you're* pretty smart. That's what she does do. And is she ever wrong? I wouldn't of married her even if I'd of kept on living in Trenton."

"Why not?"

"Because she thought she owned me, and she didn't."

"*I* own you, don't I?"

"Well, I guess so, but that was my own free will. I wanted to own you, so I let you own me. But I never wanted to own her. What the hell, I did own her and I never even wanted to. She was all right for then, but I never intended to be stuck in Trenton all my life. I hope they don't come. I hope there's only my two parents, and my sisters without their stupid husbands, and my kid brother if he behaves himself. Oh, Walter Appolino. Walter is more used to meeting celebrities, like he goes to New York all the time and every time he goes to the Stork Club. Walter was the first guy I ever knew that went to the Stork Club, when I was sixteen or seventeen years of age."

"Large deal."

"Come off it, Bobbie. When you were sixteen who did *you* know that went to the Stork Club?"

"When I was sixteen—well, *seventeen*—I was going there myself."

"Yeah, I guess so."

VINCENT now gave his full attention to the task of directing the driver through the streets of Trenton. In time they stopped at a detached white frame house which had a front porch, a front and back yard, and a one-car garage in the rear. "This is it," he said. "Is it worse or better than you expected?"

"Frankly, better."

He smiled. "My old man's a bricklayer at Roebling's. I bet he makes better than your old man."

"I didn't say he didn't. That's your mother in the doorway?"

"Yeah, that's Mom. Hey, Mom, wuddia say?" He got out of the car and embraced his mother. Barbara followed him. "Three guesses who this is."

"How do you do, Mrs. Merino?" said Barbara.

"I'm pleased to meet you, Barbara." Mrs. Merino shook hands with her daughter-in-law. "Come on in and be introduced to the others."

"Who all's here, Mom?" said Vincent. "Did Pop make his load?"

"What kind of talk is that? No, he didn't make any load. Is that the way you talk about your father?"

"Forget it. Who else is inside?"

"The Appolinos. Walter and Gertrude Appolino. He's the state senator. Senator Appolino, but a great friend of ours. And his wife. And my two daughters. Vince's two sisters, Frances and Catherine. Both married. Barbara, do you want to go upstairs and freshen up first, or will I introduce you to the others?"

There was no need to reply; all the others came out on the porch and Mrs. Merino made the introductions. As soon as all the names were mentioned there was a sudden, blank silence.

"All right, everybody stand here like a bunch of dummies," said Vincent. "Let's go inside or we'll have the whole neighborhood standing around." Two girls and a boy in their early teens came forward with autograph books and held them out to Barbara and Vincent.

COLUMBUS

To find the Western path,
Right thro' the Gates of Wrath . . .
—*Blake.*

As I walked with my friend,
My singular Columbus,
Where the land comes to an end
And the path is perilous,
Where the wheel and tattered shoe
And bottle have been thrown,
And the sky is shining blue,
And the heart sinks like a stone,

I plucked his sleeve and said,
"I have come far to find
The springs of a broken bed,
The ocean, and the wind.
I'd rather live in Greece,
Castile, or an English town
Than wander here like this
Where the dunes come tumbling down."

He answered me, "Perhaps.
But Europe never guessed
America; their maps
Could not describe the West.
And though in Plato's glass
The stars were still and clear,
Yet nothing came to pass
And men died of despair."

He said, "If there is not
A way to China, one
City surpassing thought,
My ghost will still go on.
I'll spread the airy sail,"
He said, "and point the sprit
To a country that cannot fail,
For there's no finding it."

Straightway we separated—
He, in his fading coat,
To the water's edge, where waited
An admiral's longboat.
A crew of able seamen
Sprang up at his command—
An angel or a demon—
And they rowed him from the land.

—LOUIS SIMPSON

• •

"Put 'To my old friend Johnny DiScalso,' " said the boy.

"The hell I will," said Vincent. "Who are you? Pete DiScalso's kid?"

"Yeah."

"Your old man arrested me for driving without a license. You're lucky I sign my name for you. Who are you, girl?"

"Mary Murphy."

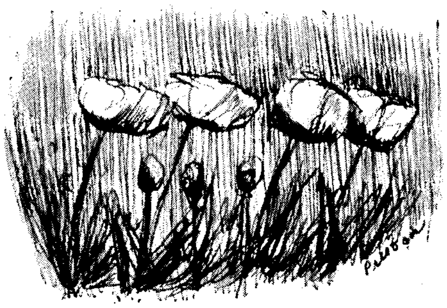
"Which Murphy? Your old man sell washing machines?"

"He used to but not any more."

"Is this your sister?"

"Yeah, I'm her sister. Monica Murphy. Our father used to sell washing machines but now he don't any more."

"Leo Murphy, Vince," said Senator Appolino. "I got him fixed up as an attendant over in the State House. Very good man, Vince, you know what I mean."



"Oh, sure. Leo's all right. Give my regards to your father, girls."

"Thanks, Vince," said the Senator. "All right, girls, run along now. And Vince?"

"What?"

"Forgive and forget. Put 'To my old friend Johnny DiScalso.' I'd appreciate it, you know?"

"Votes?" said Vincent.

"Sixteen guaranteed, sometimes more," said the Senator. "And Barbara, you, if you don't mind? Just something personal for Johnny? 'To my friend,' or something like that? Appreciate it. Appreciate it very much, Barbara."

"All right," said Barbara.

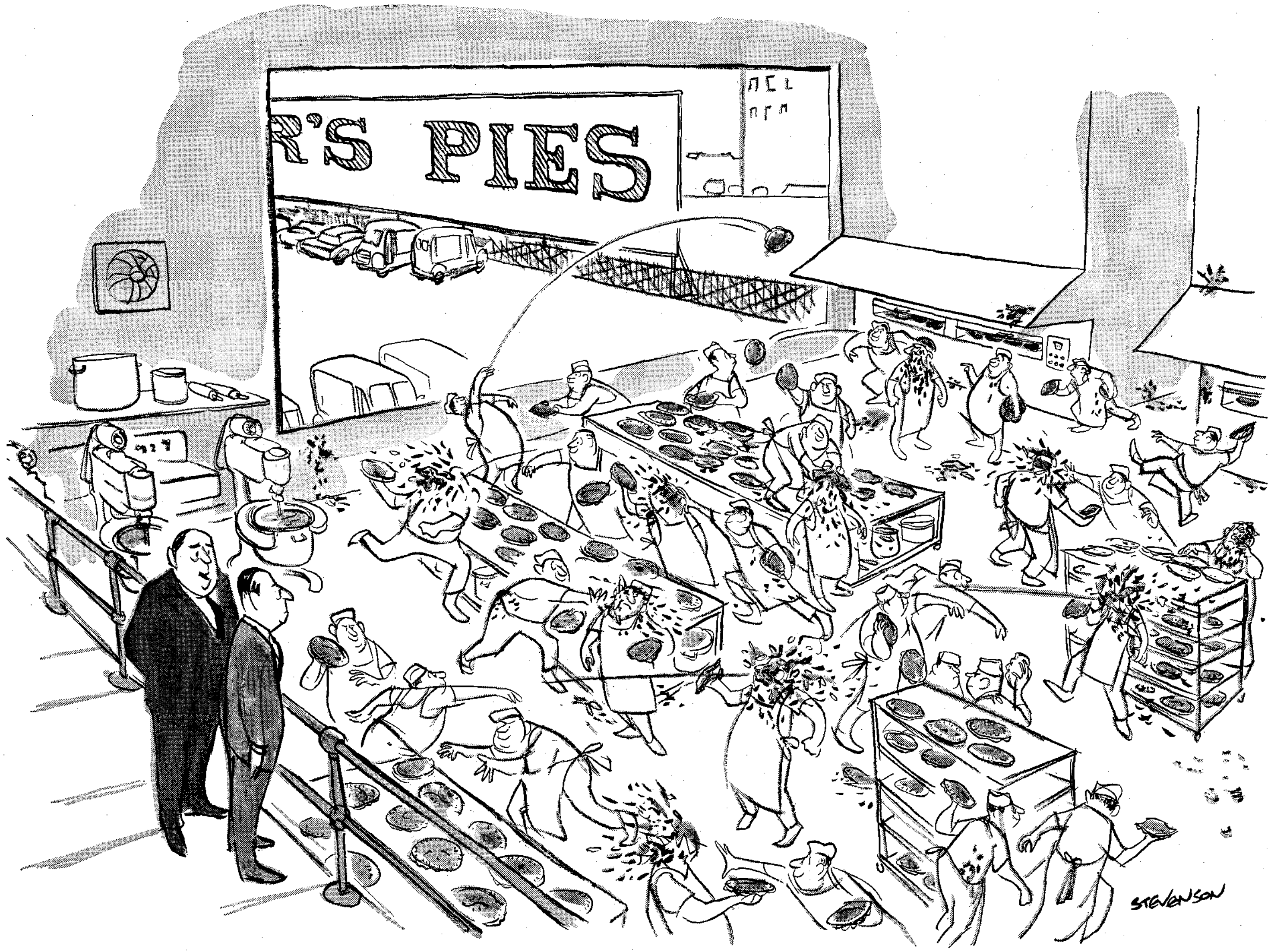
"Fine. Fine," said the Senator. "Vince, I'm sorry Gert and I have to go to a colored funeral, but we'll be back later and your parents said it'd be all right if I brought a few friends back with us. O.K.?"

"I don't know how long we'll *be* here, Walt."

"Yeah, but I'd appreciate it very *much*, Vince. I kind of promised these people, you know what I mean?"

"How many, Walt?"

"Under forty or fifty. They just want to say hello and like shake hands



"Once a year, we encourage them to go ahead and get it out of their systems."

• •

with you and Barbara. Ten minutes of your time, that's all, and a couple of pictures for the papers. Ten minutes, fifteen minutes."

"If we're still here, Walt," said Vincent.

"Yeah. Well, I'd appreciate it, Vince. I really would. I more or less promised them, and I sure would hate to disappoint them. It'd look funny, you know, you coming back to the old home town and didn't see anybody. You know what some people would say, and I wouldn't want them saying that about Vince Merino and his lovely bride Barbara. I'm not gonna say goodbye, folks. We'll be back before you know it."

The Senator and his wife departed, and the group on the front porch went inside to the parlor.

"Pop, wud you tell Walt?" said Vincent after the women went upstairs.

"Huh. I didn't tell him, he told me. Right away he seen it in the paper you and Barbara was in New York, would you be coming to Trenton? Your mother told him yes. Here he is."

"You need him?"

"Well, I don't *need* him. Maybe he needs me as much as I need him, but you got that crazy brother Pat, you never know what he's gonna do, so it's no use antagonizing Walt."

"Yeah. Where is Pat?"

"He'll be here, him and his roommate with his second-hand, third-hand Jag. The roommate keeps the car in Philly. They'll end up with a broken neck, the two of them. Well, it won't be long till the Army gets him. He won't be staying at Villanova much longer."

"Why don't you knock a little sense into him?"

"Wait'll you see him and you'll know why. You didn't see him since he filled out. He could take you or me or maybe the two of us."

"Huh. How's Ed?"

"Ed? Oh, him and Karen are like cats and dogs. She was here in Trenton a couple weeks ago but she never came near us. She was here for two weeks last summer and never came around. They're all washed up. Ed was here in March or April, sometime, and he stayed drunk for two days. Your mother and I couldn't get anything out of him, but you can put two and two together."

"Well, give me some *good* news. Are France and Kitty all right?"

"Oh, I guess they're all right. Kitty was fooling around with some married man till your mother and France and Father Burke got into it. Harry was responsible for that, he started it, but that don't give Kitty grounds to fool around with a married man."

"But France is all right?"

"Yeah. Well, you'd never know it now that France was a pretty girl when she was around sixteen."

"No."

"You got a good-looking girl for a wife. She even looks better in real life. You gonna have kids?"

"Well, not for a while."

"Yeah, I see what you mean. She

put on weight you might have a hard time getting it off again. I don't blame you. Save your money and then have the kids. What is she? Twenty-three or four?"

"She's twenty-four."

"Well, maybe she could have one the year after next and then wait a while."

"How are *you*, Pop?"

"Oh, hell, I'm all right, I guess. Why? Do I look as if I wasn't?"

"You look all right. How old are you now?"

"I'm a day older than I was this time yesterday. How old do you think I am?"

"I don't know. Around fifty?"

"Well, close. I'm forty-eight. I was bothered with this hernia last year, you remember when I was operated? I was made foreman, so I don't have as much heavy work."

"You still like your booze?"

"Huh. You wouldn't of had the nerve to ask me that five years ago. I don't drink no more. A little beer and a little wine, but no hard stuff. I cut out the hard stuff. Monday mornings I used to start getting dizzy up on the scaffolding so I quit everything but a little wine and beer. But Ed's making up for it, and so's Pat. They'll scrape him up off the road one of these days. He's a wise guy, you can't tell him anything that he don't know all the answers. Is that your Chrysler outside?"

"Hired."

"What are you driving now?"

"I got an Austin-Healey, but I had it for two years and I'm thinking of getting something else. I only put about fourteen thousand miles on it, being away so much making pictures overseas."

"What happens with Barbara when you go away like that?"

"Well, the only time since we were married, she was in the same picture."

"Yeah, but I see where you're going to Portugal and she won't be there. What do you do then?"

"I don't know. It never happened since we were married."

Vince's father pointed a finger at him. "Start a baby. Take my advice and start a baby right away. Maybe it'll keep you straight. I don't know her, but I know you. The only thing that'll keep you straight is maybe if you have a baby started. Maybe. Forget the money, Vince. Forget it."

"Pop?"

"What?"

"How are you and Mom getting along?"

"What kind of a question is that to ask me? Who the hell do you think you are?"

"Oh-ho-ho. I touched a sore spot. Accidentally I touched a sore spot. Are you fooling around with somebody, Pop?"

"Did she say something to you?"

"When would she have a chance to say something to me?"

"Over the phone she could have."

"No, she didn't say nothing. But you took it so big, as soon as I asked you how you were getting along. I knew if it wasn't the booze it's either a woman or money. And you were never stingy, I'll give you that."

Andrew Merino's blue Tyrolian eyes showed trouble. He put his hand on his son's knee. "You're a man now, Vince, but some things you're still not old enough. I don't want to talk about it."

"Who is she? She older, younger? Married?"

"When I tell you this, it's the God's honest truth. I was never in bed with her."

"Oh, Pop. Come off it. You're a pretty good-looking guy."

"Oh, hell, I was as bad as you or Pat in my twenties."

"Does Mom know the woman?"

"Don't say it that way, Vince. That sounds as if there was something, and there ain't. I have a cup of coffee with her."

"At her house?"

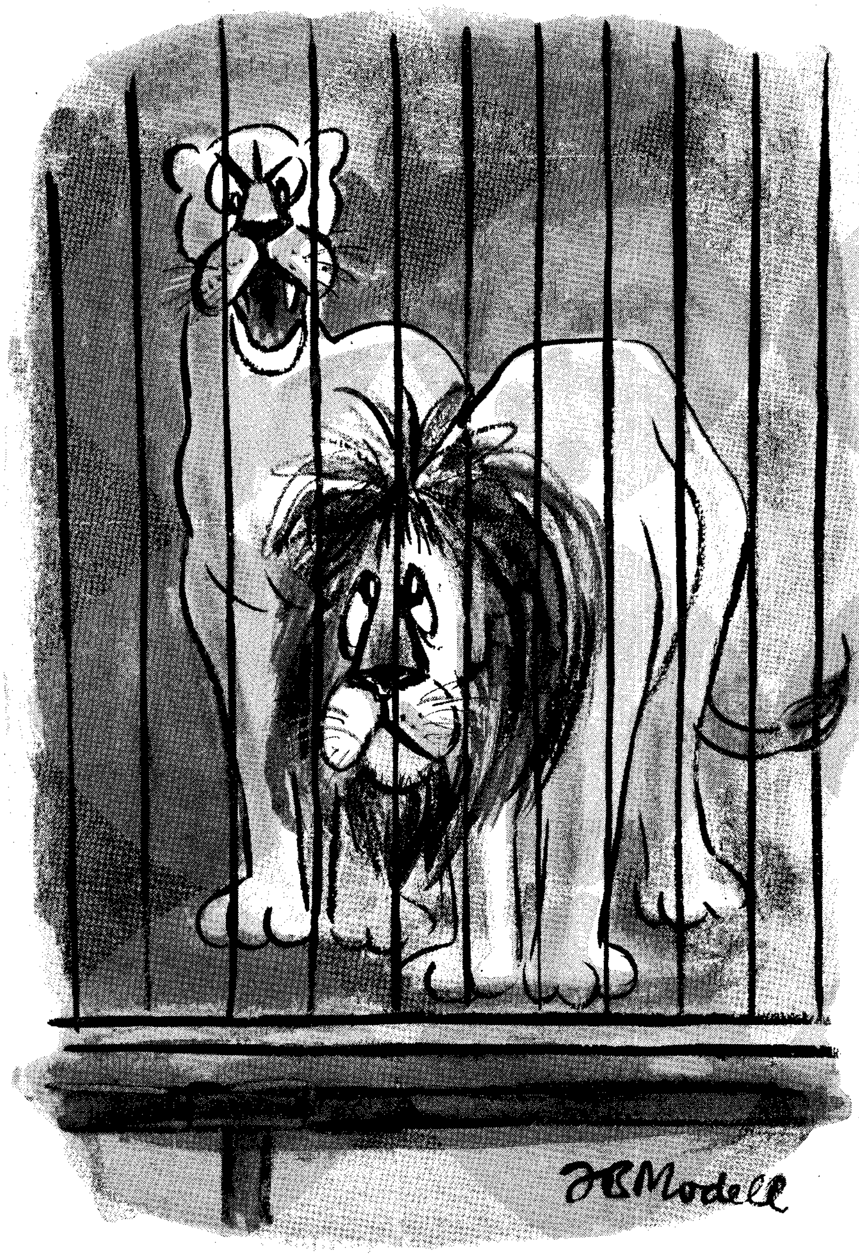
"I never been inside her house."

"Does she feel for you?"

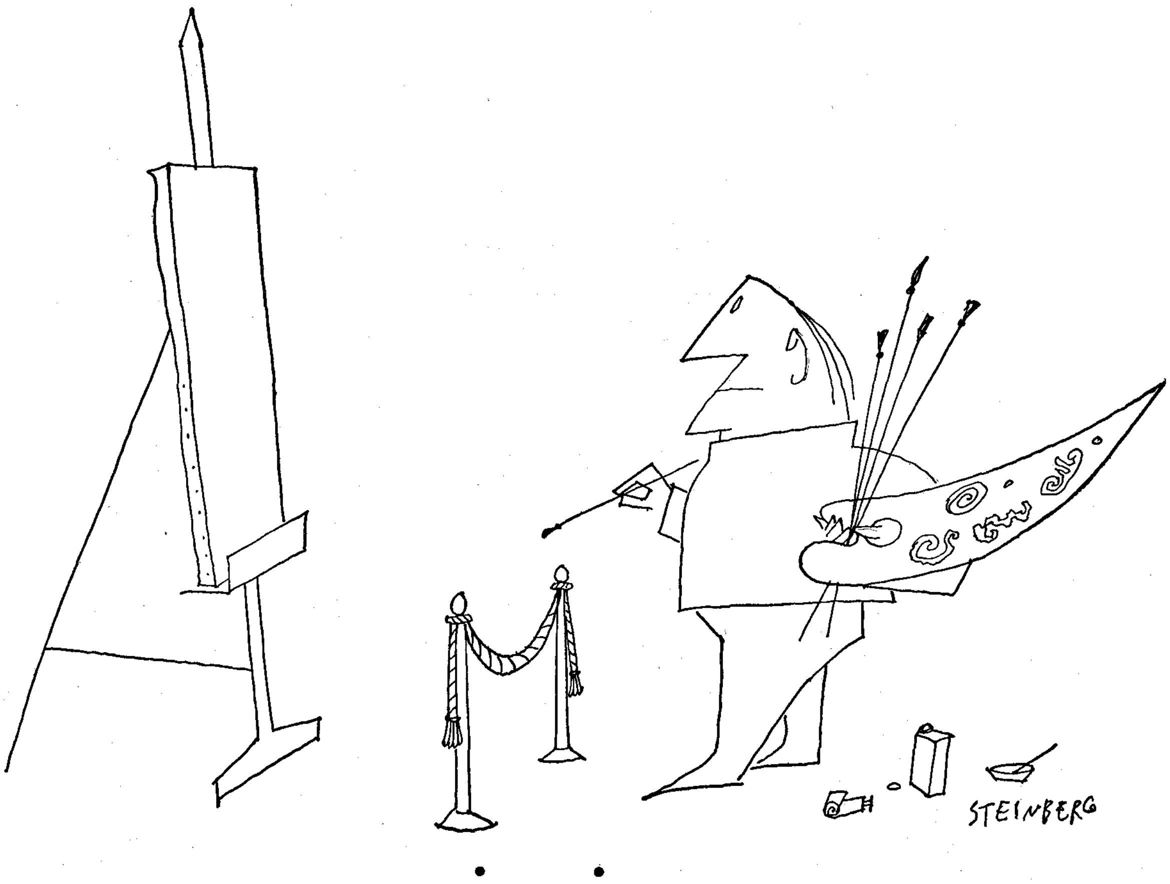
Andrew Merino hesitated, then nodded. "But she won't see me after work. She's in the office."

"Then what's Mom's beef?"

"Huh. Wait till you're married that long. We were twenty years of age



"Quit moping! If you were back in Tanganyika, you probably wouldn't recognize the place."



when we got married. You'll find out."

"I come here to show my wife a typical Italian family, my folks. My Italian father and my Irish mother by the name of Merino. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Merino, Trenton, New Jersey. And you wanta know something? The old lady give me a look when I got out of the car, and right away, *right away* I got the whole picture. You hung back and didn't hardly say anything. Then I thought to myself, Pop had this operation a year ago."

"No, it ain't the operation, Vince."

"Oh, you don't have to tell me now, but that's what I thought. Five years ago you wouldn't of let Walt Appolino be the take-charge guy, not in your house. You sure you don't have a guilty conscience, Pop?"

"I got a guilty conscience for my thoughts. But what do you want, Vince? Do you want me to tell my own son that I don't love his mother? That's my guilty conscience, but I don't have to tell that in confession."

"You go to confession?"

"No."

"You don't, hey?"

"No, and that's why your mother thinks there's something going on. I been two years without making my Easter duty. She says to me, next Sunday's the last chance to make your Easter duty. I tell her to mind her own business. Then she's positive I'm going to bed with Violet Constantino."

"Oh, Violet Constantino. Johnny's wife. That's who it is? She used to be a good-looking woman."

"She didn't only used to be. But Violet don't have to make her Easter duty. She's a Methodist, so your mother can't keep tabs on her that way."

"Pop, you gotta get this thing straightened out."

"I know. I know, Vince. To tell you the truth, I was hoping I could talk to you about it. I can't talk to nobody else."

"What does Johnny Constantino think of the whole thing?"

"Johnny Constantino," said Andrew Merino. He shook his head. "Him and I go bowling every Wednesday night."

"That don't answer my question, Pop."

"It wasn't suppose to. I was just thinking, him and I go bowling every Wednesday night, plus I give him a ride home from lodge meeting once a month. And I wonder. We been friends all our life, from boyhood, then I reach the age of forty-six and all of a sudden I fall in love with Violet, his wife for twenty years. I don't get anywhere with her, a cup of coffee in the morning and 'How are you?' "

"Wuddia mean you never been inside her house?"

"I never been inside of their house. The two women don't get along. When do you remember me or your mother being inside the Constantinos'? Never."

"Well, they always lived the other side of town somewhere."

"If they lived over there next door it would be the same."

"Why don't Mom like her?"

"Well, the last couple years you can figure it out why. But before that your mother didn't like any woman that had a job. Violet had a diploma from commercial school and she could always get a job in an office. The best your mother could ever get was waitress or extra saleslady at Christmas. It wasn't her fault. She didn't have the education. But she used to say Violet was high-hatting her. But if it wasn't that she'd of found some other excuse. She don't like Johnny, either. Your mother don't like many people outside of her own family. The Appolinos and Father Burke. But she don't like ordinary people. I'm surprised those Murphy kids and Johnny DiScalso had the nerve to come here today. She chases any kids that run across our lawn."

"Not when I was a kid."

"Oh, not when you was a kid. You know why. She wanted all the kids playing in our yard. That way she'd know where you were. And France. And Kitty. And Ed. But the minute they all grew up, no more kids playing on the front lawn. No more kids in the back yard. It's a wonder France or Kitty ever got a husband. 'Go down and tell them it's time to go home,' she used to say, when one of the girls had a boy friend. Eleven o'clock! Those girls were brought up strict. They might as well of had Father Burke living in the house. You didn't see any of that, but I saw plenty. And what could I do? Give her any opposition and she'd say, all right, if I wanted to be responsible. You remember young Audrey Detmer?"

"On Bergen Street?"

"Got in the family way when she was fifteen and they had five boys that she didn't know which one was the father. 'You want another Audrey Detmer in your own family?' she used to say. Your mother. Well, we almost did, with Kitty. Kitty's first was six months after she got married."

"Listen, Pop, I could of told you a few things about Kitty."

"I wouldn't of been surprised. Well, here they come down. You want a shot of something, or a cocktail? What kind of cocktail does Barbara drink?"

"She can't handle it. She'll drink a little *vino*, and that's all I want."

Andrew Merino grinned. "You still got the weak stomach?"

"For liquor."

"Well, you can get drunk on wine, but you don't get Irish-drunk like Ed and Pat."

"Yeah? What about you and your *grappa*?"

"I never drank it because I liked it, Vince. I only drank it for the effect."

"To forget about Mom, huh?"

"Now, now, you don't have to say that," said Andrew Merino.

"What don't he have to say?" said his wife.

"I was talking to *him*, Kate. I wasn't talking to you," said Andrew Merino.

"All right, have your secrets," said Kate Merino. "I guess we're gonna have to start eating without Pat and his friend. Barbara, you sit anywhere you want to."

"She's suppose to sit next to me," said Andrew Merino.

"Well, she don't have to if she don't want to."

"The place of honor is on my right."

"I was gonna have her sit next to Walt, but he had to go to some funeral," said Kate Merino.

"Yeah. I wish it was his," said Andrew Merino. "Sit here, Barbara. You like Italian food?"

"I love it."

"You got any real Italian restaurants out in Hollywood?"

"Oh, sure. Lots of them."

"Well, my wife is Irish but she knows how to cook Italian food, so dig in. You know what that is, don't you? Thatsa leetla beeta Eyetalian prawn. You lika da prawn?"

"Oh, cut the dialect, Pop," said Kitty.

"I no talka the dialect. Me speaka da perfect English, yes-no, Barbara?"

"Sure. Perfect."

"Lay off, Pop," said Vince.

The meal proceeded, and since they were all good eaters, the conversation was incidental to the enjoyment of the food.

"I want to help you with the dishes, Mrs. Merino," said Barbara.

"No, we'll leave them till later, but thanks for making the offer," said Kate Merino.

DON'T BITE THE HAND THAT PUTS ITS FOOT IN YOUR MOUTH

The district leader is the arm of Tammany that does the legwork.—*A district leader in a radio interview.*

Aloof, alone upon his throne
Sits the sapient head of Tammany,
A noble head, the brainpan filled
With godly thoughts, not mammony.
Of nepotism knows he naught,
Or barratry or simony,
But, hopeful, plans a permanent,
A benevolent hegemony.
He dedicates his intellect
To the cause of party harmony,
And mental auditions daily holds
For a harmonizing nominee.
His primary function he cannot change
To physical from cerebral,
Any more than the leopard will change its spots,
Or its natural stripes the zebra'll,
So when there's need of a fine fat cat, or a goose for golden-egg work,
He calls the district leader in, the arm that does the legwork.

Perceptive of the people's will
Is the sapient head of Tammany,
Reacting to every change of wind
Like a sensitive anemone.
When the valid votes are counted,
Will his future be feast or faminy?
Will he eat his lunch in a one-arm joint,
Or in a swell *estaminet*?
He longs for a numerologist,
Or a crystal-gazing Romany,
For that damnable bore is here again,
An election anno Domini.
So, faced with making a circular hole and a quadrilateral peg work,
He sends for the district leader, the arm that does the legwork.

—Ogden Nash

• •

"Would you smoke a cigar, Vince? I got some cigars," said Andrew Merino.

"No thanks, Pop. Maybe Barbara would like one."

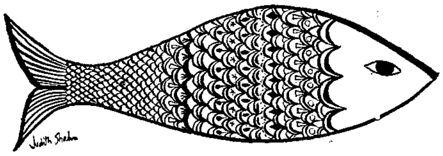
"Don't give them that kind of an impression," said Barbara. "But I'll have a cigarette if you'll give me one."

"I ate so much I don't want to get up from the table. I don't want to move," said Vince, lighting his wife's cigarette. He passed his case along to the others, and they lit their own.

"Boy, solid gold," said France. "Can I read what it says inside?"

"From the studio. I know it by heart. 'To Vincent Merino for the Oscar he earned and will someday get. 1958.' That's when everybody said I was gonna get the Oscar."

"It shows what the studio thought of you, and that's what counts," said his mother.



"You're so *right* it's what counts," said Vince.

"We all sat here that night watching the TV," said France. "We were just as nervous as you were, if not more so. They put the TV camera on you, and you sure were nervous."

"Who did you go to that with, sweetie?" said Barbara.

"Renée Remy, who else? Who did you?"

"I don't remember."

"Brad Hicks," said France. "The TV director."

"Figures," said Vince.

"Well, I didn't know you then."

"Was that the front door?" said Kate Merino. "That'll be Pat, just when we're all finished eating."

Kitty Merino got up and went to the hall door. They all watched her, and she held her hand to her mouth and whispered to them: "It's *Karen*."

"Oh, Christ," said Andrew Merino.

"Anybody home?" Karen's voice called out.

"We're all back here, Karen," said Kitty. "Come on back."

"Is that you, Karen?" called Kate Merino. "We're in the dining room." Then, to the others: "Now don't anybody say anything, then maybe she won't stay. Just be polite."

Karen appeared in the hall doorway. "Hello, everybody. A regular family gathering, eh? Hello, Mrs. Merino. Pop. Kitty. France. Oh, hello, Vince."

"Hello, Karen," said Vince. "Ed with you?"

"No, he had to work but he sends everybody regards."

"Introduce you to my wife. Barbara, this is Karen, my brother Ed's wife."

"Hello, Karen," said Barbara, extending a hand.

"Well, naturally I recognize you, but I'm pleased to meet you personally."

"Did you have your lunch, Karen?" said Kate Merino. "We're keeping stuff warm for Pat and a friend of his, but the way it looks I don't think they're gonna be here."

"Oh, I ate over an hour ago, thanks. At my family's."

"How's your mother?" said Kate Merino.

"She seems better."

"Karen's mother had a serious operation for cancer," said Kate.

"They think they got it all," said Karen.

"We called up when she was in the hospital," said France.

"She told me, yes. She appreciated it."

"How's Ed?" said Vince.

"Oh, just the same."

"I wish he would of come with you. I didn't see Ed since you moved to Hazleton."

"Is it that long? Well, you'd still recognize him."

"Will you have a drink of something, Karen?" said Andrew Merino.

"No, thanks. Ed takes care of that department," said Karen.

"Is Ed lushing it up?" said Vince.

"Now, Vincent!" said his mother.

"Yes, speak to him, even if he is the big movie star," said Karen. "Ed's your own brother."

"I just asked a simple question."

"Yeah. Simple," said Karen. "You ever been to Trenton before, Barbara?"

"No, only passed through it on the train."

"Yeah, that's what they say about Trenton," said Karen. "What part of the country did you originate?"

"Well, I was born in Montana, but my parents moved to L.A. when I was two years old."

"I had an uncle worked in Montana. Did you ever hear of Missoula, Montana? It sounds like you ought to use it cooking, but there is such a place."

"I heard of it, but I left there when I was two years old."

"Azusa. You got some funny names in California, too. Is there such a place as Azusa, or did they just make that up for a gag?"

"It's real," said Barbara.

"They got just as funny names around Hazleton, where I live. Did you ever hear of Wilkes-Barre? And they used to have a place called Maw Chunk. M-a-u-c-h-c-h-u-n-k. I don't pronounce it right, but then they changed it to Jim Thorpe. From Maw Chunk to Jim Thorpe."

"Let's go sit in the front parlor," said Kate Merino. "It's nicer in there."

"What's wrong with here? I like sitting around the table," said Vince.

"The dirty dishes. Come on, everybody. Andy, bring two chairs for the Appolinos."

"Oh, is Walt coming?" said Karen.

"Walt and Gert. They were here early and then they had to go to a funeral," said Andrew Merino.

"What did you think of Walt, Barbara? Quite the big shot around here, so he thinks."

"He seemed all right."

"Who else was here? Father Burke?" said Karen. "He's usually here, too."

"Is that suppose to be some kind of a crack, Karen?" said Vince.

"You haven't changed."

"No, neither have you," said Vince. "You always came in this house with a chip on your shoulder."

"Take it easy, everybody," said Andrew Merino.

"Goodbye, everybody," said Karen.

"Goodbye? You just got here," said Kate Merino.

"I know where I'm not wanted," said Karen. She looked at everyone in the room, individually, except Vince, then went back in the hall and out the front door.

"Huh," said Vince.

"I wonder when she came down

"What this confounded thing doesn't take into account is the truth is rarely black or white but some varying shade of gray in between."

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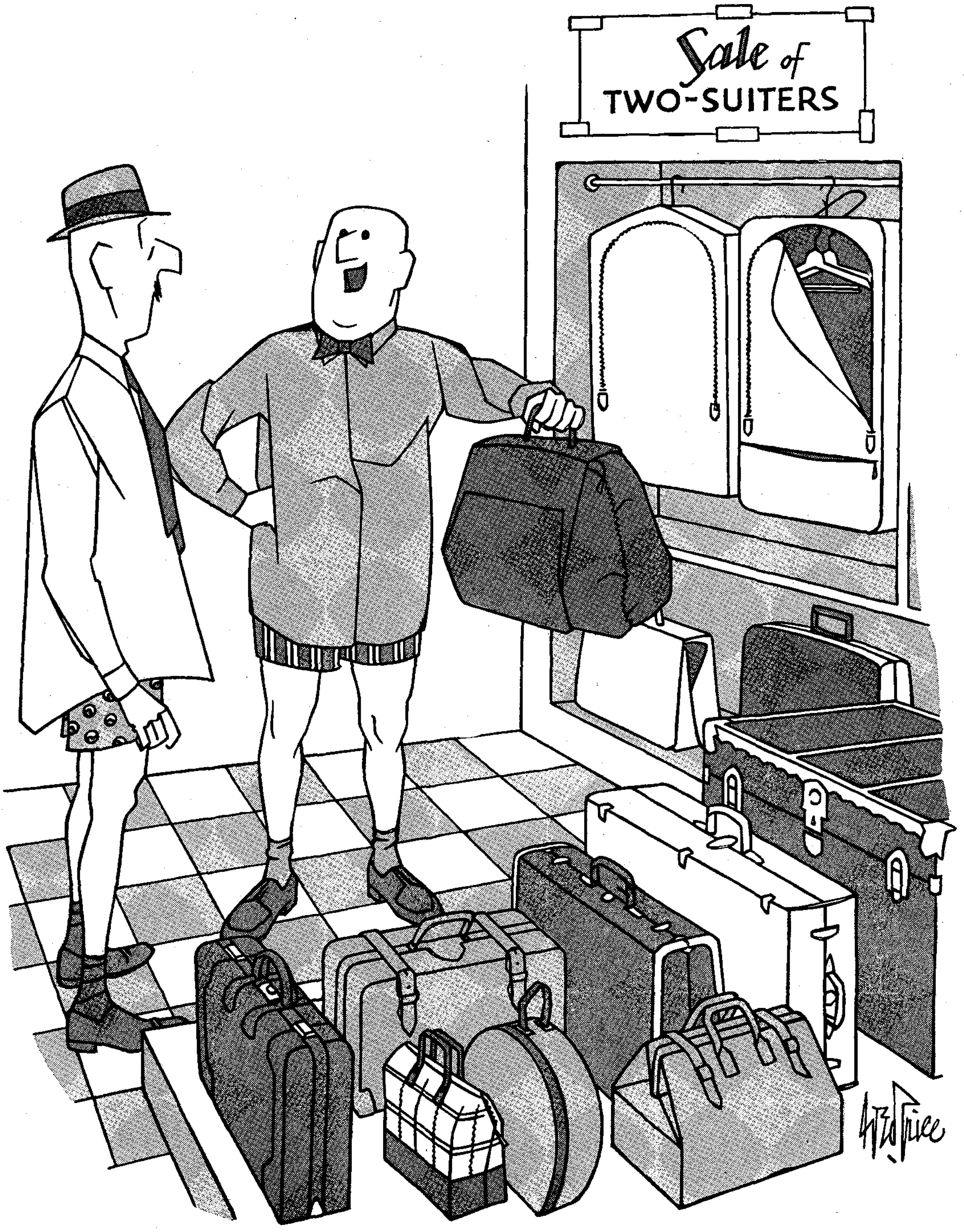

"There, does that convince you?"

from Hazleton," said Kitty. "I bet she's been here a week or more."

"What possessed her to come over here today, if that's as long as she was going to stay?" said Kate Merino. "To see Vince and Barbara, I know, but common politeness she should have stayed longer."

"Well, common politeness or whatever you want to call it, Bobbie and I gotta be going," said Vince.

"So soon?" said Kate Merino.

"Mom, I didn't give any time how long we'd stay. I got an interview at five o'clock at the hotel, and Bobbie has to do a TV tape."

"Well, this wasn't much of a visit, but I guess it's better than none. I don't know what we'll tell Walt," said Kate Merino.

"Vince didn't make Walt any promises," said Andrew Merino.

"I didn't make anybody any promises. I wasn't sure we could get here at all," said Vince.

"I wish I would of thought to bring my camera," said Kitty.

THE chauffeur was asleep in the car, and a dozen women and children were standing quietly on the sidewalk when Vincent and Barbara left the house. As though by some tacit agreement, the family all stood on the porch to wave farewell.

"Back to New York, Mr. Merino?" said the chauffeur.

"But fast," said Vince. "Go to the end of this street and turn right, then the first left and that'll put us on U.S. 1. After that you look for turnpike signs." He pressed the button that raised the division.

"If you got anything to say, save it till later," said Vince. "I don't want to talk about them."

"Well, now you know something."

"What?"

"You used to say to me, why didn't we go visit my folks. It was only thirty miles."

"You knew it was gonna be like this?"

"It could have been a lot worse," said Barbara. "You showed good sense leaving. They hate us, they all hate us. Either way, they hate us. If we're nice, they hate us just as much as if we treat them like dirt."

"All but Pop."

"Yeah, I guess he was all right, but he didn't fit in with the rest of them."

"Pop didn't? How didn't he fit in?"

"Don't ask me how. I just felt sorry for him," said Barbara. She took his hand. "What are you smiling at?"

"That Pat. Wait till he gets there and we're halfway to New York."

"Families," she said. "They're just like everybody else. They don't like us. Well, I didn't use to like Ava Gardner before I was in pictures. Or Lana Turner. Who did they think they are?"

"And now they're you, huh?"

"Sure."

"You want to go to sleep?"

"Wait till we get out of the built-up section. They're liable to think I'm drunk."

"I'd like to see the look on Walt's face, with his fifty politicians."

"Erase them from your mind, honey. It's the best way," she said.

—JOHN O'HARA

•

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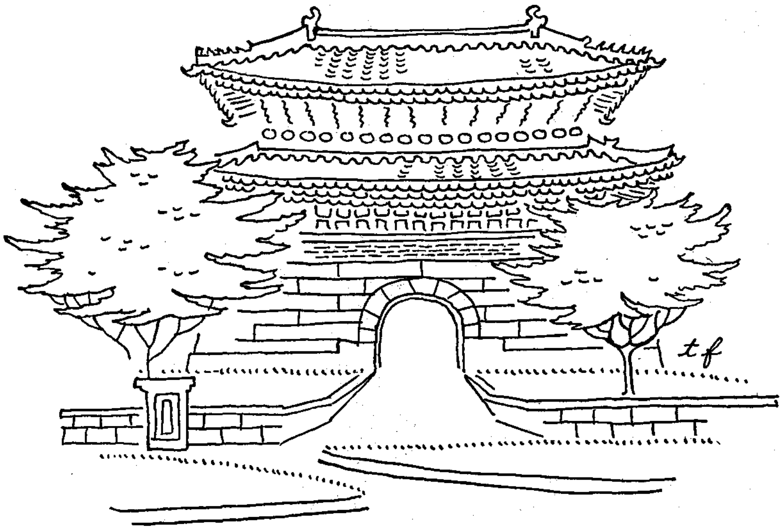
SPRING IN KOREA

MAY 18



EVER since the next-to-last revolution in Seoul—the one that broke out just thirteen months ago, that was led by university students, and that unseated Syngman Rhee after a tight-reined twelve-year rule and sent him packing to Hawaii—there has been much talk in the Republic of Korea about "the expectations of the people" and fairly general agreement they were not being fulfilled. Nevertheless, the attempt to better the situation through the military *coup d'état* that has put General Chang in the seat of power that Prime Minister Chang had been occupying, in a loose-reined way, since last year, was something expected by hardly anyone who had been in that peculiarly tormented nation during the last few weeks, whether a longtime resident or a transient, like me. This spring, of course, there was considerable edginess and suspicion in the cluttered, noisy, and somewhat shabby capital city of Seoul; but then, it is a psychological paradox not confined to the land that invented that uncommonly interdependent tool, the three-man shovel, that men may love their neighbors without necessarily trusting them. The expectations of the Korean people have generally included expecting the worst. Whether they will be any the worse off under the military Chang—Lieutenant General Chang Do Young—than under the civilian Chang—deposed Dr. John M. Chang—is difficult at this date to guess, especially for someone who left some days before the *coup*. The former Prime Minister, an alumnus of Manhattan College, in New York, who used to be a school principal in Seoul, was a fairly uninspiring leader in a part of the world where hot-eyed, silver-tongued leadership is often an indispensable political commodity. A mild man, he announced publicly this spring that he was perfectly willing to be ousted from his post, provided the move occurred through orderly democratic processes. But democracy is so novel in Korea that when in the now momentarily defunct National Assembly the Prime Minister's followers in the majority Democratic Party voted en bloc for a bill he backed, his foes—led by the New Democrats, somewhat to the right of the Democrats—were apt to cry that the latter had pushed the bill through "by sheer force of majority," as if that were somehow an unparliamentary thing to do. Not long before the government's fall, the Democratic Party was criticized sharply for trying to force through—or at any rate for trying to enact—a law to curb allegedly Communistic activities, a field in which the Army junta now in power seems to feel that the civilian regime acted nowhere near forcefully enough.

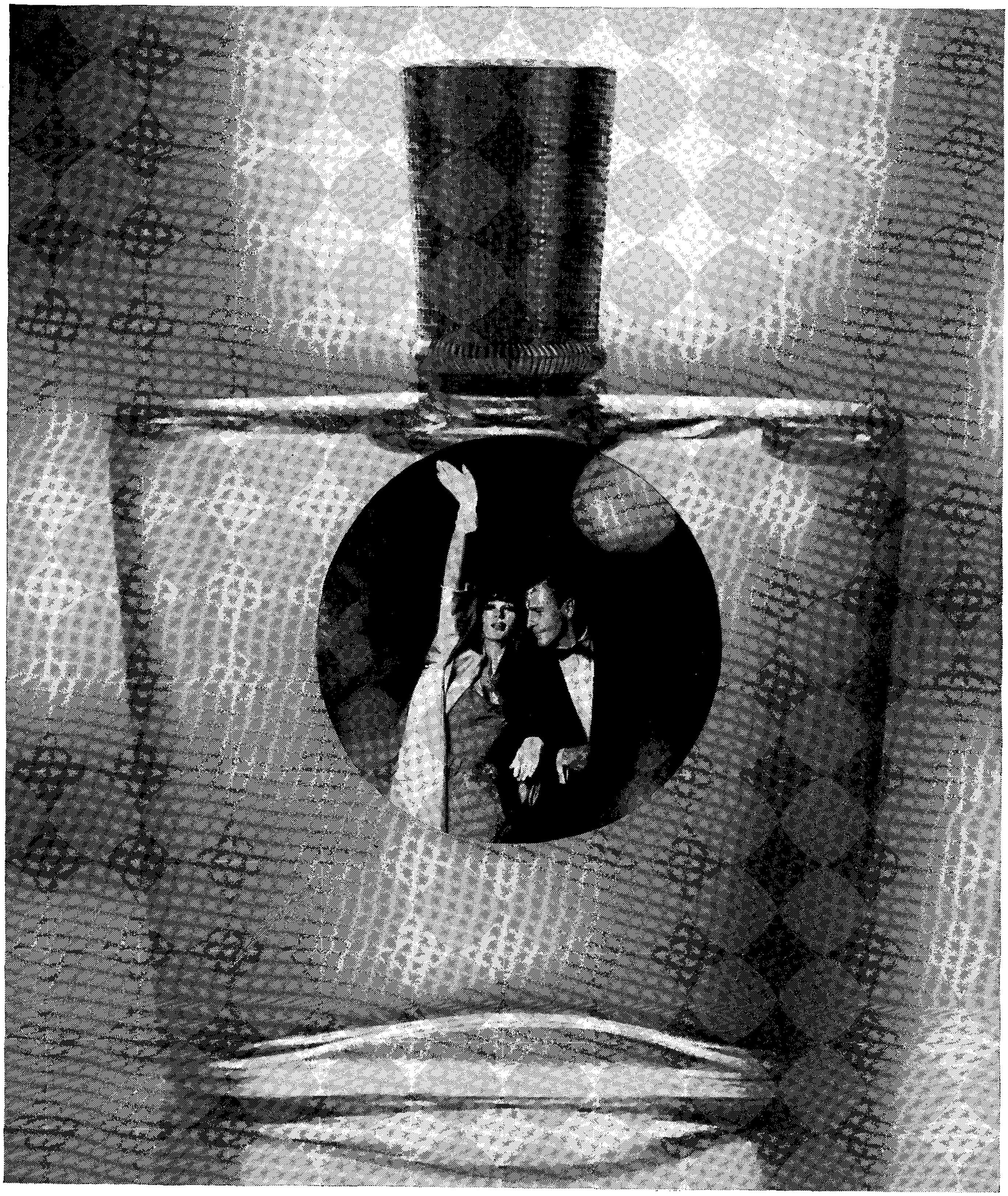
Nearly all South Koreans, while granting that in the last year their Republic had unquestionably been more republican than it was in the Rhee days, felt that Prime Minister Chang's administration had come nowhere near fulfilling their principal post-Rhee expectations—full stomachs, full employment, and the reunification of the twenty-four-and-a-half million South Koreans with the ten million North Koreans. When the colorless educator took the helm in 1960, it was not unnatural for South Koreans to hope that, with forty years of oppressive Japanese occupation, a devastating war, and Rhee's autocracy all behind them, they would find life a comparative bed of roses, but as the months went by they were constantly reminded that roses take time to bloom and are thorny. "Not all good intentions bring good results" was the way one leader of the student revolution of 1960 put it to me, with a sigh and a shrug. Prime Minister Chang was earnest and industrious, and had such a reputation for honesty that even his bitterest foes never accused him of being personally involved in any of the pecuniary shenanigans that are chronic in Seoul, yet he had come up with no panaceas for the woes of the Republic. Furthermore, the members of his administration were thought to be isolating themselves unduly in the capital, instead of getting around and inspecting things with their own eyes. For instance, few of them had spent much time with the farmers, who, partly because of a drought last fall, have had skimpier stores of grain than usual to tide them over until June, when the barley crop comes in. Stories of farm families literally starving to death had been reaching Seoul all winter; however, these had to be weighed against the tendency of provincial authorities—no great pillars of probity—to exaggerate their constituents' distress in the hope of getting an extra dollop of relief from the central government.

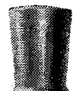
Although the Prime Minister himself was thought to have clean hands, some of his associates were generally held in considerably less repute. Under the Democrats, the government was running sixteen major enterprises. Nine of them showed a net loss for 1960. The Korean Reconstruction Bank, a big moneylender, was so lackadaisical about its operations that at last count it had some fifteen million dollars' worth of bad debts on its books and close to forty million dollars' worth of overdue loans that it had never got around to collecting. And as if this were not a sorry enough state of affairs in an impoverished nation, there were the perennially troubling matters of graft and corruption. These are an old story in the Orient, and a businessman who did not keep two or three sets of books would be looked at askance in Seoul as much as in Saigon or Singapore. But the Rhee administration had been so spectacularly corrupt, even by the relaxed standards of Asia, that the failure of Rhee's successors to at once change all that was black to lily white constituted yet another unfulfilled expectation.

It was the students who had put the

Democratic Party into office, but in most instances they stood considerably to the party's left, and it was they who before the military *coup* seemed the most dissatisfied with the administration's performance (many of them, for example, thought the Democrats' anti-Communist measures too sweeping and too severe). They had undone Rhee by mass demonstrations, and this spring, as the first anniversary of their triumph drew near, some of them began, to no one's surprise, to demonstrate against the incumbent government. (Actually, they did not kick up their heels to anywhere near the extent they were credited with; in one typical instance, a demonstration of two hundred people, watched by a crowd of six hundred, was described in print as a demonstration of seven thousand watched by twenty thousand.) But the majority of these youths, who are known among their admiring fellow-citizens as "April heroes," seemed less concerned with further political action than with merely finding some sort of employment, a task greatly complicated by the continuing glut of college graduates in Korea, which is a far more literate nation than most of its equally poverty-stricken Asian neighbors. In the whole of Laos, for instance, there are scarcely more than a hundred indigenous college graduates, whereas South Korea awarded twenty-three thousand liberal-arts degrees this year alone. It is true that Korean standards for college admission and for degrees often range from the vague to the whimsical (the colleges, having no endowments, must rely almost entirely on income from tuition, so they accept as many matriculants as they can squeeze in), but Korea's lineup of graduates represents, for an underdeveloped Asian country, a whopping output of college-trained citizens. Many of the men who graduated from college last March (the end of the Asian school year) were frustrated by having nothing better to do with their time and talents than to sit around tearooms discussing poetry and philosophy—and, of course, politics. (In the last couple of days, some of them have undoubtedly toyed conversationally with the notion of organizing a demonstration or two against General Chang.) Just before *this* April 19th—which the government, in one of its last widely approved actions, proclaimed a holiday in tribute to the students who had thrown out Rhee—many of the April heroes voiced agreement with the sentiments expressed by an editorial in the independent Seoul newspaper *Hankook Ilbo:* "If spring comes, can good future days be far behind? So runs our hope. . . . Notwithstanding, what comes foremost in our hearts in greeting the first anniversary of the April revolution is a mixed feeling of dismay and of being abandoned. Things have not been what they should have been." By the time this item appeared, it now seems apparent, the generals who sparked the new revolution had already decided that whatever things were, they had to be drastically changed.

THE Army of the Republic of Korea, half a million strong, is the fourth-largest standing army in the world, and thus could generate a tidy revolt in almost any setting. One-third of the South Korean annual budget of three hundred million dollars has been going for military expenditures—including suitable allocations for the R.O.K. Navy, Air Force, and Marine Corps, which total an additional hundred thousand men. As was true during the Korean War and has been ever since, the R.O.K. armed forces are subordinate, in what is called an operational sense, to the United Nations Command—in which, as was also true during the war, many nations are represented by a very few individuals. General Carter B. Magruder, a four-star logistics specialist who has been the U.N.



In this bottle there is  romance, excitement and 'Bon Voyage.'

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Commander in Korea since June, 1959, also holds the titles of Commander, United States Forces, Korea, and Commanding General, Eighth United States Army. Whichever of his three hats he was wearing this week, though, evidently no South Korean in his operational purview sidled up and whispered what was cooking. This is all the more astounding because the R.O.K. and the American armed forces in Korea have been unusually integrated. There are Korean soldiers in our two combat divisions, and R.O.K. Army Headquarters has a team playing in the Eighth Army International Baseball League. "I couldn't ask for a better relationship," General Magruder told me during my stay.

Whoever runs the civilian government, the United States Army's impact on the entire Korean scene has been, and will presumably continue to be, enormous. The only Korean-language television show to be seen and heard in Korea this spring, for instance, has been a half-hour daily news-and-variety program broadcast over our armed-forces network and seen by Koreans in various public places. (At one time, a Japanese company was thinking of sending parts for television sets to South Korea to be assembled and sold locally; it gave up the scheme when it found out that almost no Koreans could afford to buy sets and almost no Korean firm could afford to sponsor programs.) Relations between individual Koreans and Americans have been pretty good in recent years. Americans hardly ever call Koreans gooks any more, and six or seven hundred marriage ceremonies between American men and Korean women have been performed annually at our consulate in Seoul. (Our soldiers have not been permitted to bring their families to Korea, which has caused inevitable problems of the sort evidenced by what are called "mixed-blood orphanages.") But two social and economic systems side by side—the U.S. armed forces' and Korea's—one with a standard of living vastly loftier than anything the other could dream of, are bound to generate friction, and they have periodically done so. Up to this week, the Korean currency, the hwan, had been devalued twice since the start of the year, and the slowness of our military to adjust the wages of some thirty thousand Korean civilian employees during the inflationary period caused considerable discontent. (The largest bill in circulation in Korea is the thousand-hwan note, worth seventy-five cents,

Sightseeing in Buenos Aires — Photo by Francisco Vera

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and a man with fifty dollars' worth of hwan in his pocket can feel like Croesus. Most Korean banknotes still carry Syngman Rhee's picture, but the old leader is being steadily devalued, too; last month the Bank of Korea put out a new series of five-hundred-hwan notes featuring a portrait of King Sejong, a monarch who died in 1461 and presumably is acceptable to any political regime.) Koreans have lately been growing resentful because our soldiers were riding around Seoul in Chevrolet taxis operated by the post exchange. A Chevrolet looks gigantic in most of Asia. Actually, since our men aren't allowed to have cars in Korea, and ordinarily can't communicate with the drivers of Korean cabs, a reasonable enough case can be made out for the Chevies. Still, in the eyes of quite a few Koreans, who generally use buses or jitney jeeps, the big American autos—which often contain a Korean girl as well as a G.I.—have served as provoking symbols of conspicuous consumption. The standard motorcar in Korea consists of a jeep chassis with a Korean-made body, and although many jitney drivers have given their vehicles elegant fittings, including seat covers, Venetian blinds, curtains, and armrests, the machines still have the springs of jeeps. Koreans have also been miffed because of all the countries on earth in which United States troops have been more or less permanently encamped, theirs is the only one besides Taiwan with which, so far, we have not signed a status-of-forces agreement, authorizing the host nation to try in its own courts American soldiers accused of civil crimes. Not long ago, both houses of the Assembly passed resolutions calling for a status-of-forces agreement, and recently word was meaningfully being spread that the jails in all the major cities of the country had been equipped with Western-style toilets.

THE Army junta has called for economic reforms, and no one in Korea would deny that they are needed. Seoul has a population of two million, and the figure has been rising daily, as impoverished farmers drift in, aspiring to a better life on the city pavements than they have had in their paddy fields. Though the capital has more or less recovered physically from the beating it took during the war, it has no facilities to house these migrants. They live in miserable jerry-built shacks, and few of them have been able to find jobs. Beggars, some apparently only two or three

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years old, are commonplace, along with venders who squat for hours on the sidewalks, offering passersby cigarettes, chewing gum, combs, cheap jewelry, toys, whistles, abaci, and live dogs. The dogs bark constantly; they sound hungry, too.

The Army junta's first instructions to the civilian populace were to continue its normal routine, but to many individuals in Seoul, and in the farm villages as well, this could have offered little encouragement, for their normal routine had been merely to sit all day staring dully ahead of them. Many of those otherwise unoccupied had bestirred themselves on April 5th, which, following an American precedent, is designated Arbor Day. For this year's observance of the holiday, practically everybody who could wield a shovel got out and helped to plant a couple of hundred million trees on Korea's countless drab, bare mountain slopes. One group of two hundred Seoul students not only managed to get fifty thousand seedlings into the ground but had sufficient breath left to issue a hortatory statement: "Lay off the senseless demonstrations and empty slogans. Now is the time for all students to strive toward building a utopia on behalf of our future generations." Utopias come hard; one factor that has delayed the achievement of Korea's arboreal dream is that as fast as new trees have been planted, farmers desperate for firewood have hacked others down.

Among the last of the large-scale economic programs on which the faltering government of Prime Minister Chang embarked was a stopgap affair called the National Construction Service, a public-works enterprise patterned after both the C.C.C. and the W.P.A. of American New Deal days. General Magruder tried to give the R.O.K. Army some civilian know-how by getting it involved in the National Construction Service. Until Monday, R.O.K. Army engineers were supervising its first big project—a sixty-mile-or-so stretch of highway from Chunchon to Wonju. Now, since it has turned out that the Army knew how to do much more than was generally suspected, the military engineers may have other fish to fry. The payroll for the National Construction Service this year had been set at twenty million dollars, half of which was to be disbursed in cash and the other half in the form of surplus American grain and cotton goods. This represented a comparatively piddling outlay by the United States, which,

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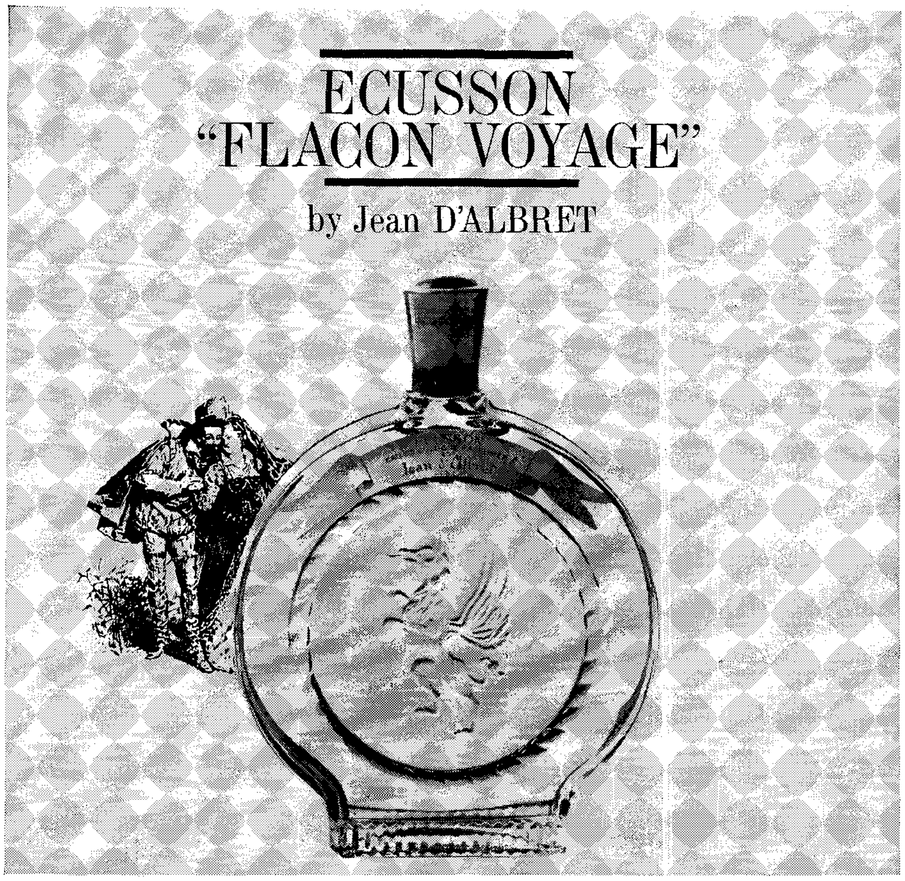
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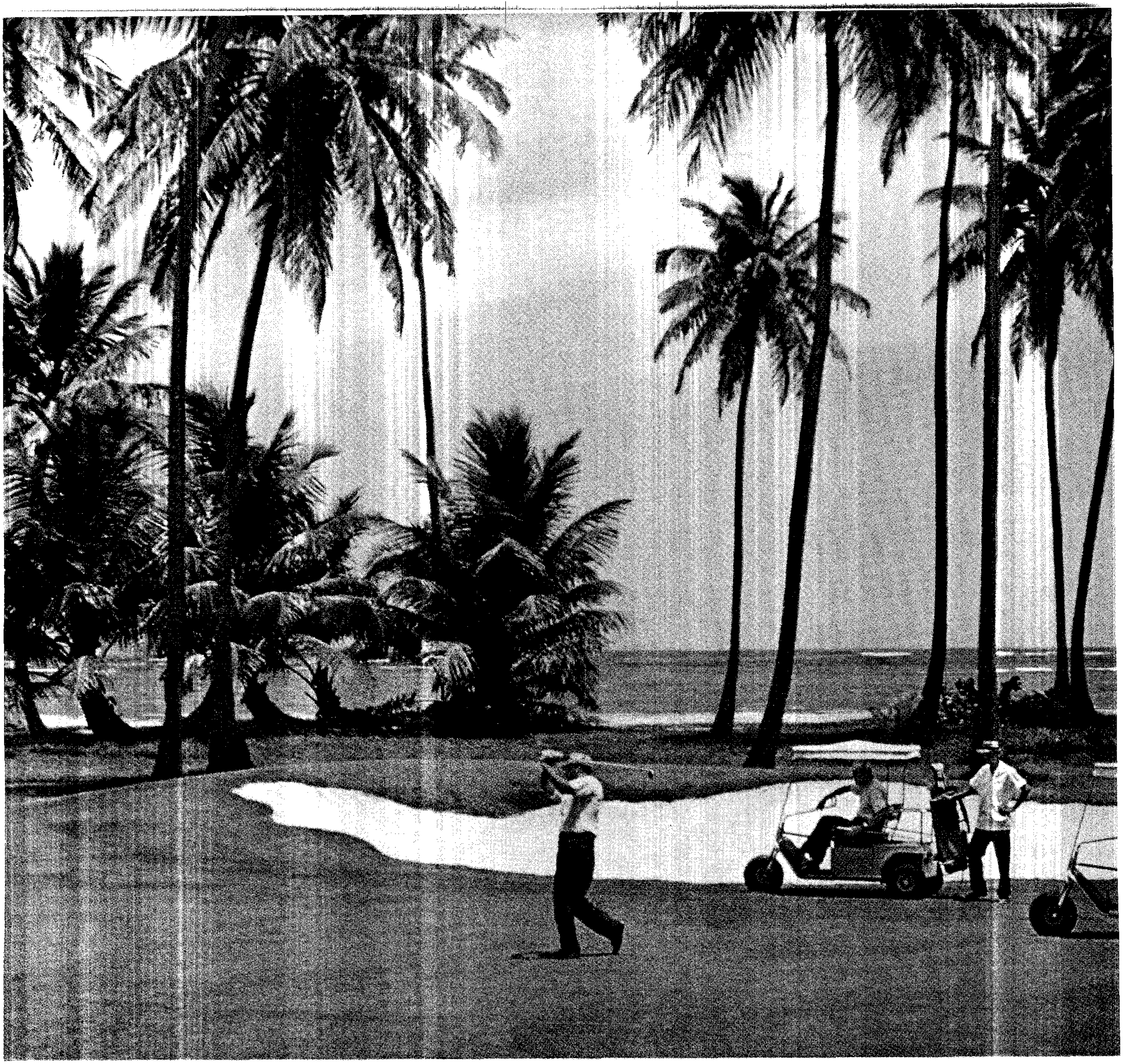
military aid aside, has been shoring up the Korean economy at the rate of two hundred million dollars a year. In 1957, with the replacement of homes and schools and factories and bridges damaged or destroyed by war just about accomplished, the United States started decreasing its outright grants somewhat and substituting loans, on the theory that a nation assisted with borrowed money is healthier than one taking charity, much as a young husband who has a heavily mortgaged home of his own is generally esteemed above the fellow who lives with his relatives. And, indeed, South Koreans had been so loaded down with support from Uncle Sam that they had reached the point of begrudging some of his lavish attentions. When a new aid agreement between the two nations was negotiated this winter, many Koreans grumbled because the United States was given the right to check on the distribution and use of its largess. To some Koreans, this represented an irritating infringement of national sovereignty. Others, egged on, probably, by Communist propaganda, muttered darkly that America was interested in their land only as a military base, and had no genuine interest in *them*. This attitude prompted a few observers on the scene to suggest that even though Korea was teeming with Americans of one sort or another, it might be wise to ship over a few more—clearly identifiable as members of the Peace Corps. One American-aid man in Seoul, an engineer by profession, told me that what Korea needed most was not visiting engineers, who had long been there in profusion, but a platoon of psychologists and social and cultural anthropologists.

While the Republic's rate of economic growth declined from 9.2 per cent in 1957 to 2.3 per cent in 1960, South Korea acquired about five hundred thousand new mouths to feed during each of those years. An American economist who came to the country this spring to offer advice on a possible five-year development plan concluded that a single five-year plan would get the country nowhere—that two or three such far-reaching programs would be essential. In a footnote to his formal recommendations, he put in a word for birth control, and on April 1st, a couple of days after his report came out, the papers announced the formation of a national Family Planning Association. (On that same day, which Koreans enjoy celebrating in the traditional Western manner, one paper came out with



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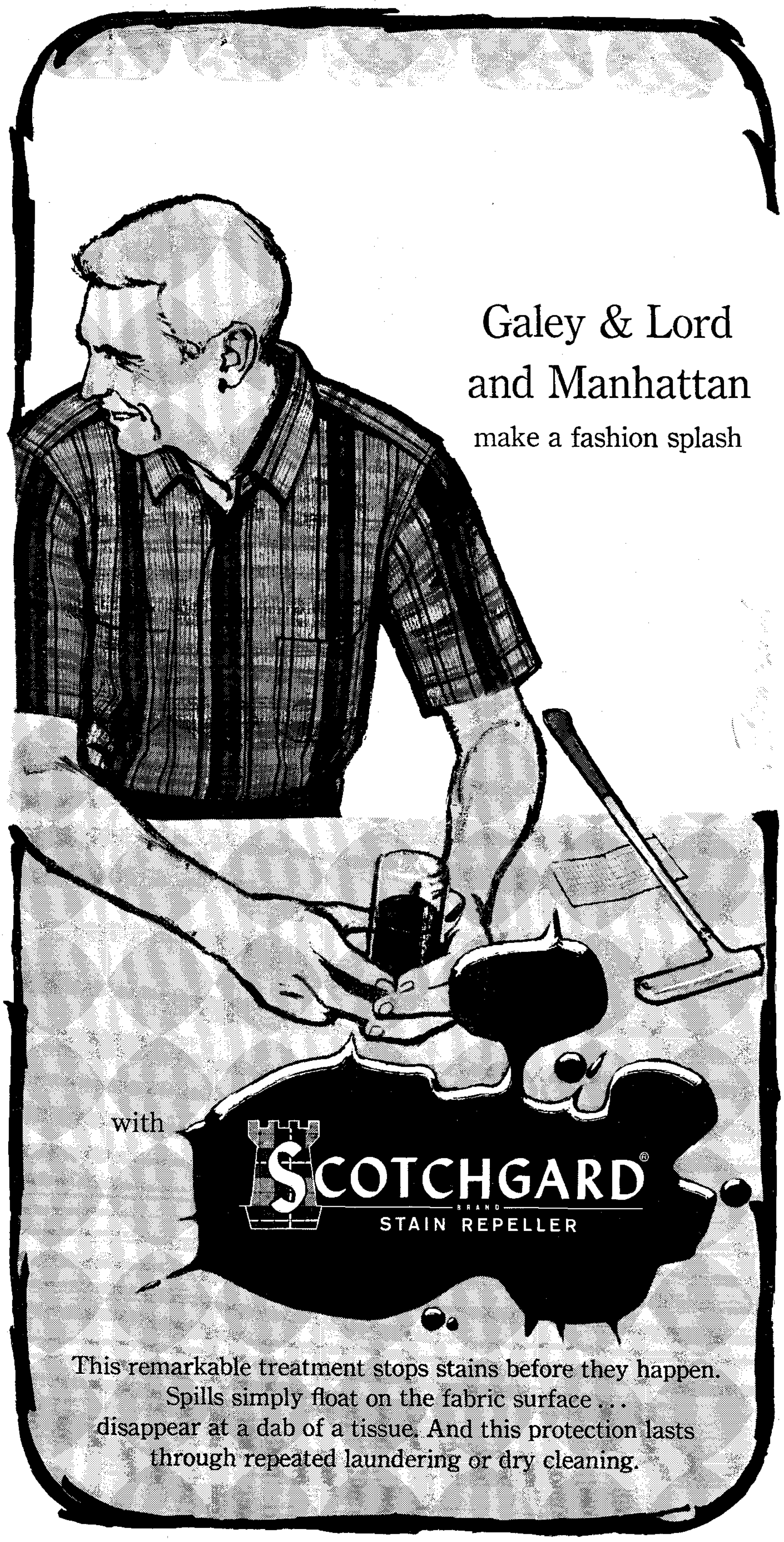
the headline "HUGE DIAMOND DEPOSIT DISCOVERED IN KOREA: REPUBLIC TO BECOME RICHEST LAND IN WORLD." The accompanying story said the diamond strike was valued at more than forty billion dollars, and spuriously quoted the Finance Minister as declaring that after Korea had repaid the United States every penny received, "we can develop our industry by ourselves and the government will soon be able to allow every Korean citizen to live as luxuriously as an American millionaire for more than ten centuries." This japery had ironic overtones in a country that had not long before been disturbed by the counterfeiting of fifty-hwan coins, each worth about four cents.)

The Korean birth-control advocates might need several five-year plans of their own before they could make much headway, and they might conceivably need ten centuries. There is a sizable Catholic minority, and it is conventional for a Korean couple, regardless of religion, to keep on having children at least until they have two sons. (Few political candidates of any faction ever discuss national issues without also discussing their own issue.) American officials in Korea have shied away from involvement in the birth-control question, but one of them said to me, "If these Koreans don't stop overbreeding, we may have the choice of supporting them forever, watching them starve to death, or washing our hands of the problem. Not long ago I visited an overcrowded farm village with a Korean agriculturist, and afterward he asked me for my impression. I had to tell him that my impression was one of utter futility." Americans' expressions in Korea often run to futility, too; it would certainly appear to have been futile for our people earlier this week to endorse the civilian Chang's government after it fell.

WHATEVER Dr. Chang's regime did or is thought to have left undone, it had to cope with a wildly unrestrained and generally unsympathetic press. Even under Rhee, who restricted the press as severely as the Japanese before him had done, the Korean papers, following an old tradition, were courageously outspoken. Unshackled last year, they still distrusted all politicians, and many behaved like a kid with a souped-up car and his first driver's license. In the year of its existence, the late government, being required by its own laws to grant publishing licenses on application, duly accredited more than fifteen hundred publications and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news agencies, many of them fly-by-night and some of them all but imaginary. Few papers made any money, or so much as broke even, from advertising and circulation revenue; instead, they relied on blackmail. Since journalists seldom picked on members of their own fraternity, some businessmen applied for and received publishing licenses simply in self-defense, with no thought of ever printing anything. Those publishers who did publish systematically tried vigorously, and sometimes viciously, to outdo their rivals in sensationalism. Though partial to rumors of all kinds, none of them hinted at the military *coup* that actually occurred; in March, however, one reporter in Pusan launched a rumor that there was a plot afoot to bring back Rhee—a most improbable eventuality. When some American military police recently roughed up, without injuring, a Korean reporter who had wandered into a restricted area at Kimpo Airport, on the outskirts of Seoul, one paper said that the reporter had had his clothing torn off, another said that he had been beaten into unconsciousness, and a third said that he had been lynched. One day not long ago, a Seoul newspaper ran a story telling of a police raid the previous night on the home of a local woman whose household goods had been filched from a United States supply depot by an American Army officer. The story, evidently based on a leak from the police, was all right except that the raid had been postponed at the last minute, being rescheduled for the night after the paper came out. By the time the police got to the woman's place, the evidence had disappeared.

It was less than a year ago that the Republic of Korea and Japan agreed to exchange newspapermen, and the long-standing strained relations of these neighbors have continued to be a matter of grave concern to both countries. Rhee hated the Japanese as much as he

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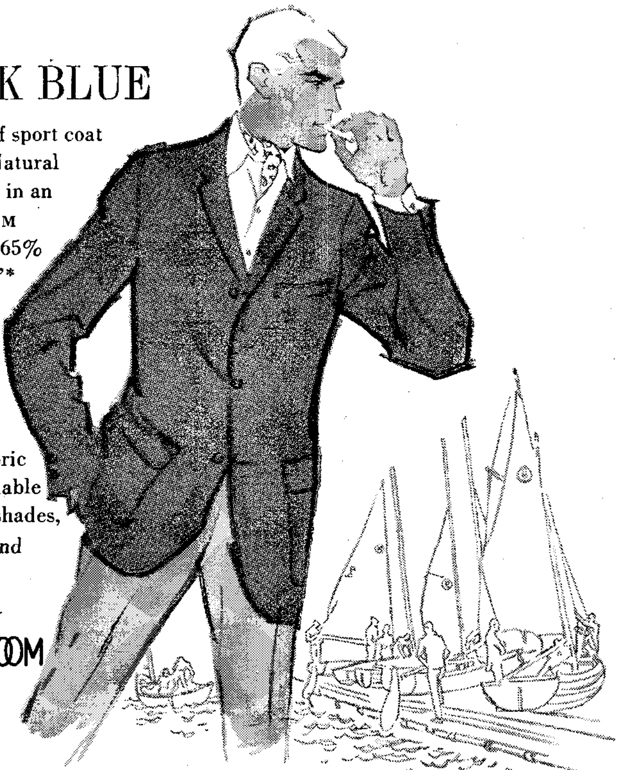

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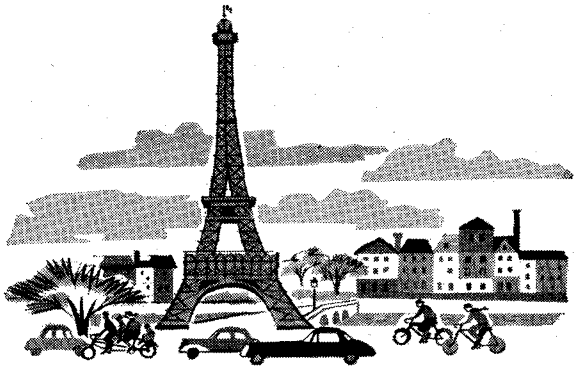

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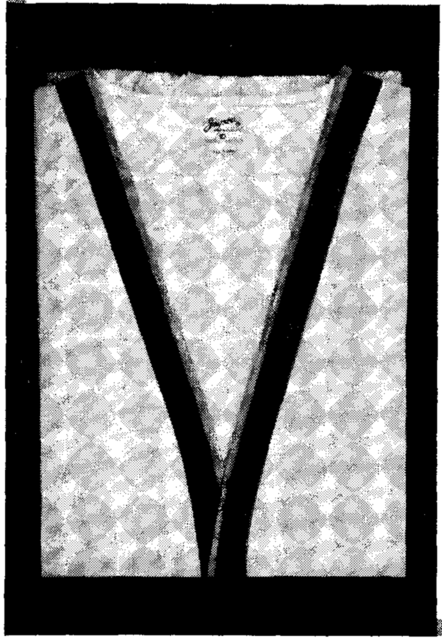

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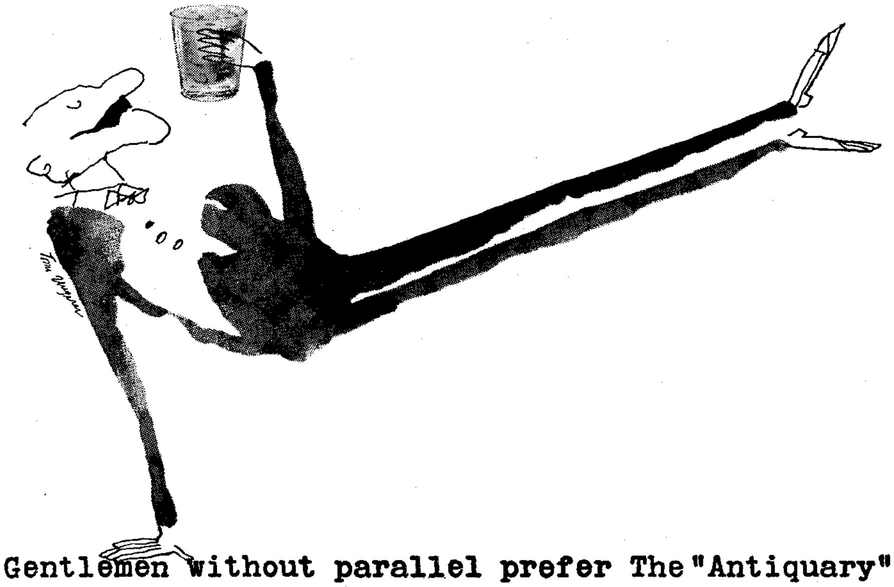

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hated the Communists, which was a lot, and he wouldn't let any Japanese at all into his country. Many Koreans shared and still share Rhee's animosity for their onetime masters, though the intensity of their dislike has recently abated. Many Japanese, for their part, regard all Koreans with contempt, and most of the six hundred thousand-odd Koreans who are now living in Japan (having originally been conscripted to work in mines and factories there) are meanly treated, and only remain because of the desperate economic situation in their homeland. It was felt for some time in both Japan and Korea that some *rapprochement* was not only necessary but inevitable, and for several years the two nations fitfully carried on a series of so-called normalization talks. The latest round of conferences began in Tokyo last fall, but at the time of Dr. Chang's downfall they were still in what has been known as a pre-normalization phase. The main points of contention have been the status of the Koreans in Japan, various monetary claims that each country has levelled against the other, and fishing rights in the sea that separates them. The Japanese, when they occupied and controlled Korea, deprived the Korean fishermen of most of their boats, and in 1953, in a belated act of retribution, Korea announced that Japanese fishermen would no longer be welcome in any waters within roughly sixty miles of its coast. The imaginary fence the Koreans built in the water is still called the Rhee Line; the Japanese have persistently ignored it, and the Koreans have been seizing any Japanese boats they could catch and imprisoning their crews. This has been the kind of normal relationship that the normalization negotiators have had to contend with. The Koreans, moreover, accused the Japanese of consistently stalling in their talks, and early in April the *Korea Times* said, "Japanese officials have expressed privately on numerous occasions that they cannot trust the present administration because no one knows when it will collapse." Maybe the Japanese knew something Dr. Chang and General Magruder didn't.

South Korea has also, naturally, continued to fret about its future relations, if any, with North Korea. The helplessness that many Koreans feel about this was voiced to me by a man of twenty-five who fled to Seoul from the north ten years ago and has had no subsequent contact with his family. "I may be a grandfather before anybody I grew up with ever knows whether I lived to be sixteen," he said. He could follow the example of some other North Ko-

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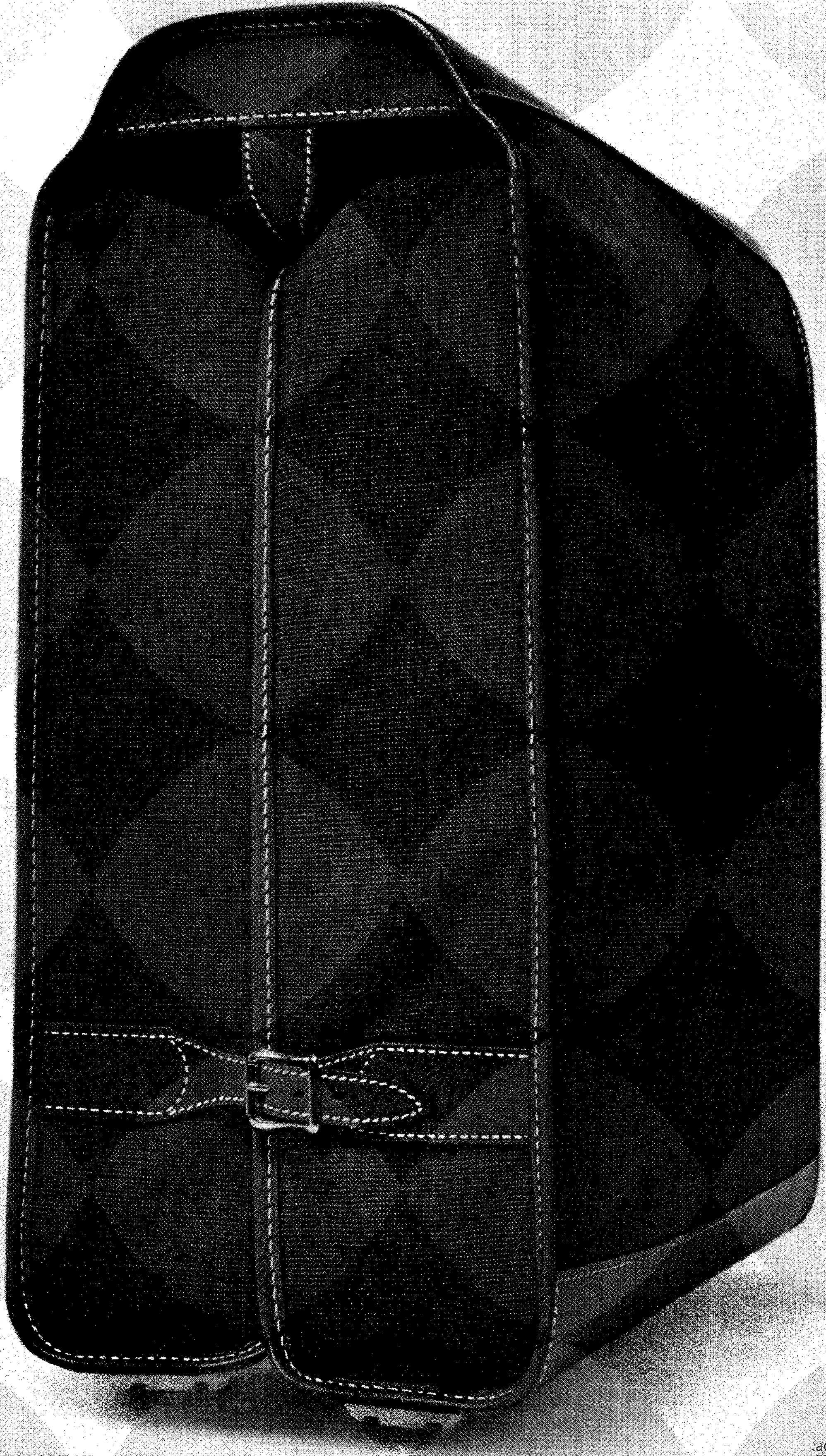

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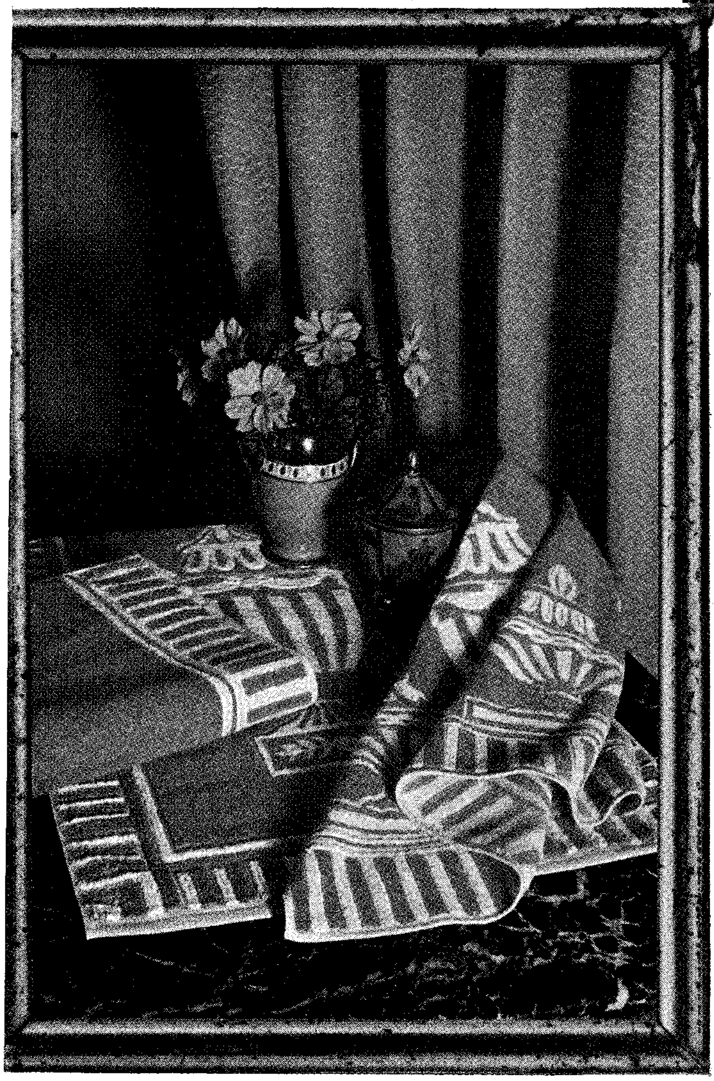

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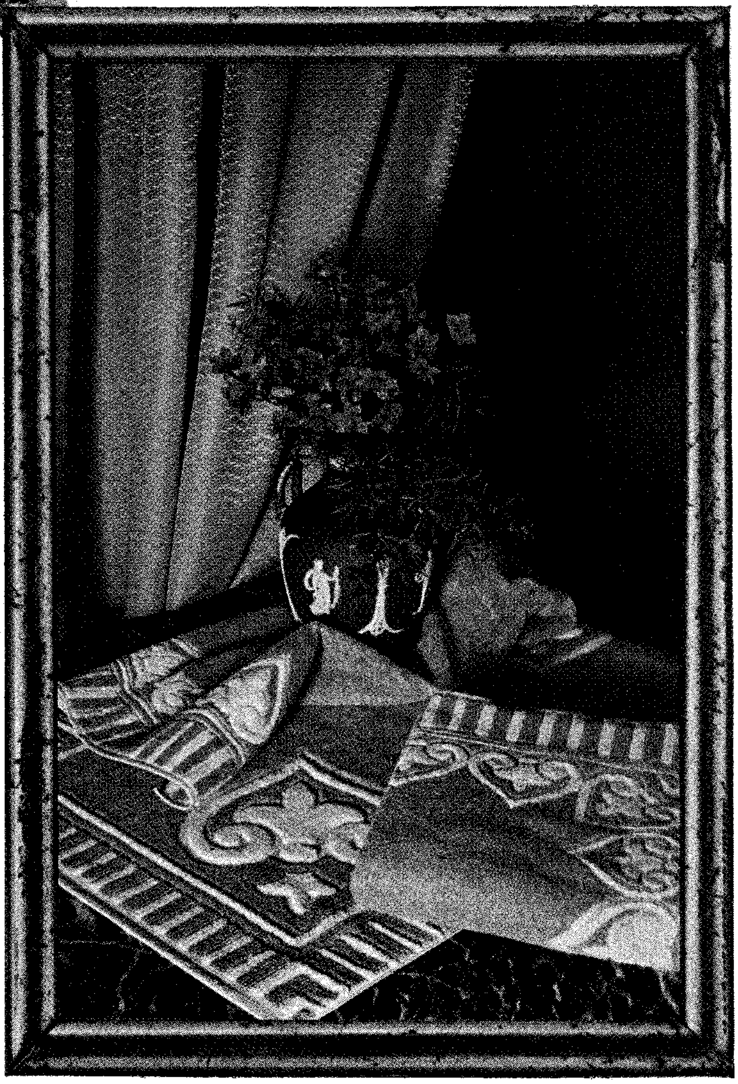

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reans now in the south (among the displaced persons is General Chang, who was born close to the Manchurian border), and try to get in touch with his kin through Japan, but this would be a risky business. If the North Koreans learned what he was up to, his family would suffer; if the news got out in South Korea, where any traffic with the north is considered subversive, he might be in a jam himself.

The only authorized direct communication that there has been in recent years between North and South Korea, or is likely to be for some time, regardless of who controls the destinies of the Republic, takes place forty miles north of Seoul over two telephone wires, each a hundred and fifty yards long, that link the desks of two duty officers in a circular space, eight hundred metres (or about half a mile) in diameter, straddling the dividing line between the countries. This is the Joint Security Area of the Demilitarized Zone, and since July, 1953, it has been the scene of the wrangling meetings of the commission that was set up at the time of the cease-fire to supervise the terms of the armistice agreement. This spot—generally called Panmunjom, though the village of that name is actually a few hundred yards off, in North Korea—has become a tourist center, with busloads of people from both north and south arriving regularly to take in the sights and listen to the Communist and non-Communist members of the commission exchange invective, which is conveniently picked up by microphone and broadcast in the Joint Security Area over a public-address system. As for the Demilitarized Zone, it runs across the breadth of the peninsula for a hundred and fifty miles and is four thousand metres (about two and a half miles) wide—two thousand metres on either side of the Military Demarcation Line, which was the front line at cease-fire time. No firing is permitted in the Zone now, and as a result this buffer area teems with game. The Joint Security Area, a hilly enclave covered with scrub pine, lies spang in the center of the Zone, and the Communists and the representatives of the United Nations Command share free access to it. From it one can look out over a stretch of North Korea, which is physically indistinguishable from South Korea except that on some of its hills big boulders have been painted with admonitions like "Peace Through Unification," "Yankee Go Home," and, inexplicably, "Keep Your Body Clean."

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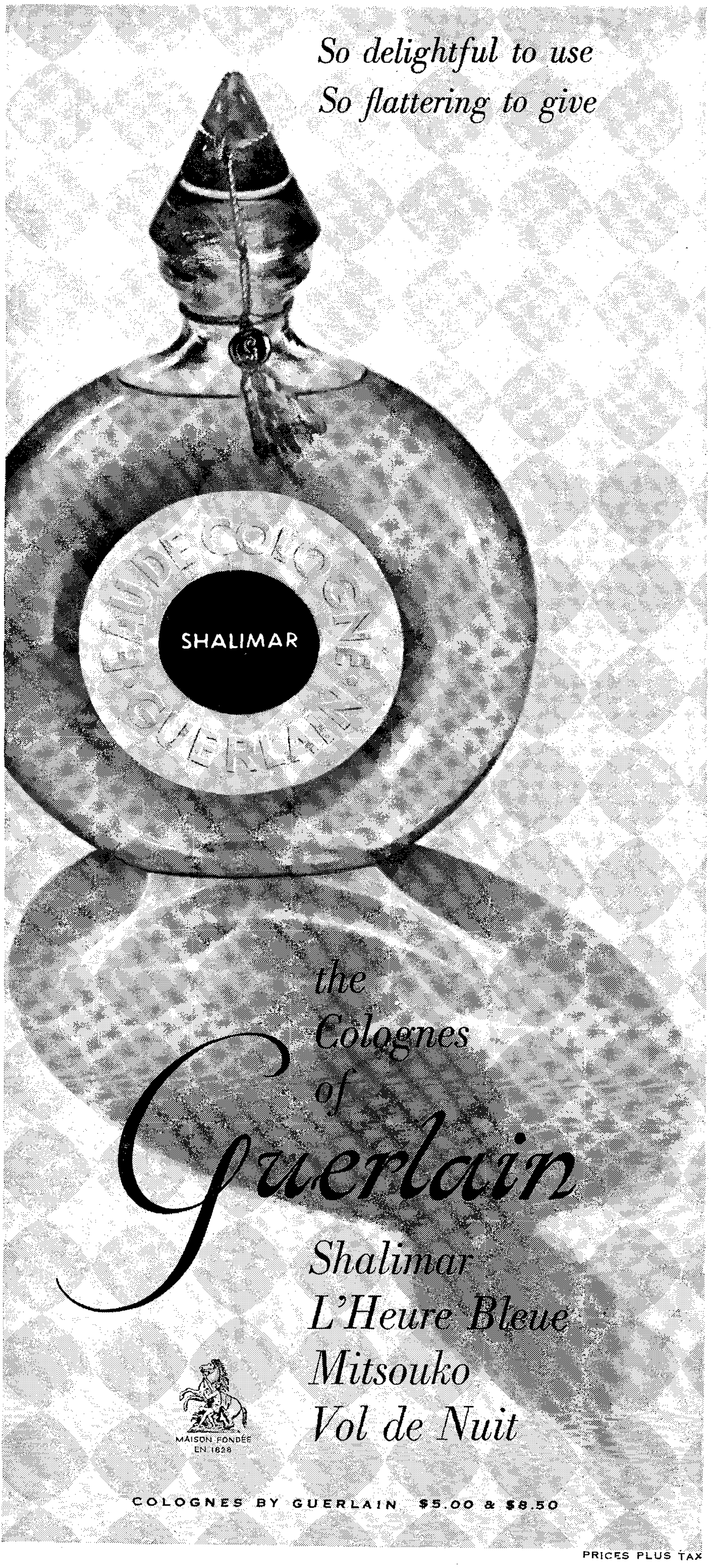
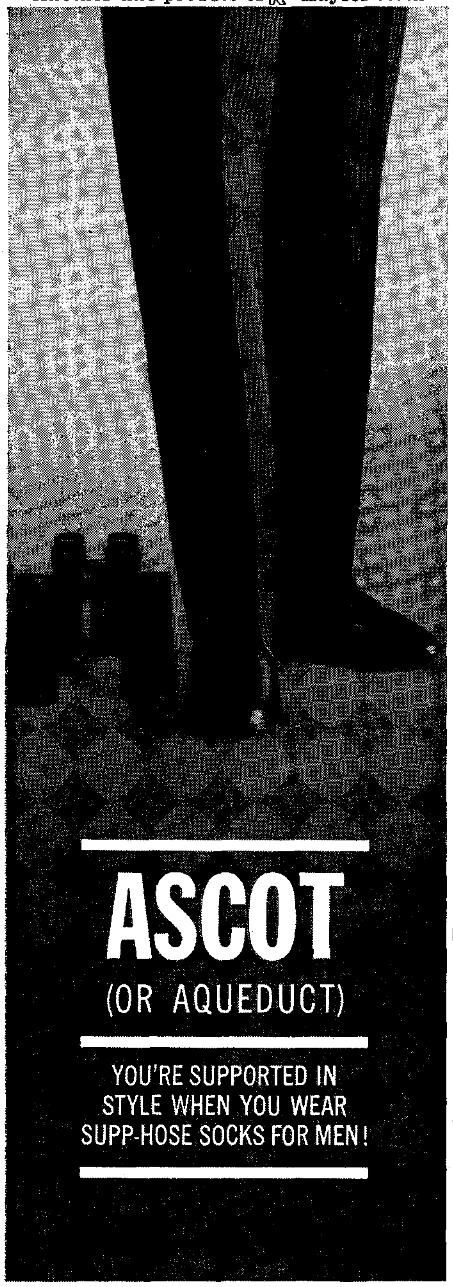
side is permitted a maximum guard detail of five officers and thirty enlisted men, none of whom may be armed with anything other than a pistol or rifle. Twice this spring, guards of the rival sides have tangled in fisticuffs. This no man's, or every man's, land is occupied by nine buildings—five put up by the Communists, four by us. Ours are huts of green-painted corrugated iron; theirs, slightly more permanent-looking, are of stucco trimmed with peeling red paint. The windows of their buildings have white curtains, which are drawn whenever somebody from the south approaches. Two of the buildings are the headquarters of the duty officers from the two sides, and it is these that are linked by the two telephones. Twin hookups are needed because, while each side will accept calls that come in over the other's wire, it will only place calls on its own wire. Near the hut of the duty officer of the Korean People's Army—as the North Koreans describe their side—is a dovecote. When the pigeons in it are let out for exercise, they settle only on the roofs of the K.P.A. buildings. Our people at Panmunjom think the reason is chemical rather than psychological; the roofs of our buildings are painted and those of our adversaries' buildings are not. When representatives of the two sides come face to face, it is in an American-built one-room shelter, sixty feet long and twenty wide, bisected by an eighteen-foot-long table, at which the principals sit. Behind them, filling either end of the building, are tables and chairs for interpreters, stenographers, aides, observers, and other attendant functionaries. The main table, astride the Military Demarcation Line, is itself divided lengthwise by the wires that connect the microphones—one for each side—to loudspeakers outside, which were originally set up so that reporters could follow the truce negotiations. (One day some weeks ago, a North Korean newspaperman covering a session asked a South Korean what time it was. The South Korean told him, and couldn't resist adding, "I don't suppose you fellows up there can afford watches." At the next meeting, the entire Communist press corps turned up sporting new wristwatches.)

The Panmunjom meetings, which can be called at the request of either side, are held on five different levels: the Military Armistice Commission, the Secretaries of the M.A.C., Joint Observer Teams, Duty Officers, and Security Officers. There are five senior, or top-level, members on each side. Our principal representative has been either a major general or a rear admiral; theirs, until a few weeks ago, was a North Korean propaganda minister wearing a major general's uniform. (Now it is a similarly costumed man who, for all anybody knows, may be merely a major general.) There is always a South Korean general officer on our team, but he has never said anything; strong and silent were the words for senior R.O.K. Army officers—until the other day. Whichever side has called a meeting speaks first. (Several weeks ago, we walked out on the Communists when they tried to get in the first word at a meeting we'd convened; the two factions later argued for hours over whether or not this abortive meeting had in fact *been* a meeting.) By now, it is fairly easy for either side to anticipate—from news reports or other intelligence about alleged violations of the armistice—what the other side's gambit is going to be, and to have a rebuttal prepared in advance. The Communists, who call the majority of the meetings, often say that we have no right ever to call one, since they never violate the armistice. Once, in the dim past, they admitted a couple of minor irregularities, but now they deny ever having done so. At one of the almost daily low-level sessions between the duty officers, our man seized the opportunity to twit his North Korean counterpart for forgetting to follow the rule that he had to wear a yellow armband while in the Joint Security Area. Hastily pulling an armband out of his pocket, the Communist called the American a liar. See, he cried as he pushed the band up over his elbow, he did, too, have it on! No minutes are ever kept of any meeting (though both sides keep transcripts), since it would presumably be impossible ever to get any minutes adopted by both sides. The two sides rarely see eye to eye on anything. In June of 1958, though, they did agree that at lower-level meetings there was no longer any need to have the proceedings translated into Chinese, inasmuch as it had been several years since the Chinese—who do sit in on every third or fourth meeting of the M.A.C.—had attended one.

All meetings are conducted with chilly formality. There are no salutes, no handshakes, no nods, no smiles. There is no sharing of matches, or even of ashtrays. Mostly, there are long-winded Communist propaganda speeches having nothing much to do with the armistice and bristling with denunciations of the United States. Several months ago, some unladylike South Korean girls who had persisted in sneaking into an American Army com-



Another fine product of KR Kayser-Roth



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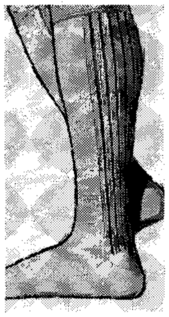

pound below the Demilitarized Zone were forcibly ejected, before which, to discourage them from returning, the resident soldiers shaved their heads. This raw treatment did not sit well with many South Koreans, and the North Koreans used it as a pretext for accusing Americans of killing Korean women, tearing their livers out, boiling the livers, and eating them. Eating human liver is a legendary Korean cure for leprosy, so the Communists may have been calling us leprous. They have called us practically every other uncomplimentary adjective in the book; after several months at Panmunjom, one of our officers sent home for a copy of Roget's Thesaurus, just to try to keep pace. At one of the armistice-commission meetings, we turned over to the K.P.A. two North Korean fishermen who had been captured by the South Koreans. They had been given clean clothing while in our custody. As soon as the fishermen were on the Communist side of the conference table, they were ordered by the North Korean officers to strip to their shorts, and their clothing was shoved back into our territory. At the next meeting, the shorts were returned.

Periodically, there are meetings of the security officers of each side to investigate and discuss incidents that occur in the meeting area itself. These sessions usually end in further misunderstandings, or in calls for more meetings. Early in April, the North Koreans strung a wire across a road used by our supply trucks in the Joint Security Area. The wire was too low for the trucks to get under, and twice we asked the Communists to raise it a bit. They ignored our requests. Then a soldier riding in one of our trucks got out and held the wire up so that the vehicle could pass beneath it. As soon as he touched the wire, nine Communist guards sprang out of hiding and surrounded him, glaring and muttering over his manhandling of their equipment. The security officers met about that the following day.

The Joint Observer Teams, for their frustrated part, have never yet submitted a joint report on their observations of incidents within the Demilitarized Zone, which was what they were set up to do. Each side's observers submit their own reports, and these are usually contradictory in every detail. This past winter, a North Korean carrying a machine gun wandered into the Zone and opened fire on a legitimate American outpost. Our soldiers shot him dead, whereupon a Joint Observer Team hustled to the scene. While the

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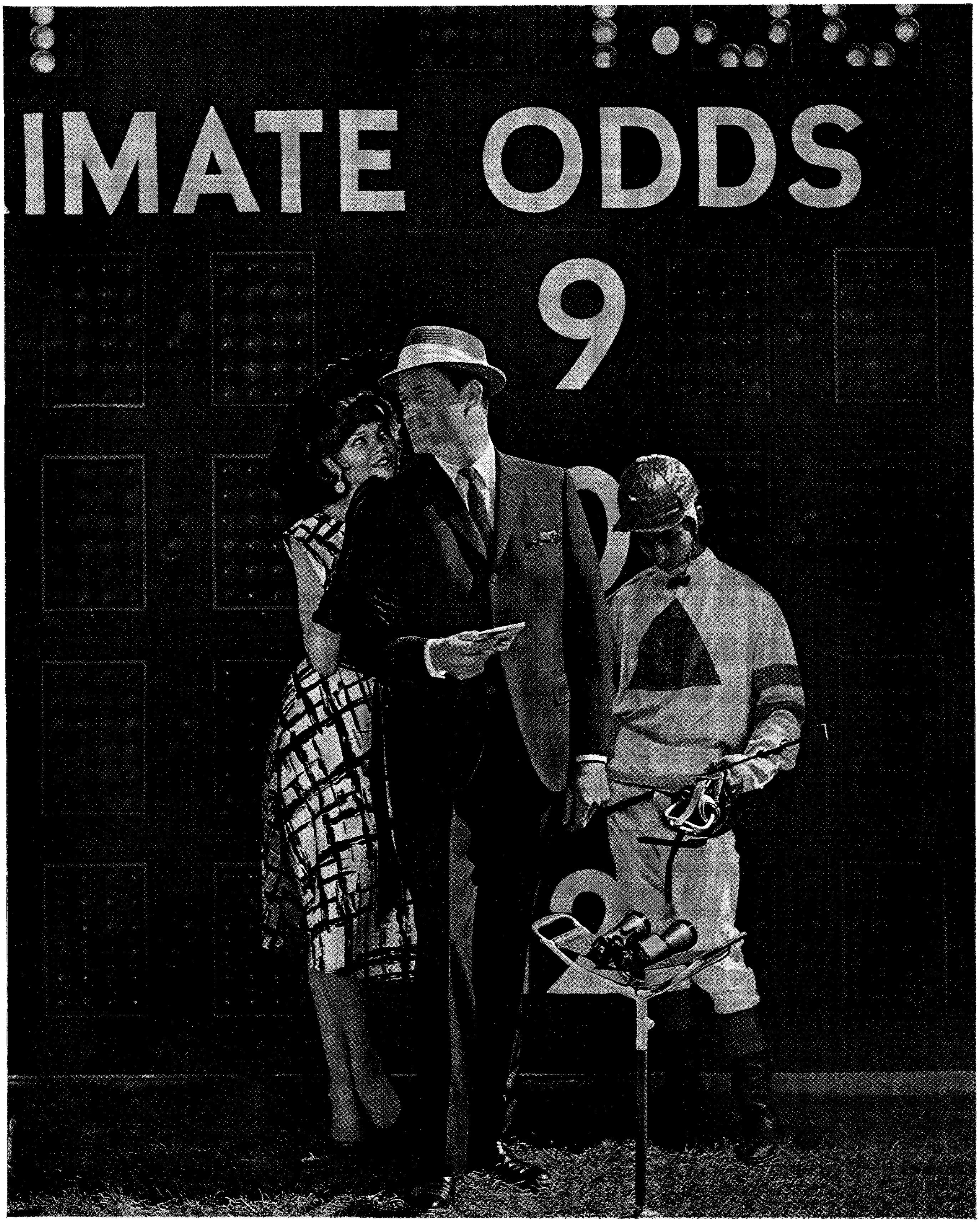

Photographed at Aqueduct: Silk dress from Bergdorf Goodman; Silk suit from F. R. Tripler & Co.; Silk tie by Pauline Trigère.

Nothing says success like Silk. The gentleman in the black silk suit has the odds in his favor. For Silk has something special in looks (ask any woman); it's cool, comfortable; proper for all occasions. Play Silk to win. **INTERNATIONAL SILK ASSOCIATION (U.S.A.)**

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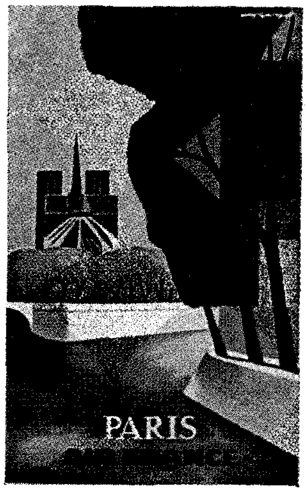

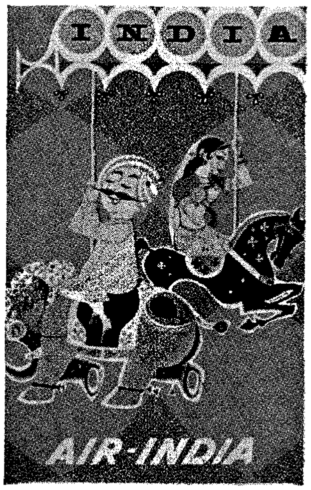
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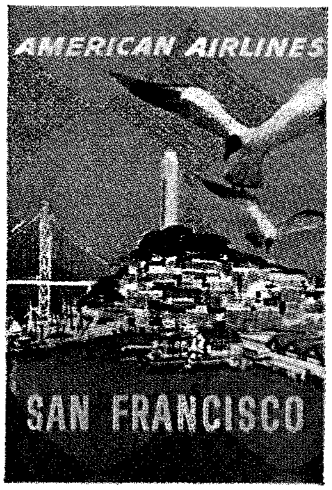
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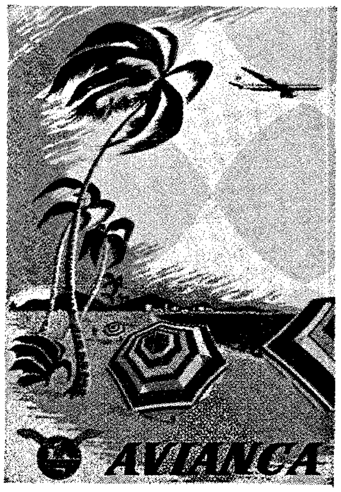
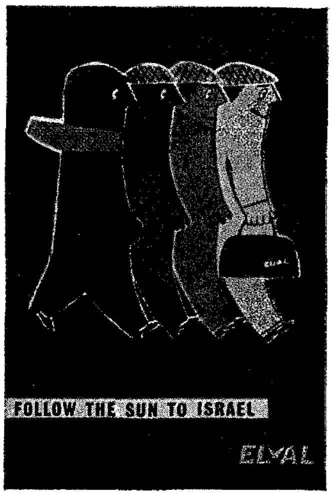
SAN FRANCISCO

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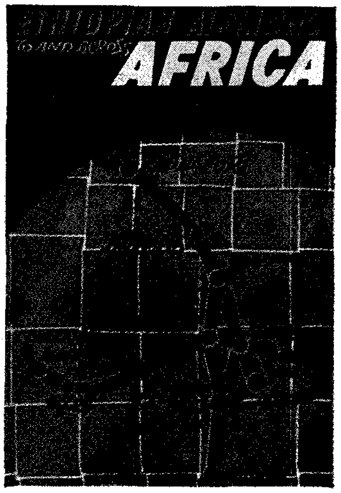
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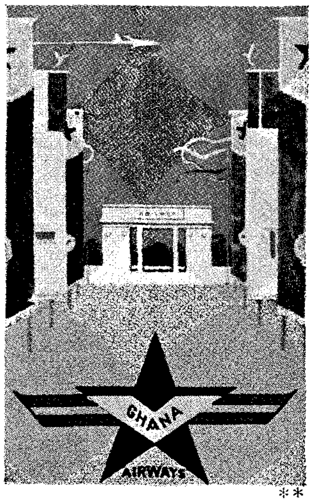
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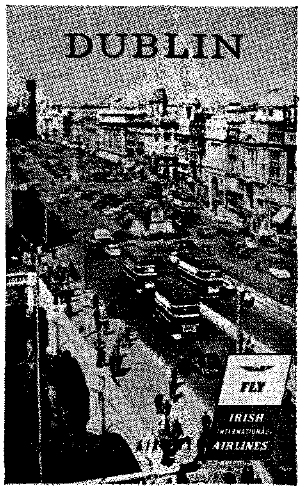
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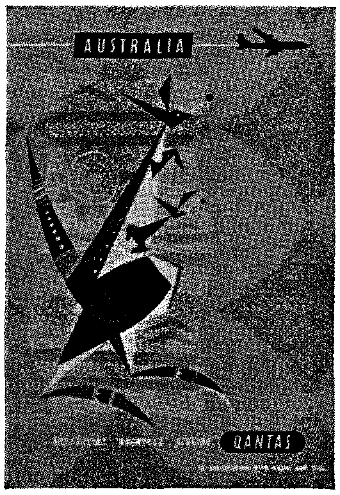
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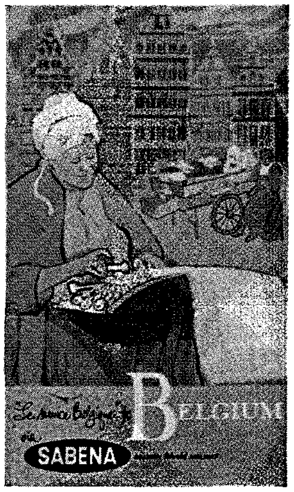
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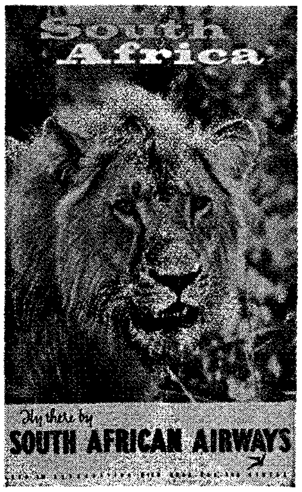
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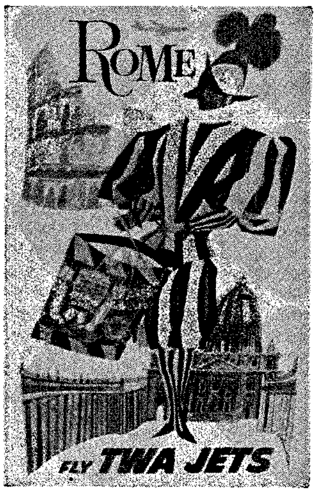
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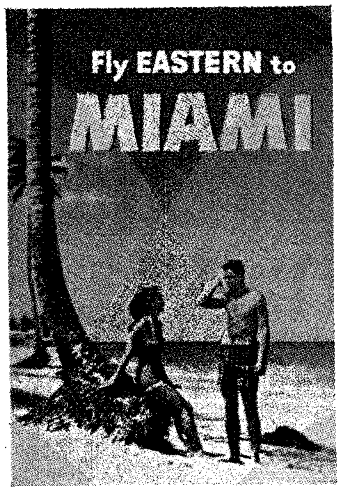
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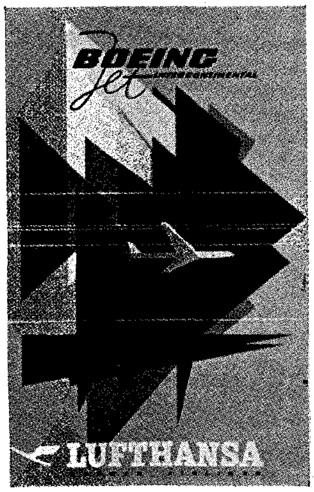
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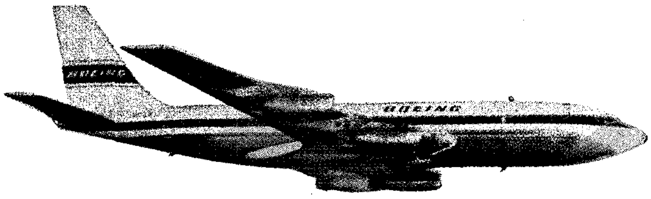
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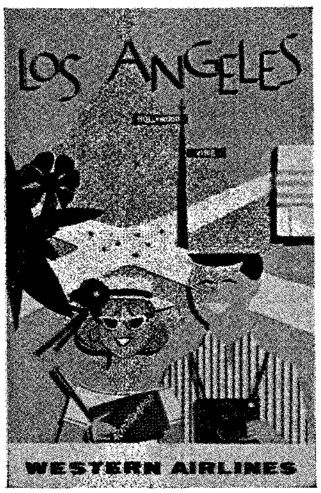
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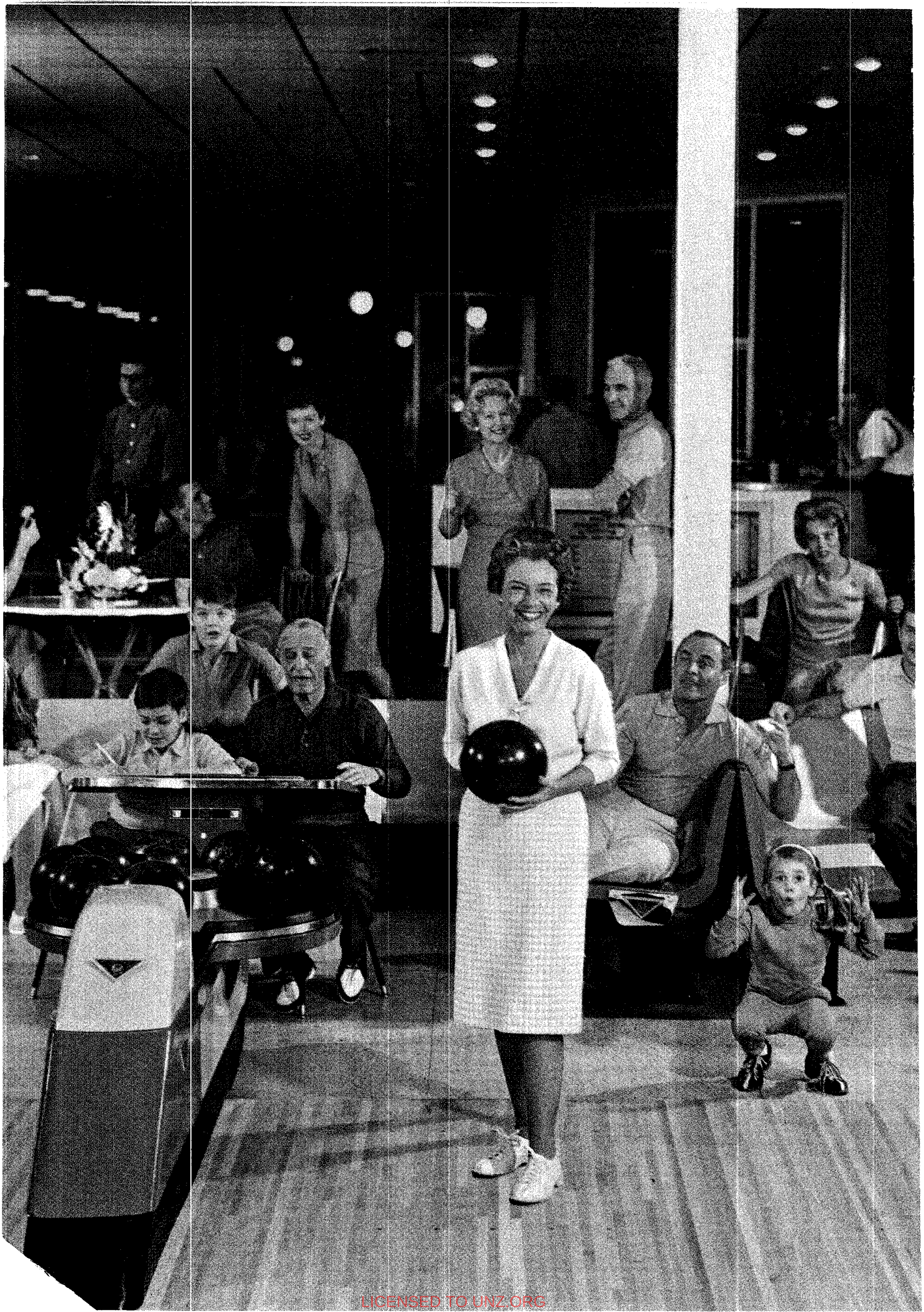
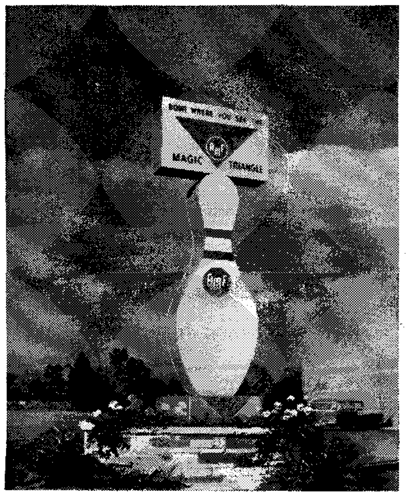


Mrs. Howard Cullman — author of popular, best-selling "Ninety Dozen Glasses" and wife of Mr. H. C. Cullman, Commissioner General of the Brussels World's Fair, enjoys the popular, best-selling participation sport of bowling with her husband and son. Like millions of others, the Cullmans find bowling at AMF-equipped "Magic Triangle" centers their favorite brand of family fun.



Get in on the fun yourself —at *your* "Magic Triangle" bowling center. You're sure to enjoy the healthful exercise and luxurious, ultra-modern surroundings starring AMF automatic equipment. Why not share the change-of-pace pleasure of this exciting sport with your family soon? Visit your "Magic Triangle" bowling center, and you'll see why AMF sets the pace in progress for bowling.

machine gunner's body and his weapon lay before them, the observers argued about what had happened. The North Koreans denied that the victim was one of their men; they said we had stolen one of their machine guns, forged a pocketful of identification papers, murdered a South Korean, dressed him in a stolen North Korean uniform, and planted him there, just to make trouble. The debate went on inconclusively for five long, cold hours, but in a sense this proved to be one of the most fruitful meetings of its kind ever held, exceeding the expectations of all concerned, because at the end of it the two sides had for once agreed on a single, simple fact: that the man on the ground was dead. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

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LIFE IN UPSTATE NEW YORK

[*From The Art of Selling, a monthly bulletin devoted to mutual-fund sales*]

I keep constantly alert for the published reports in our local newspaper of the settlement of estates. If the legatee is not known to me, I write a letter offering the services of my firm. If the legatee is known to me, I usually make a personal call.

A well-known music teacher in our city was left a large inheritance. She was not known to me personally. Knowing that she would have many investment salesmen soliciting her account, I pondered how I could attract her attention by some unusual and daring approach.

I selected the best material about two funds, and sent it to her with the following introduction:

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If I had my way, dear,
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Just for you, just for you,
Just for you!

If you purchase these Funds, dear,
Your money would work
To help you live well every day
You would never regret
Having made this good bet
If I had my way.

The results far exceeded my expectations, for I promptly received a telephone call with the request that I come up to see her. With a broad smile she greeted me and said that if I would sing the lyrics to her, she would entertain my proposition. This I did and my sales talk followed. Which one she liked best, the sales talk or the song, I will never really know, but I was rewarded with a $10,000 order! Forever after, she will, no doubt, refer to them as, "MUSICAL FUNDS."

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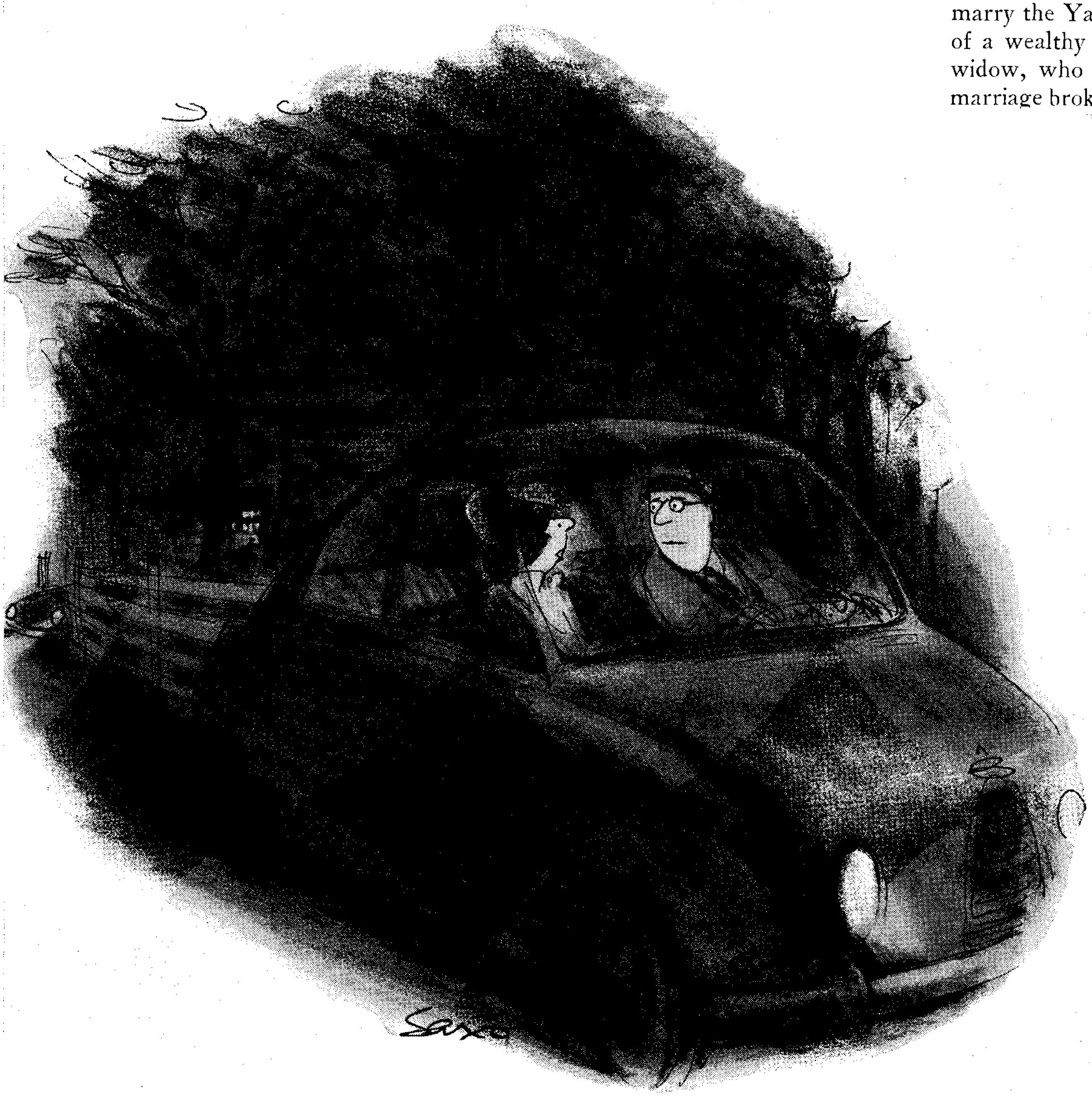
THE INNISFREE CAPER

THERE are no bee-loud glades in the Innisfree that provides the locale for "Donnybrook!," at the Forty-sixth Street; instead of a Yeatsian buzz, we have a hell of a human racket, and much of the rowdydow is stimulating. The Irish of this make-believe Innisfree are quaint, queer, and quarrelsome, but most of them know how to dance and sing, and if their brogues occasionally take on an American overtone, there is no real harm done, since the plot is fantastic and the music designed to give the performers a chance to whoop it up in any accent that comes easily to them. "Donnybrook!" had its source in a story by Maurice Walsh, and was then transformed into a movie, called "The Quiet Man," with a script by Frank S. Nugent. The film was made almost a decade ago, but let's not hold the foot-dragging against the producers, Fred Hebert and David Kapp. After all, they have come up with a tolerable musical comedy, and the rest of the production—the book, by Robert E. McEnroe; the music and lyrics, by Johnny Burke; the direction and choreography, by Jack Cole; and the sets, by Rouben Ter-Arutunian—is not without ingenuity. Mr. McEnroe's task was to shape a twice-told tale into something fresh and lively. He hasn't always succeeded in doing that, but he has provided enough simple humor to season the plot, and the peasants he has assembled, from a muscular braggart to a couple of alcoholic shawlies, have an air of plausibility, particularly when the latter curl up in a snug and give the back of their tongues to practically all the other residents of Innisfree.

"Donnybrook!" is concerned chiefly with an Irish-American boxer who has retired from the ring after accidentally killing an opponent in a bout and has headed for Eire to find a life of peace. But there he meets up with a fierce and frustrated young woman who gets dewy-eyed about him, although in general she believes that few men alive are quite good enough for her. Her brother, the braggart, makes a deal with a swindling marriage broker to let the girl marry the Yank in return for the hand of a wealthy barkeeping widow. The widow, who has her heart set on the marriage broker himself, will have none of the scheme, whereupon the brother, irked, refuses to give our girl her dowry. This leads to a terrible brawl between the brother and the ex-prizefighter. There is no need to go on with the complications, which are many, and are sometimes rather a nuisance. One would do better to sit back and watch the dancers skipping around to hornpipe tunes, and to enjoy such performers as Eddie Foy, in the role of the marriage broker, slithering about in the old soft shoe; Philip Bosco, in the role of the arrogant brother of the heroine; Susan Johnson, in the role of the widow, singing sardonically about her late husband; and Clarence Nordstrom, in the role of an Innisfree ancient, lining out a lovely air called "A Toast to the Bride." I'm not sure that Art Lund, who plays the Irish-American, and Joan Fagan, who plays his beloved, have quite



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The Italians are smoldering and who can blame them? We've stolen their best-loved singer. Katyna Ranieri is her name, and she sings all the sweet and sultry songs that are the rage right now in Rome. The Persian Room is the place. Performances at 9:00 and 12:15. Engagement, May 17 to June 17. Dancing to Ted Straeter, his songs, piano and orchestra, and Mark Monte's Continentals. For reservations call PLaza 9-3000. The Persian Room at The Plaza.

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caught on to the fact that Innisfree is supposed to be a place where songs are not rendered as if the notes had to bounce off the rear wall of the Radio City Music Hall; on the other hand, Mr. Lund does a fine, athletic job as Mr. Bosco's opponent in the knockdown drag-out that concludes the exercise. Also contributing a good deal to the goings on are Sibyl Bowan and Grace Carney, as the shawlies; Charles C. Welch, as a priest very wise in the ways of the world; and Eddie Ericksen, as an Irish boy equipped with a captivating voice. —JOHN McCARTEN

•

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. . . to lead us through our Golden Age

Throughout history there have emerged leaders who created periods of greatness. Such was the Golden Age of Pericles for classical Athens. As statesman extraordinaire, he attained for Athens new heights in leadership, in growth and trade, in ideas, in the arts, in architecture.

We feel our position today is analogous. Our company seeks an outstanding man of unique talents to lead us through our coming Golden Age. The achievements of our organization in the field of highly promotable packaged consumer goods inspires confidence for our future in the 60's and beyond.

If to inspired sound business leadership and judgment you can couple imagination, daring, and decisiveness to the nth degree . . . you may be our Pericles, we your Athens.

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’Αγαπητέ μου Κύριε:

’Ονομάζομαι Δάριος. Δέν ὁμιλῶ καλά τά ‘ελληνικά, ἀλλά . . .

•

A BACKWARD GLANCE IN GEORGETOWN, MASS.

[*From the 1960 annual report of the Town of Georgetown, Mass.*]

REPORT OF THE DOG CATCHER

There were thirty-one dogs confined for ten days, and having no owners, they were eventually destroyed according to law. Twenty-one dogs were confined; they were reclaimed and returned to their owners.

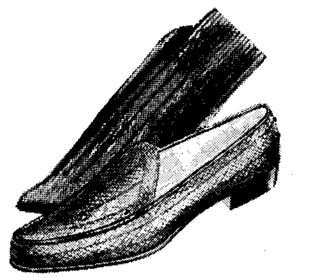
Twenty-seven cases of dog bites were reported by doctors and owners of dogs. According to law, they were restrained for fourteen days. Some got rid of them, so they would not claim another victim, which was a good thing.

Nineteen dogs lost their lives on the highways. They were picked up and buried.

Several complaints were received during the year—they were straightened out at once.

One large wolf hound was picked up and returned to the owner, Mrs. Lard, Groveland, Mass. He was big as a bear.

respectfully submitted,
MAURICE KNEELAND, *Dog Officer*



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Our exclusive brown or black raffia straw casual from Italy, with leather sole and heel, and lightweight leather lining, is unusually comfortable. State shoe size and width, $12.50. Cashmere-and-nylon slack hose in grey, navy, natural, black, scarlet, yellow, green or brown, $3.50

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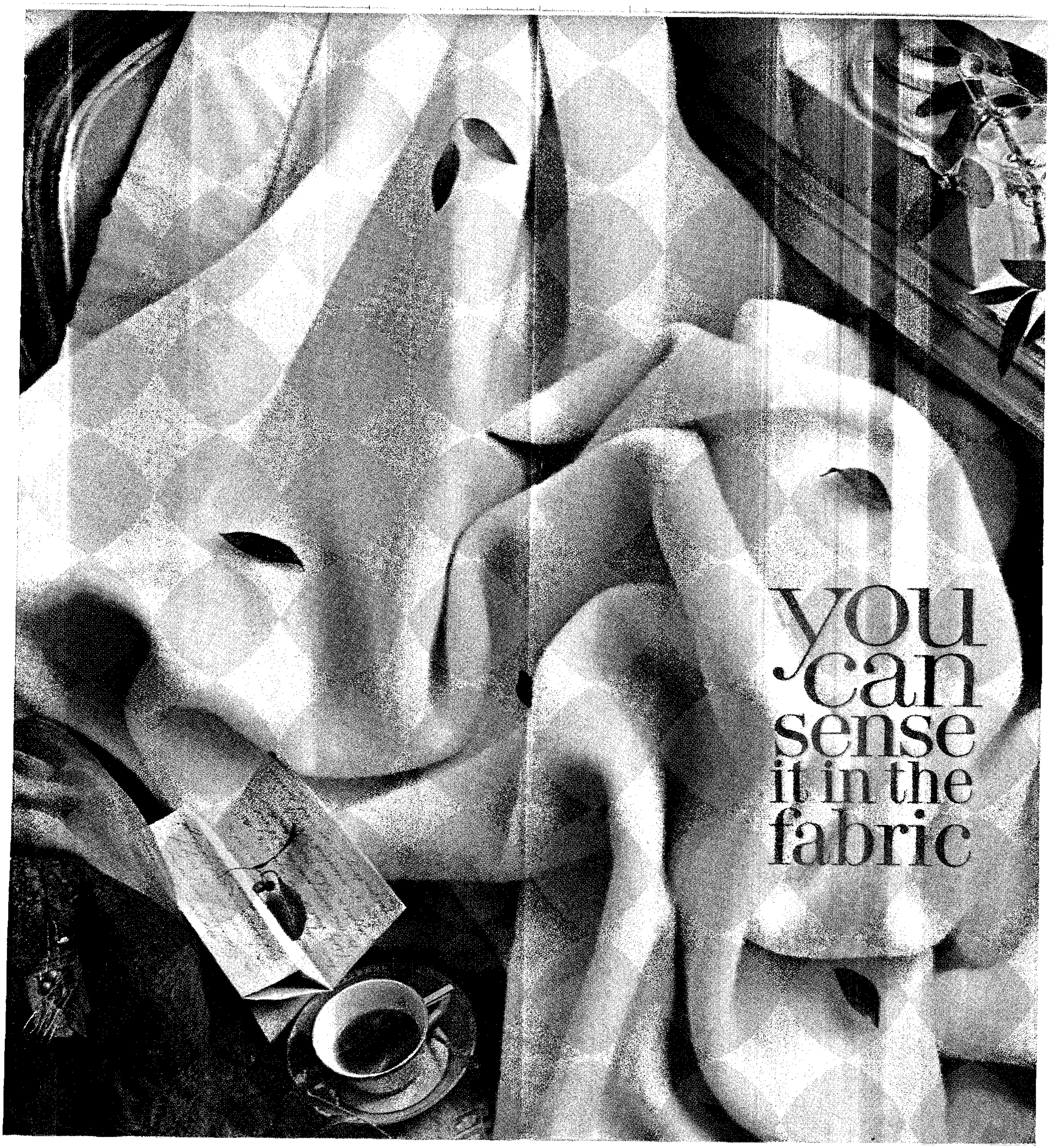

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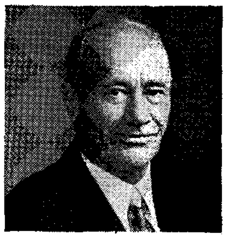

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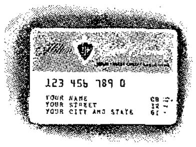

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LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

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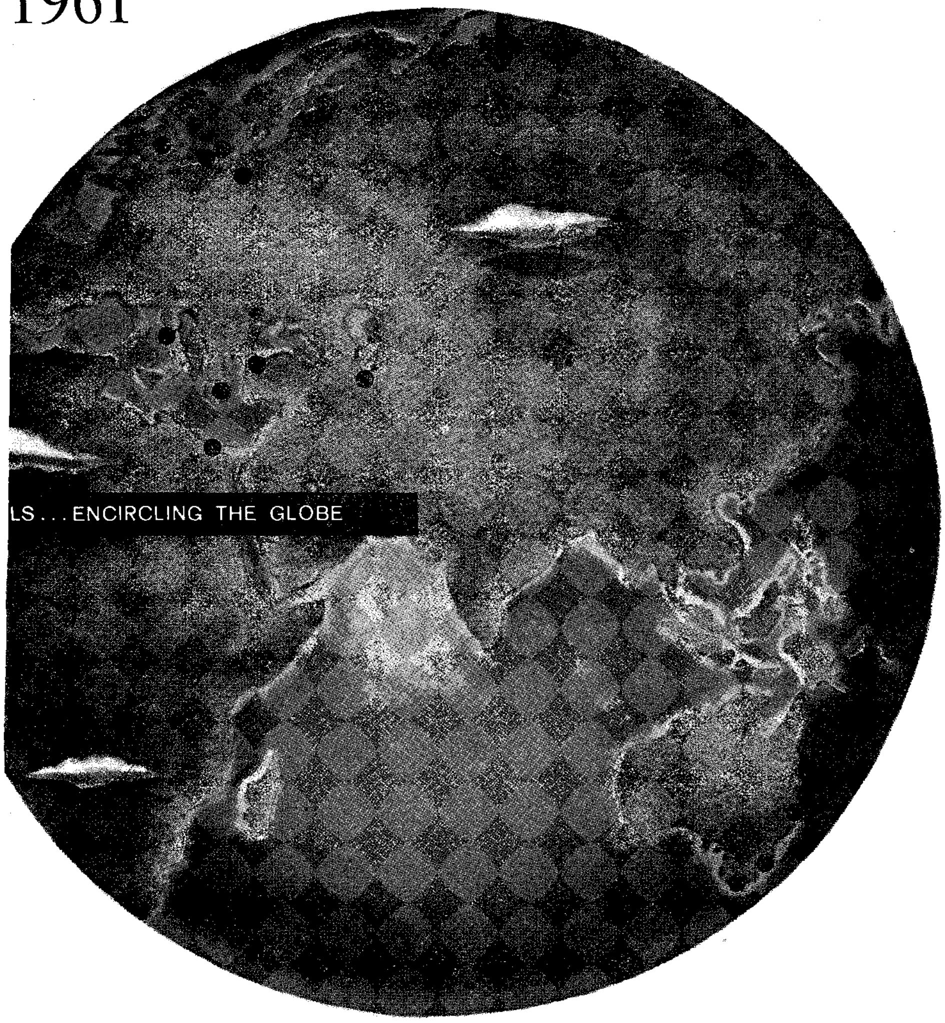

ADE AND TRAVEL" Conrad N Hilton

ment of policy. And, as new world trade and travel frontiers open up, Hilton moves forward to provide the hotel facilities so necessary to keep these frontiers expanding. There are now 14 Hilton hotels under construction and 8 under contract in many nations of the world.

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(under construction)

MADRID, SPAIN
The Castellana Hilton

MAYAGUEZ, PUERTO RICO
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MEXICO CITY, MEXICO
The Continental Hilton

ACAPULCO, MEXICO
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(under construction)

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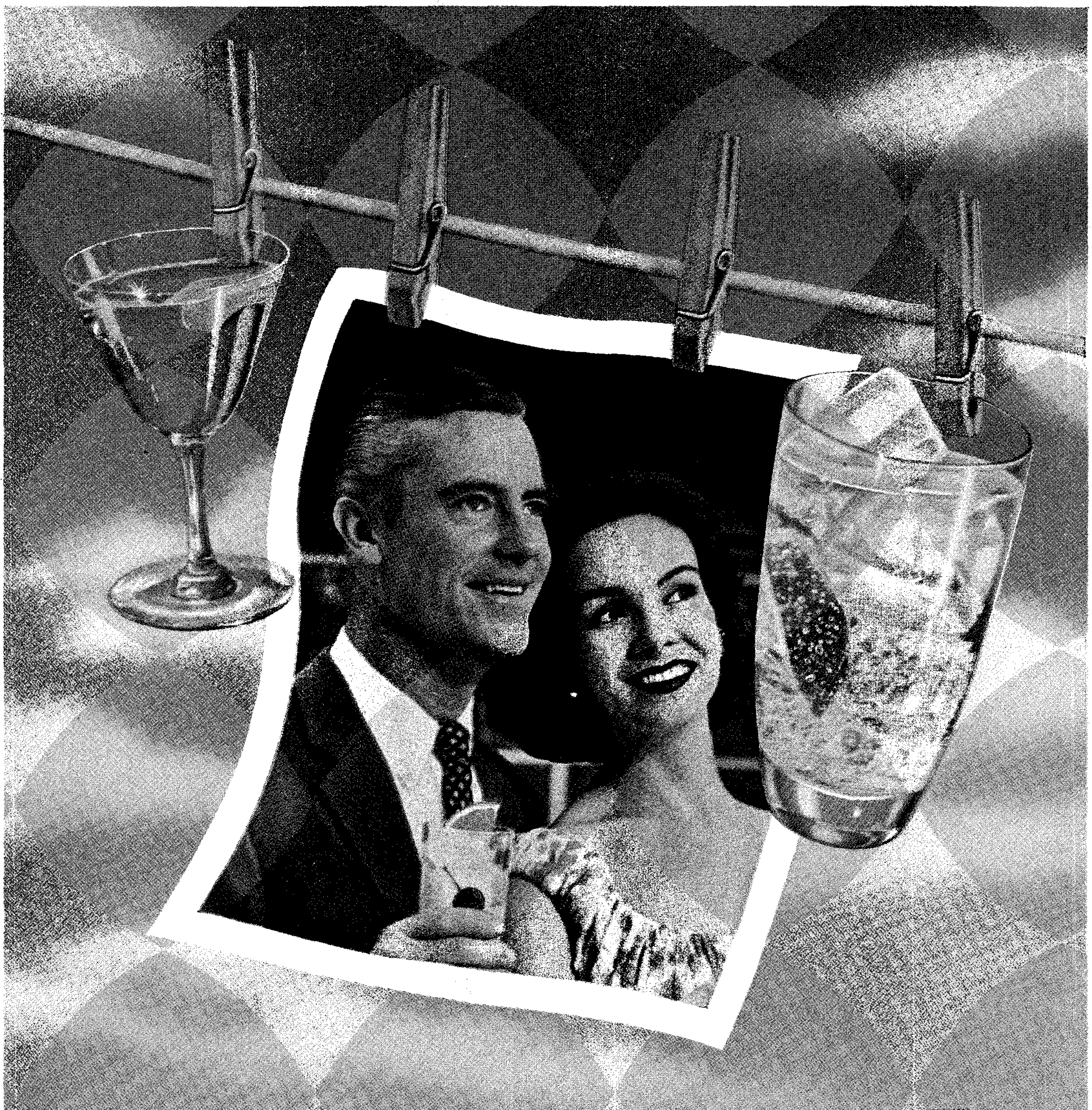

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Concerts

BARRING the blues and Duke Ellington, jazz has never bothered its head much about content. It has been far more concerned with such technical matters as improvisation, timbre, tone, attack, and, lately, form. Thus, the singular thing about Miles Davis's celebrated trumpet playing, which is at last full-grown, is not its striking style but its genuine, though elusive, content. Davis's style consists largely of carefully modulated mannerisms. In the slow ballads, Davis, using a mute, buzzes rhythmically and persistently at the melody, like a trapped bluebottle. In the easy medium-tempo numbers, often blues played open-horn, he irregularly bastes the rhythms at hand with long, thick-voiced single notes that are neither quite on nor quite off pitch, with brief, casually stabbed notes, and with little broken-off runs that suggest unfinished staircases. In the fast, seemingly uphill tempos, his come-as-you-are technique races along just behind his ideas, never quite catching up. The results are shrill feminine forays into the upper registers, curiously heavy arpeggios, and a nutant melodic line. Of late, Davis has added to these approaches an intense, ingenuous, almost funereal legato style in the middle and lower registers. These young-Werther ruminations most clearly reveal the content of Davis's music—a view of things that is brooding, melancholy, somewhat self-pitying, and extremely close to the sentimental. It is, except for certain aspects of Johnny Hodges and Sidney Bechet, a new flavor in jazz.

Davis's recent recordings as a soloist with various big bands led by the arranger-composer Gil Evans have had a good deal to do with this revelation. Evans is an ingenious orchestrator whose often unique and not necessarily jazzlike instrumental combinations give off a moody, feline, caressive air. Perhaps unavoidably, Davis has taken on some of the colors and shapes of Evans' work, as if he were a blotter rather than an interpreter. This was strikingly evident last Friday in Carnegie Hall, when Davis and Evans offered their first concert collaboration. The concert was

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something of a jumble. Five numbers were played by Davis's quintet (Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums), two were joint efforts by the quintet and Evans' twenty-piece group, and four were by Davis and the group, with Evans conducting. Davis the stylist was brilliantly visible in the quintet numbers, which included a slow muted ballad, a leisurely middle-tempo open-horn blues, and a couple of agitated up-tempo pieces, none of them identified. (A laconic, weedlike figure, Davis never lets his audiences know that he knows they're there; he neither speaks to them nor looks at them nor even plays to them.) Davis the philosopher emerged consummately in two of his numbers with Evans. These were Evans' reworking of part of Joaquín Rodrigo's "Concierto de Aranjuez," for guitar and orchestra, and Evans' variations on a *saeta*, or Spanish folk song. In the first, which lasted better than fifteen minutes, Davis, backed by Evans' mistiest palette, improvised on the guitar part, revelling in poignant declamatory phrases, low, round-shouldered notes, and simple embellishments of the melody, which bulges with flamencan dolor. Indeed, Davis was misery distilled. The *saeta* was a short, delightful piece in which Davis, framed by marching drums, tambourines, a harp, and trumpets, issued a series of prolonged, fluttering muezzin calls with bent-note endings. Davis was by far the most impressive performer onstage. Mobley and Kelly soloed rhetorically, while Cobb, who also worked with Evans' group, resembled a K.P. assigned to pots and pans. Although Evans' men occasionally stumbled, they managed to sustain much of the silken roll of his music, upon which Evans himself seemed to bob like a beach ball in mid-ocean.
—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

> Among modern women the Duchess of Windsor designs her own clothes and writes, writer Francoise Sagan drives racing cars, Farah Diba is an expert artist, Princess Margaret is a jazz expert, Queen-mother Wilhelmina is a cyclist, Greta Garbo loves horoscopes, Princess Ghyslaine of Monaco is an actress, and Grace Kelly is a princess.
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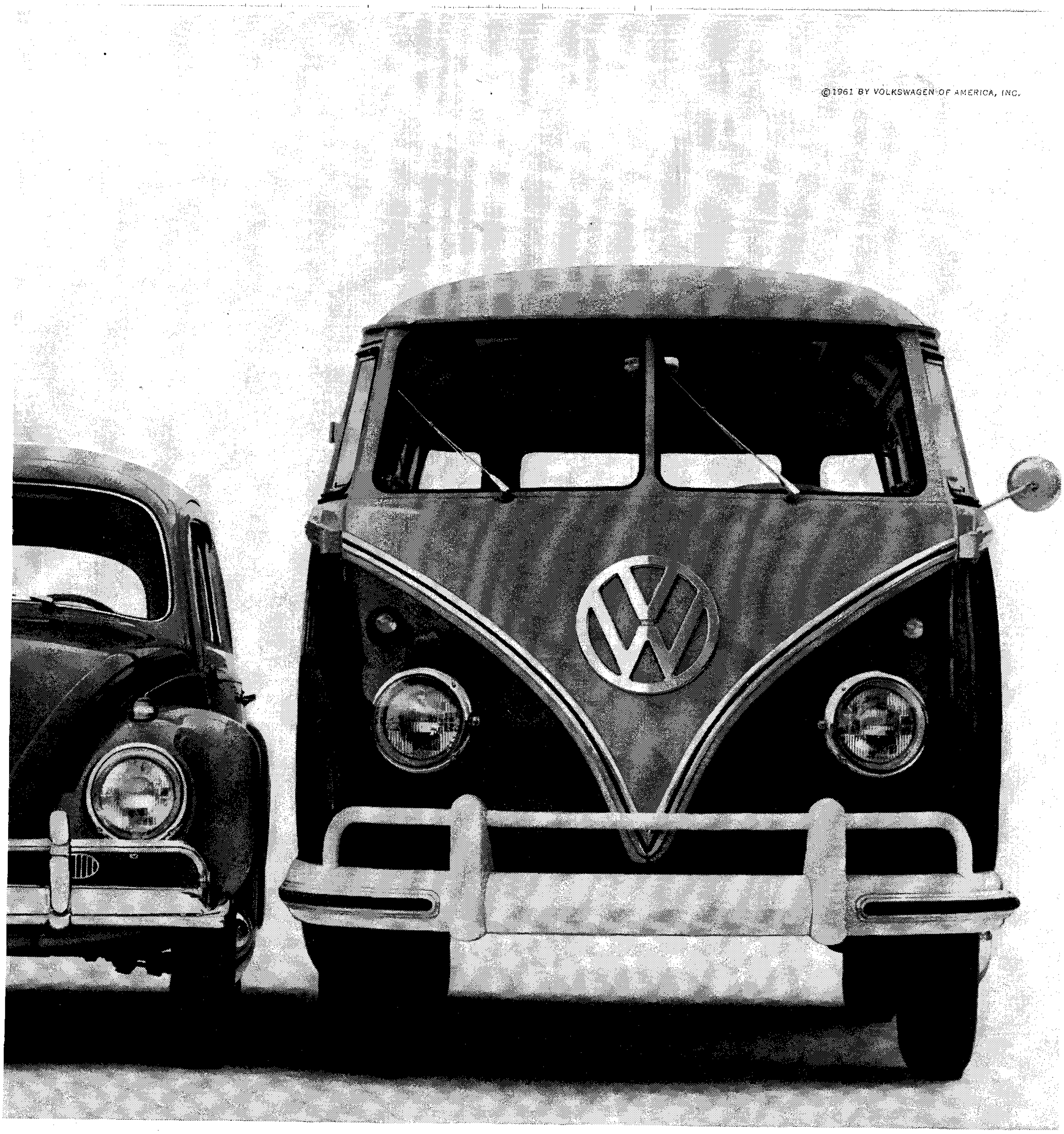

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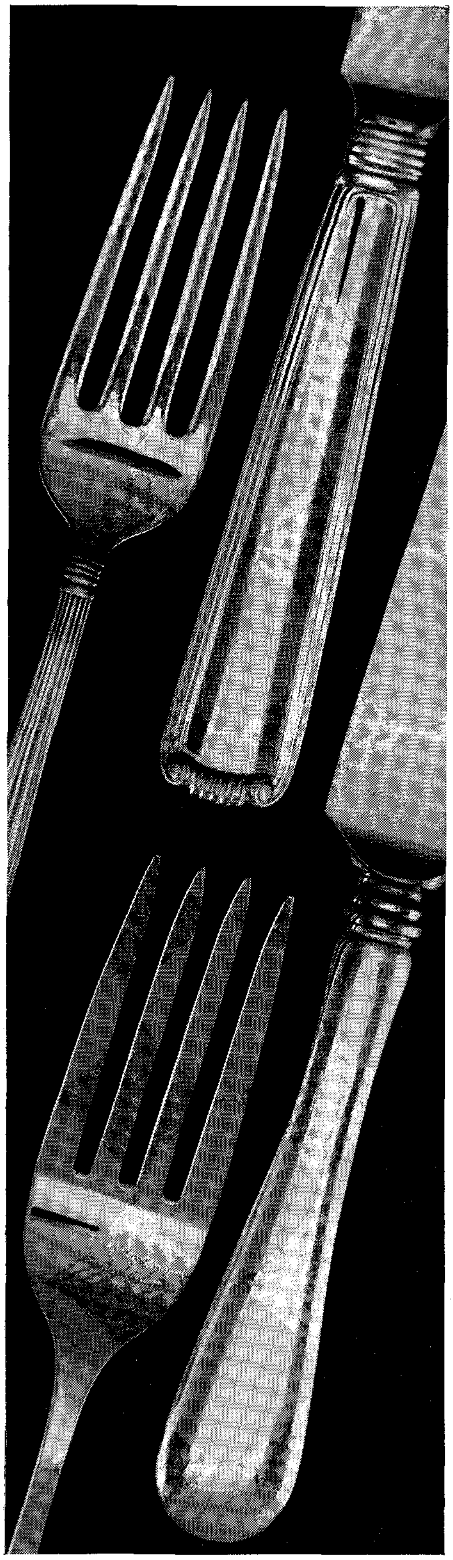

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OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES

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WE were twenty little girls. We had started out from the refugee camp on England's east coast so early in the morning that the rest of the five hundred children were still sleeping in the cottages and the camp was silent. It was snowing. We met in the great dining hall made of glass and iron. One trestle table had been set up for our breakfast and only one lamp was lit above it. We could see the blue-black air outside all around. It was the bitter cold December of 1938. We travelled north all day and arrived in Liverpool in the early evening, where people from the Committee were waiting with cars to take us to a house.

I had not seen a house with stairs and carpets since I left my parents, twenty days before, to come to England with the transport bringing Jewish children out of Hitler Vienna. I remember that this house seemed very big and that all the doors stood open. Lights were on in all the rooms and hallways, and many people were walking everywhere. Our rucksacks and suitcases stood on the landing. Some ladies took off our coats and caps and gloves and piled them on the beds. Someone asked me if I wanted to go to the bathroom, but I wondered how I was going to find my way back, and I didn't even know where it was. It seemed too complicated. I said I didn't need to go.

In a big room, a long table with a white cloth was laid for a party. On the far side of the room was a fire burning in a square hole in the wall. I went and stood in front of it. A tall gentleman stood looking at me. I told him I had never seen a fire in a wall before and that in Vienna we had stoves. He said how nicely I spoke English, and we chatted until a lady from the Committee came to lead me to my seat. It seemed it was the first day of Chanukah. Candles were lit. Everyone stood still and sang a song I did not know. Then all the children sat around the table. We had cakes and little plates with colored jelly such as I had never seen before. If you poked it with a finger, it went on wobbling for a while.

A Committee lady going about with a list of names came to stand behind me with a lady whom I shall call Mrs. Levine. She said, "This is a nice little girl."

I turned, eager to charm. There was an enormous, prickly-looking fur coat rising sheer above me. An old woman looked at me with a sour expression from behind her glasses. She had a small, gray, untidy face with a lot of hat and hair and spectacle about it. She frightened me. I had imagined that the family who would choose me would be very special, very beautiful people. I signalled to the lady with the list that I wanted to go with somebody else, but she didn't see, because she was attending to the fur-coated woman, who said, "How old is she? See, we wanted to have one about ten years old—you know, old enough to do for herself but not too old to learn nice ways."

I watched them talking together over my head, and I kept thinking that if I listened harder I would know what they were saying, but always it seemed that my mind wandered, and when I tried to remember to listen I couldn't tell if I had to go with this person. After a bit, I wasn't even sure if they were still talking about me, so I said in desperation, out loud, "I'm not ten. I'm half past ten. I'm nearly eleven."

They looked surprised. The old woman in the fur coat grinned shyly at me and I felt better. She asked me where my things were and took my hand and we went and found my coat in the bedroom. There was a young man who carried my luggage out of the house to one of the cars in the snow in the street. He got into the driver's seat. The old woman made me get in behind with her. I remember that as the car started up I looked back through the rear window in a panic moment to see if I could see one of the Committee ladies. I wondered if they would let my parents know where I was. I wondered if they knew I was being taken away. But I could not frighten myself for long. My childhood had not prepared me to expect harm from people. I was an only child, an only grandchild, and an only niece of a doting family. I think I rather felt I had a way with grownups, and as soon as we were settled in the car I started to tell the old woman how I had studied English at school, and privately as well, and that

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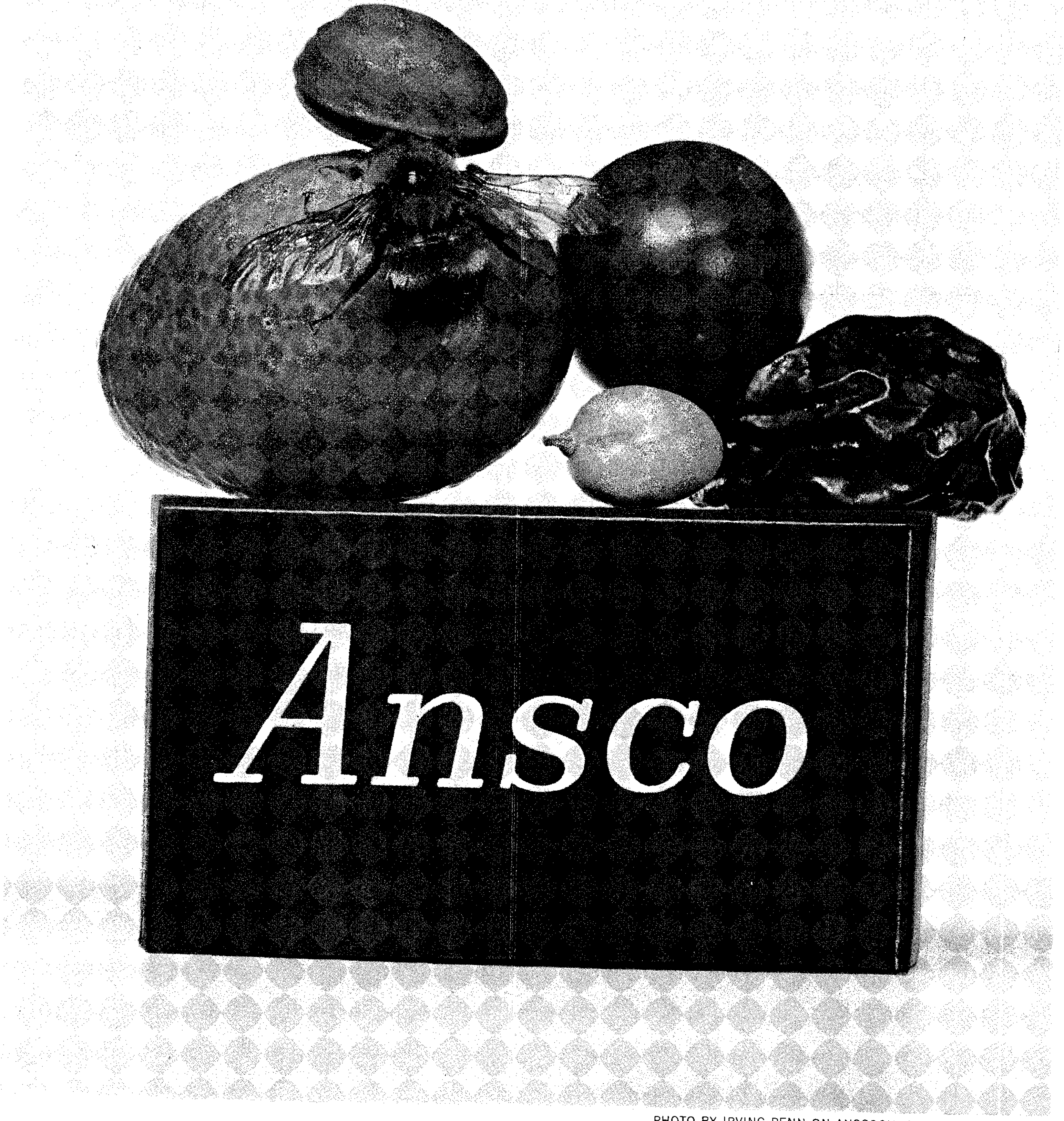

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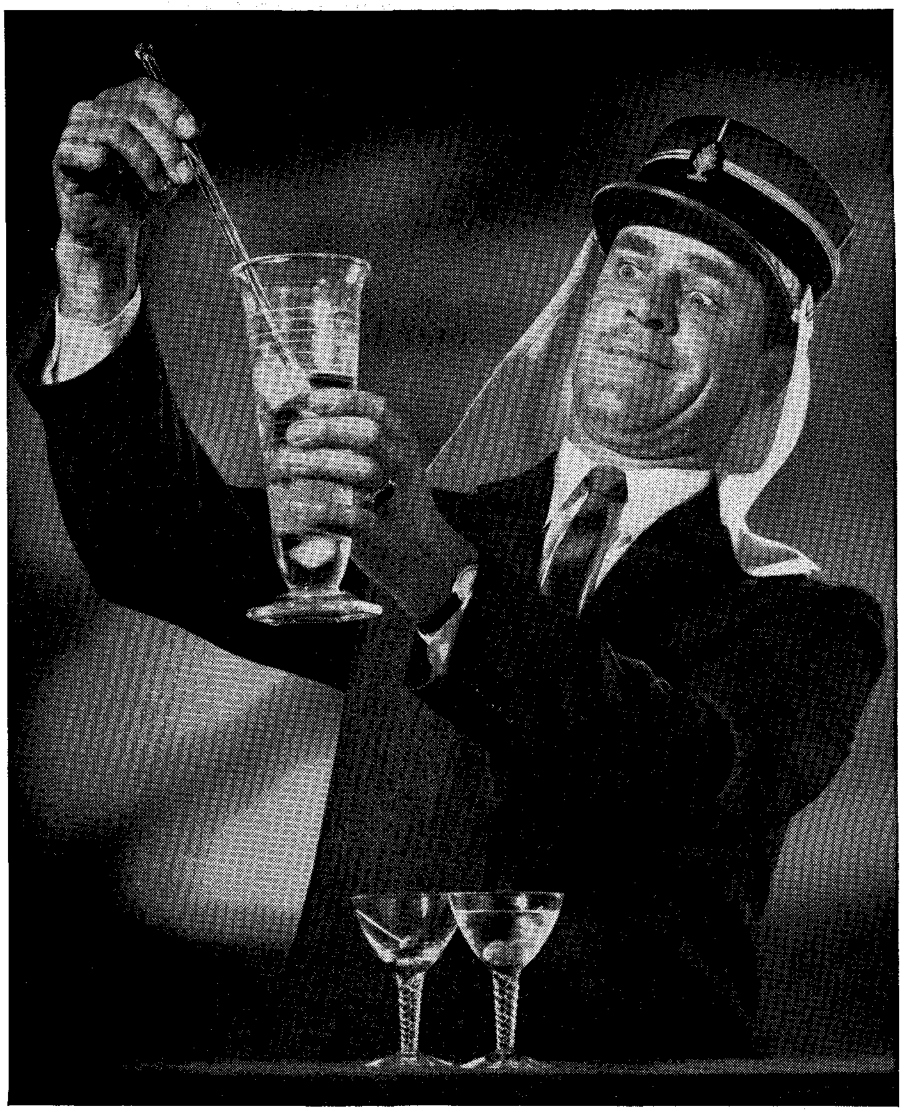
I always got A's in my reports. In the half dark of the back seat, I could not tell if this stolid, fur-wrapped person beside me was properly impressed. I said, "And I can figure-skate and dance on my toes." She said something to the young man in front that I could not make out, I had become so sleepy. I was too tired to try and think up more English conversation; I decided to leave it all till later and closed my eyes and went to sleep.

I WAS set on my feet in the dark and shivering cold and I closed my eyes, wanting only to go back to sleep, but they walked me up the garden path toward the house. There were many lights and people, and in the background I saw a maid in a black dress and white cap and apron looking at me over their heads. Someone took off my coat again. An old man with glasses sat on the far side of another fireplace. He drew a little low footstool from under his chair for me to sit on, in front of the fire. A maid in uniform brought a cup of tea. It had milk in it and I hated the taste. I said it was too hot to drink and that I wanted to go to sleep, but they said I must have a bath first and called a maid whose name, they said, was Annie. They told me she would give me a bath, but I was ashamed—I said at home I always bathed myself. They took me upstairs into a bathroom and let the water run and went out and shut the door, and I was so sleepy I thought I would stand and pretend, but then it seemed easier to get in the hot water.

I think it was one of the several daughters of the house who took me up another flight of stairs to my room. I know there was a maid peering at me through the banisters, and when I was in bed, just before the lights went out, I thought I saw a white-capped head stuck around the door. This made five maids. I was impressed. My parents had only had one maid at a time. Then I went back to sleep.

There was a maid in the full daylight to which I awoke. She stood just inside the door, looking at me and saying, "Taimtarais." I looked back at her without raising my head from the pillow. She stood very straight, heels together, toes turned out, and her arms hung neatly by her sides. She wore a bright-blue linen dress, and over it a white apron so long that it hung below the hemline of her dress. She was a big, firmly fleshed girl, with black hair and bright round cheeks. Her nose was incredibly uptilted.

I said, "Pardon?," not having understood what she had said, and she said



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again, "It's taimtarais," and went out the door.

I wondered if I should get up. I lay there a bit, looking around the big, light, chilly room. Someone had brought up my suitcase and set it on the chest of drawers. It looked oddly familiar in its strange new surroundings. Presently I got out of bed and dressed. I wondered if I was supposed to go downstairs. I thought I might look silly just to turn up down there among all those people I didn't know, so I took my writing pad and pen with me. I would go in and I would say, "I have to write a letter to my mother," and they would say to each other, "See what a good child. She loves her parents."

When I came out onto the landing outside my room, my heart was pounding. There was a door opposite. It stood slightly ajar. I could see, reflected in its own mirror, the top of a neat dressing table. There were photographs stuck all round the mirror, and on the table were a brush-and-comb set, and a pincushion in the shape of a heart. I held my breath. I gave the door a little push. I saw the corner of a bed with a green satin counterpane and wanted to look further in, but got frightened and backed away. The house was very quiet. I wondered where all the people might be and peered over the banisters to the floor below. I saw a green carpet and a number of doors, but they were all shut. I think I got the notion then that the five maids in uniform were inside the rooms, cleaning. Slowly I made my way down to the floor with the green carpet and then down the next flight to the ground floor. I thought I heard voices behind a door and tried to look through its frosted-glass inset. I could make out nothing, but my silhouette must have appeared upon it, because a voice inside said, "Come along. Come along in."

I came into a warm, pleasant kitchen-living room with a big table in the middle and a fire burning briskly in the fireplace. A fat lady sat by the window, sewing. She said, "Come in. Sit down. Annie will bring your breakfast."

I said, "I have to write to my parents, to say where I am."

"Well, you can have your breakfast first."

The maid in the blue linen dress came in with a boiled egg for me, and tea and toast. She pushed in my chair and buttered my bread. Miserably, I watched her pour milk into my tea. I looked up at her. Her nose had such an upward sweep that from where I sat I could see way into the black caverns of her round little nostrils. It occurred to

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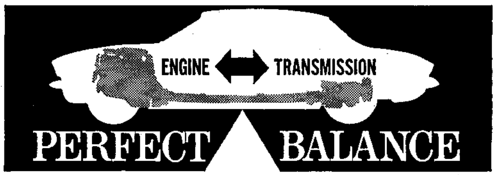

Herbal Guide

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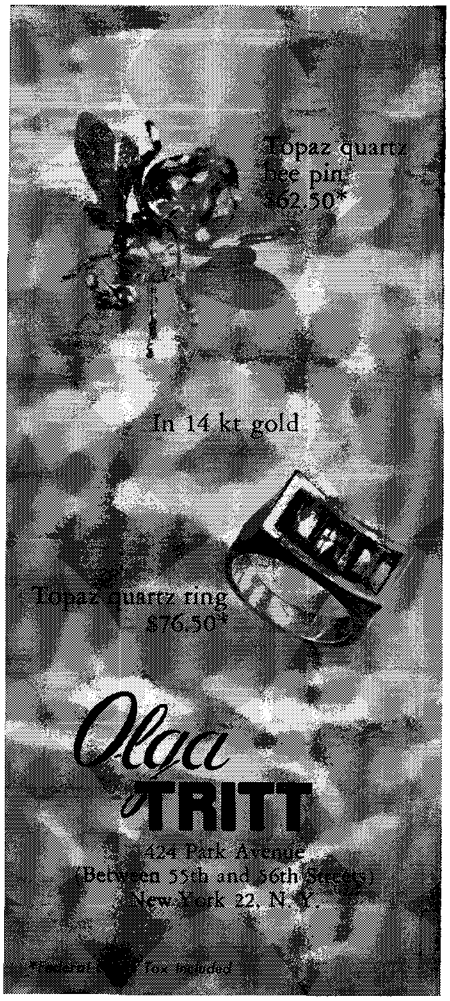
me that she was winking at me, but I wasn't sure and I kept my eyes on my food and ate it, peering around me now and then. I expected every moment that the doors upstairs would open and release all the people I had seen last night. Everything was quiet. The fire crackled. The fat lady sewed. The maid was clattering pans in the scullery, and when I was finished she came and fetched away my dishes.

I sat at the table happily writing a letter. I wrote how last night at the railway station there had been an ugly old woman who had chosen me and how I had not wanted to go with her. It had been like a slave market, I said, and this, I thought, was pretty clever. I wrote, "The people I am going to live with are very rich. They have five maids. There is a fat lady here sewing. She said I should call her Auntie Essie, but I'm not going to. She doesn't look like an auntie to me. She is very fat." It amused and excited me to be writing to my mother about this person who was sitting there within touching distance. I felt a rush of blood to my head; it had come to me in a flash that this was the identical old woman in the fur coat—and yet it wasn't, either. This lady had on a loose cotton dress. She was quite different. But she was elderly, too, and large, and she wore glasses. Perhaps it was the same one, and yet perhaps it was not. I kept looking surreptitiously across at her. She raised her head. Quickly and guiltily, I bent mine over my letter. I wrote that I had found the chocolate my mother had hidden for me in the bottom of my suitcase. Then I said I loved them, in block capitals, and that it was *very* important to write me what was the meaning of the word "Taimtarais."

When my letter was sealed and addressed, Mrs. Levine gave me a stamp to put on it and told me to find Annie and she would post it for me.

Annie was in the drawing room, in the front of the house, lighting the fire. The flames were rushing with a fierce hiss upward into the chimney. I sat down on the little footstool and watched. I wanted to cry. I cradled my head in my hands and planted my elbows on my knees and let homesickness overcome me as one might draw up a blanket to cover one's head. I never knew when the maid left the room or how the day passed. Once, I came to as if with the wearing off of a drug that left me sober and sorrowless in this strange room; I looked curiously about me.

There was an old man sitting on the far side of the fireplace. His little eyes



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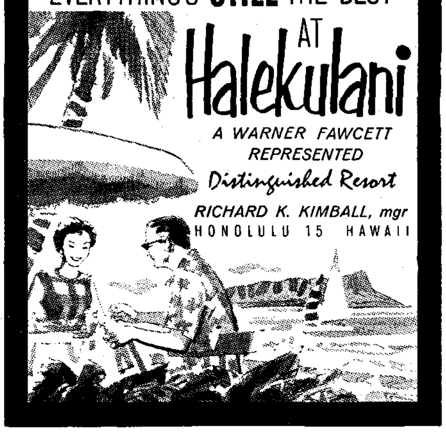

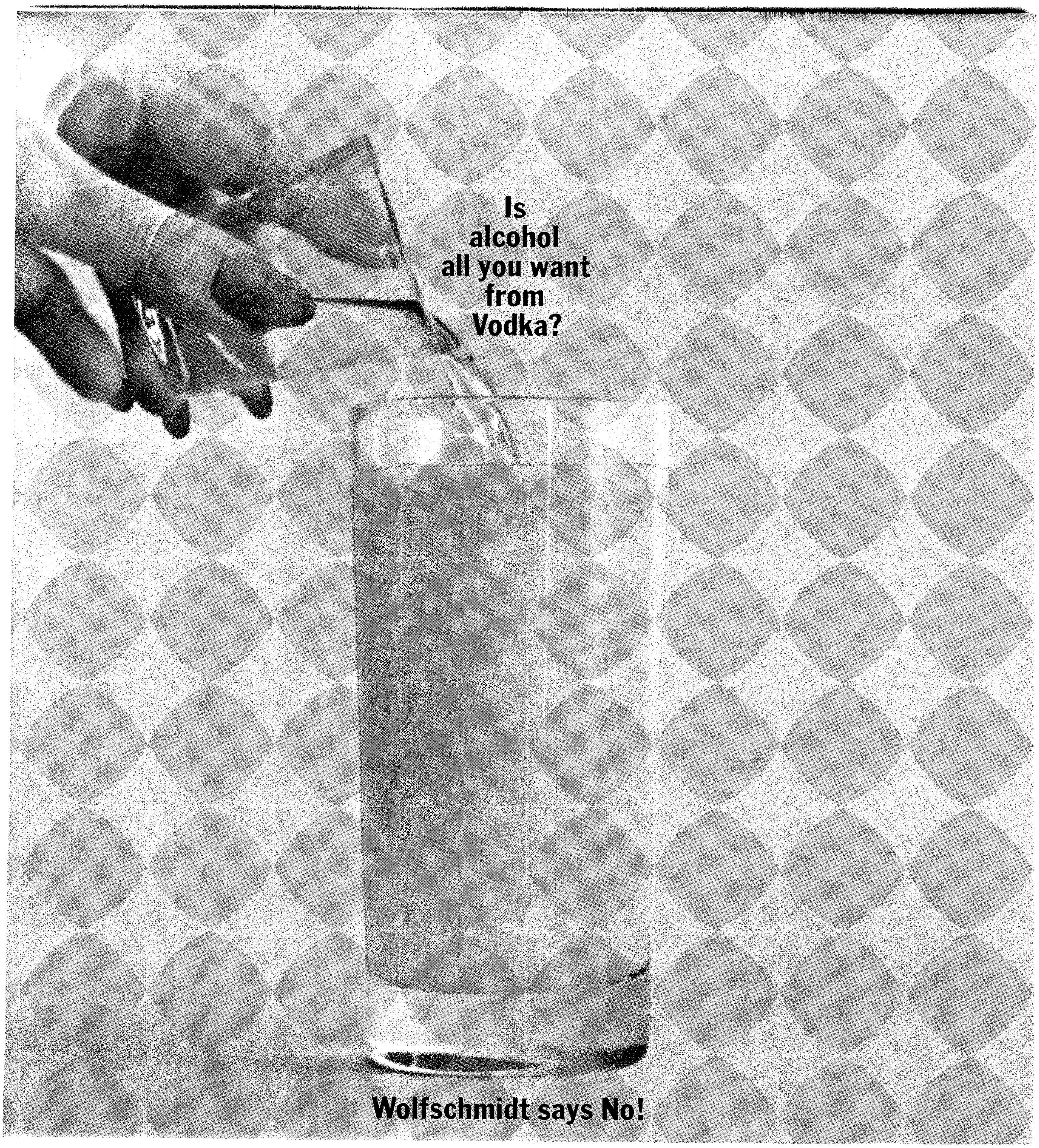
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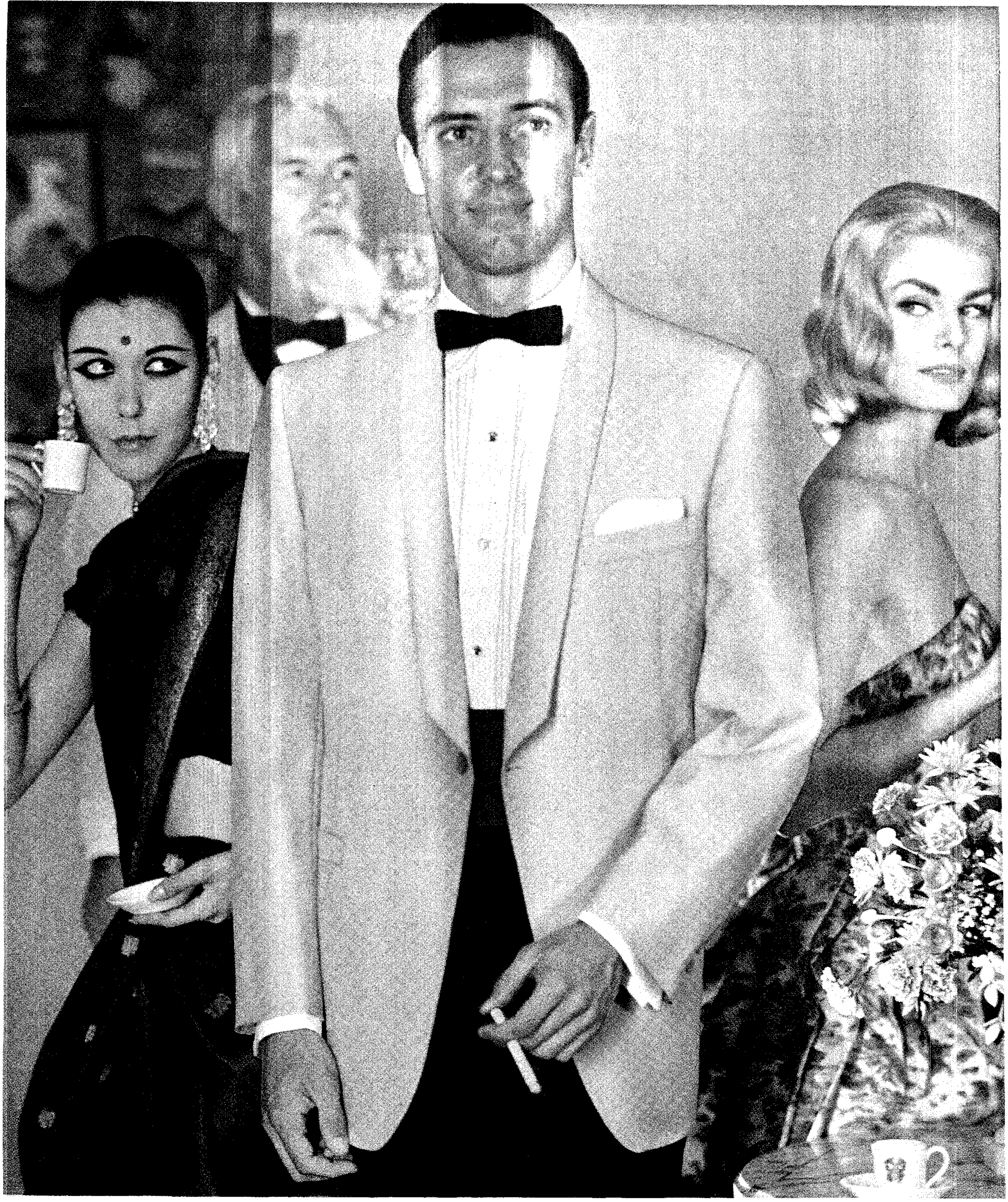

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blinked incessantly behind his thick glasses, and he was watching me across the quiet of the room. I recognized him immediately; he was the same old man who had pulled out this footstool for me last night. I had a notion that he had been sitting there ever since, watching me gently and patiently, with the fire crackling between us. He was curling his finger for me to come to him. I got up and stood beside him. I could see his little wrinkled left eye from the side, and a second time through the lens, magnified and yet as from a tremendous distance behind the sevenfold rings and more of the thick glass. He was tickling a silver sixpence out of his purse. When he gave it to me, he put his finger to his lips and winked at me to signify secrecy. I nodded conspiratorially. I had to laugh—and that frightened me. I sat down quickly, wanting to lose myself again in my grief.

In the course of that day, I developed a technique: I found that if I sat curled into myself on the low stool facing the fire, and stared into the heart of flame so that my eyes stung, and kept the stare fixed until my chest was full of a rich, dark ache, I could at will fill up my head with tears and bring them to the point of weeping but arrest them there so that they neither flowed nor receded. Though I knew when, toward evening, the house filled up again with people and that they were in the room whispering about me, I would not turn around, lest I disturb the delicate balance of my tears.

I MUST have been a great trial to the Levines in that first week.

"Have some tea," Mrs. Levine would say. "Annie, go and bring her a nice hot cup of tea. It'll make you feel better."

I shook my head. I said I didn't like tea.

"She doesn't like tea," Mrs. Levine said. "Here, how about going for a walk. Eh? The fresh air will do you good." She smiled encouragingly in my face. "You want to go for a nice run in the park with Auntie Essie?"

I said I didn't feel like going for a walk. It was cold, I said, and I liked to watch the fire.

Mrs. Levine's smile froze. She straightened up so that her face looked at me from the distance of her full height. I think it frightened her that the refugee she had brought into her innermost house to protect from persecution was talking back to her and watching her out of melancholic and conscious eyes—I caught the look she looked over my head at Annie, with

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a turning outward of her hands and a turning down of the right corner of her mouth. I did not then take in the meaning of what she was saying (I quickly thought, She didn't mean me. She's probably thinking of something quite different), but my ears retained the sounds intact and when I was in my room that night, lying in bed, I remembered and understood that what she had said was "I'm telling you, Annie, I was saying to Mrs. Green from the Committee only today, I said, if she isn't going to be happy with us here, perhaps I'd better exchange her." I explained it to myself. Mrs. Levine could not have understood when I told her how I always got A's in my report; I must tell her that I was always first in my class. I would say to her the bit about the slave market. I would write the very next day to my father and ask him how to say it in English. I lay in bed thinking up clever things to say to Mrs. Levine and I imagined sentimental situations in which to say them, calling her Auntie Essie, and so excited myself that I couldn't go to sleep.

But when I came downstairs the next morning, Mrs. Levine was sitting with her head bent over her sewing. I found I could not say "Auntie Essie" then, because it sounded silly in daylight and face to face, nor could I call her "Mrs. Levine," because she had told me to say Auntie Essie. I watched and waited for her to raise her head from her work before I addressed her, and poor Mrs. Levine, happening to look up, meaning to poke the fire, was startled to find herself under this close scrutiny. "What are you staring at me for, for goodness' sake!" she cried out. Immediately she recollected herself, though flustered still. "Why don't you read a book or go for a walk? Take her for a run in the park," she said to Annie, who had a way of appearing on the scene whenever there was any excitement. "Come on, now," she said rather desperately to me. "You don't want to cry—I didn't mean to shout at you. Now, come on, will you?"

It occurred to me to say, "In Vienna, Jews aren't allowed to go in the park."

The effect was instantaneous and marvellous. Mrs. Levine bent down and took me in her arms, but not before I had seen her face flush and her eyes fill with tears, and I knew they were for me. I was immensely impressed. I held myself very stiff against her unfamiliar and solid bosom; I felt restless in that embrace and began politely to extricate myself. I said I had to go and write a letter to my parents.

But all day I was grieved because

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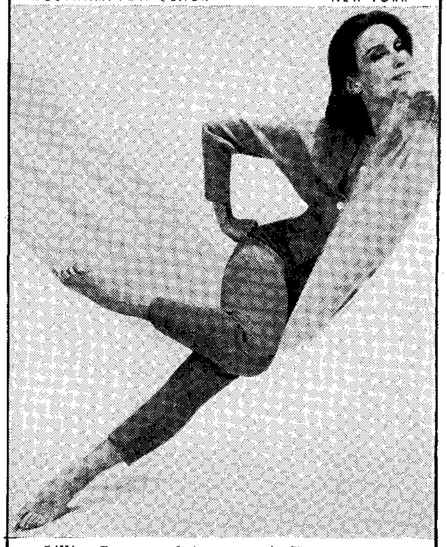

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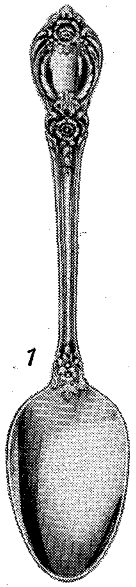
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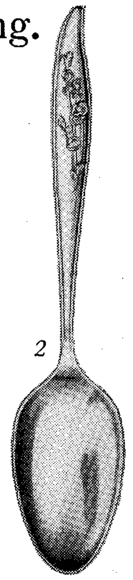
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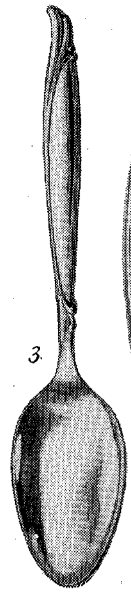
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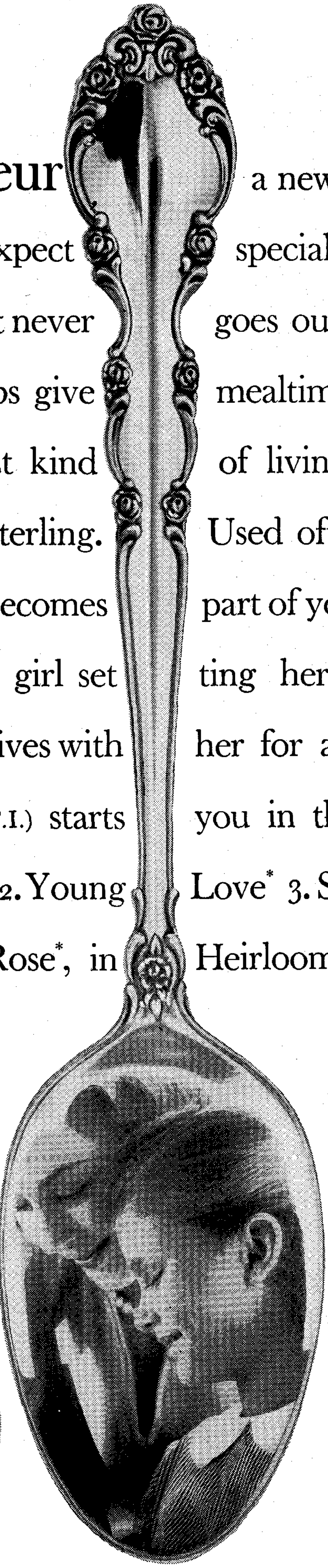

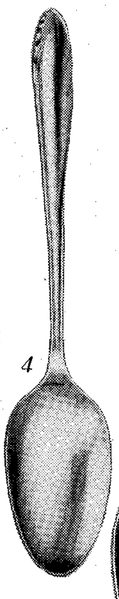
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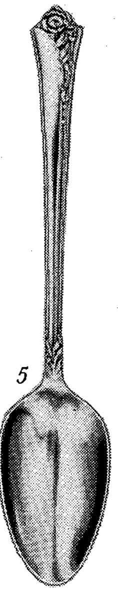
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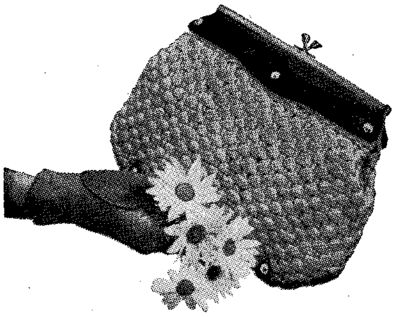

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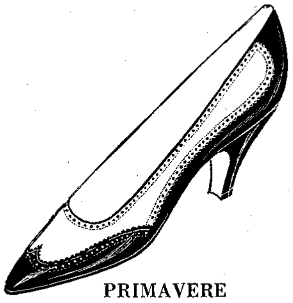

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Mrs. Levine had taken me in her arms and I had not liked it. I kept trying to think up ways in English to avoid the direct address, so that I could have conversation with her, but I never could think of one when I needed it. And now I didn't dare look at her in case I caught her eye and she thought I was staring. My nervousness around her increased with the day, until by evening whenever Mrs. Levine came into a room I must get up and walk out of it. I am sure that I wounded her deeply.

As the weeks went by, I began to spend a good deal of my time in the sanctuary of Annie's kitchen. I thought Annie was beautiful. I liked to watch her trip busily about, like the good sister in the fairy tale my father had taken me to see in the children's theatre. She looked so tidy in her linen dress and long apron. Her eyes were lowered demurely, but her little round nostrils stared outrageously. There was a game I played: I would stalk her around the kitchen, trying to maneuver myself into positions from which I could get a good look into the inside of Annie's nose.

Annie never told me to cheer up, or to do something, and she never pulled me up when I used German words instead of the English ones I didn't know. Mostly, Annie was not particularly listening. It gave me a certain freedom in talking with her.

I would say, "Annie, do you like Mrs. Levine?"

And Annie would say, "Yes. Mrs. Levine is a very nice lady."

I said, "I like her. I didn't like her in the beginning, but now I do, except she always makes me drink up my tea with milk and it makes me sick. I like Sally. Do you like Sally, Annie?" And I would discuss with Annie my impressions of the daughters of the house and ask Annie which one she thought was the prettiest. I knew that there were six. But I was still trying to figure out which of them lived in which of the rooms on the second floor, and which of them were married and only came to visit. I did not dare to talk to any of them, because their names and faces were interchangeable. Then I would say, "And Uncle Reuben, he is nice," with surprise to come across him in my mind, just as I was always surprised to come into a room and find him in it. This household full of women was inclined to forget Uncle Reuben except at mealtimes, to feed, or at times when he was sick, to fuss over. But whenever I did recall his existence, I liked him awfully. "He is kind," I said. "He

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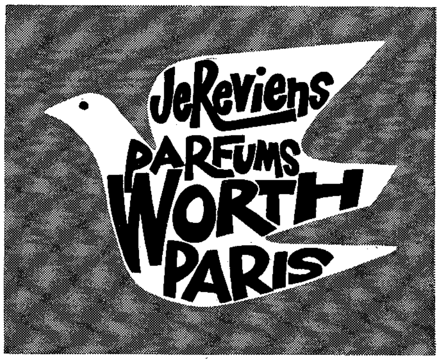

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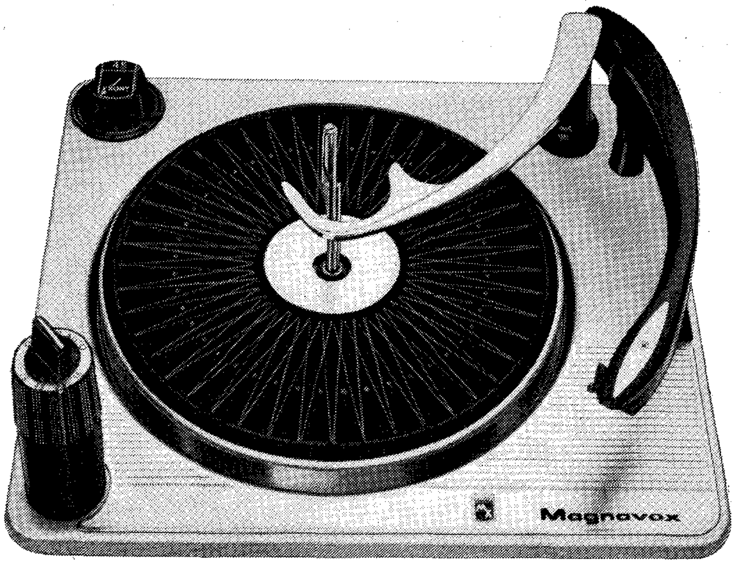

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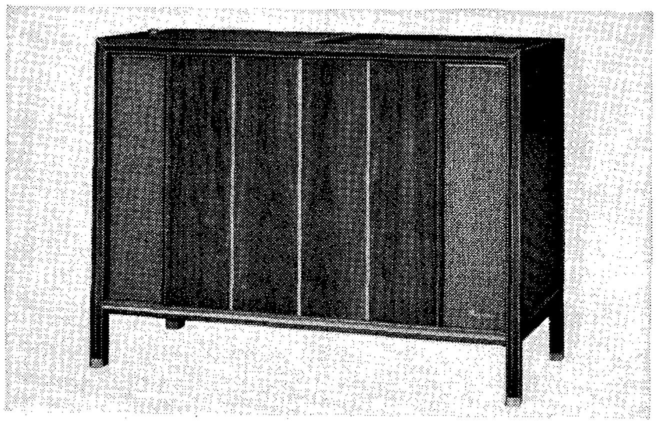

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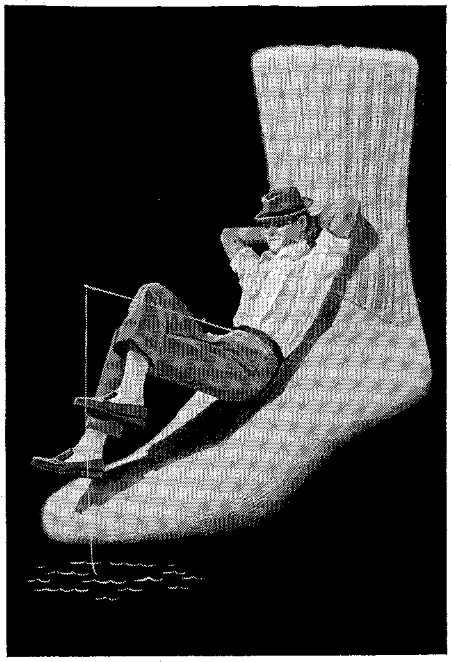

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gives me sixpence every Sunday. I like him very much."

Annie said yes, Mr. Levine was a very nice gentleman.

I enjoyed talking things over with Annie. I liked Annie. Then one day I went into the kitchen to look for her (there were visitors in the drawing room and I didn't know if I was supposed to go in) and Annie was not in the kitchen. I went up to the floor with the green carpet, but she wasn't there. All the doors were shut and blind. I stood listening, and I wondered about those five maids in their caps and aprons. I never had seen any of them again or ever stopped expecting to. (I suppose it must have occurred to me at some point that there never had been any maid but my own Annie, but mystification had become a habit of mind. Only now, with this writing down, is it obvious how Annie's curiosity had taken five separate peeks at the little refugee that first night; only now does Auntie Essie merge absolutely with the ugly old woman in fur and do I understand the word "taimtarais," which Annie said every morning when she came to wake me and which my father never did find in any dictionary.)

Annie's dustpan and broom leaned outside my room on the top floor. Annie was inside, but she wasn't cleaning. She was standing at my dressing table eating my chocolate. I heard the small rustle of her finger poking choosily in the box of sweets my mother had hidden in my suitcase for me—saw with my own eyes how Annie lifted one out and popped it into her mouth. I dared not breathe in case Annie should turn around and know that I had seen her. With a beating heart, I backed away, wondering how I should ever face her again, or what I would say to her when we met. I crept down the stairs.

I didn't want to stay alone in the kitchen. From the drawing room came the happy squealing of a little child. I felt such a curiosity and desire to be in there, too, that I opened the door and went self-consciously in. One of the married daughters had brought her small son to visit. The baby was running around in circles. Mrs. Levine said, "This is little Lore. Look who's come to play with you, Lore. This is our Bobby," and she caught hold of the child and she squeezed him and hugged him and said that she would like to eat him up.

"Oh, Ma!" said the daughter. "You spoil him. Say hello to the little girl. Go and shake hands." But the child escaped from his grandmother's grasp and slipped past his mother and con-

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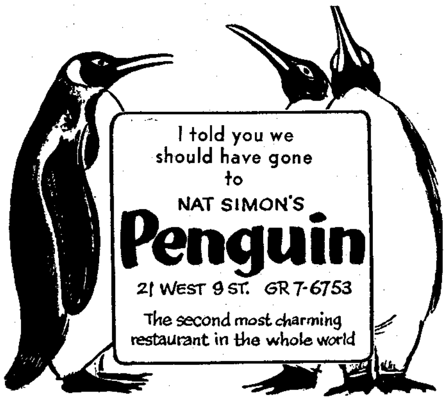
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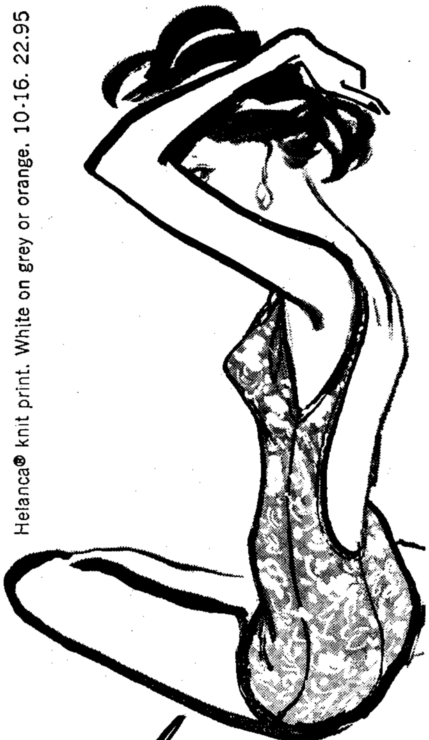
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tinued his crazy circling, making airplane noises the while, and wouldn't stop to look at me.

Little Bobby had a pair of those peculiar ghetto eyes—as if a whole history of huckstering and dreaming were gathered in the baby's deep eyes. His cheeks were soft and round. I thought he was the most beautiful child I had ever seen. I yearned toward him.

So did his grandfather. Uncle Reuben kept curling his beckoning finger and holding out a silver shilling, which the little boy caught from him like a relay runner snatching the baton, not staying to see his grandfather wink and put a conspiratorial finger to his lips. Bobby's mother said, "Now say thank you to your grandfather and come here at once. Come when I tell you. I'll put your shilling in my purse for you, or you'll lose it. Take his hand," she said to me, "and bring him here."

I put my hand out gladly, but the baby ducked and yelled and ran. I ran after him a little way, but I felt foolish and stopped. I thought, He's only little. I don't run around like that any more. I meant to stand there watching him smilingly, the way grownups watch children, but I did not know how. I rubbed the back of my hand against my temple in an agony of self-consciousness. I wished I had my little footstool to curl up on, but it was on the other side of the fireplace and it was impossible to think of walking so far with them watching me.

Now they had begun to talk about me. "That's all she ever does," Mrs. Levine was saying to her married daughter. "Write letters home or she just sits. I tell her she should occupy herself. She's got to try and be happy with us here. But she doesn't even try."

"But I am," I said. "I am happy." I thought I was, for after the first few days I lost the trick of crying whenever I felt like it, and after the first week I stopped feeling like it. I wondered and thought myself heartless. I said, "I'm not even unhappy any more."

"So why do you sit here all day long just moping," Mrs. Levine said, looking at me through her spectacles.

Little Bobby, who could not brook divided attention, crept between his grandmother's knees and pushed his shilling into her chin, saying, "Look what I got, Grandma! Grand-maaa!"

"I'm not moping," I said. "I just like sitting by the fire."

"Always an answer," Mrs. Levine said. "I never saw such a child for arguing. And you think I can get her to go out for some fresh air?"

"Look, Grandma!" little Bobby

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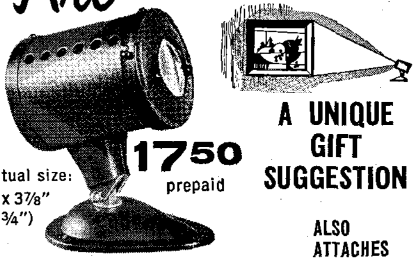

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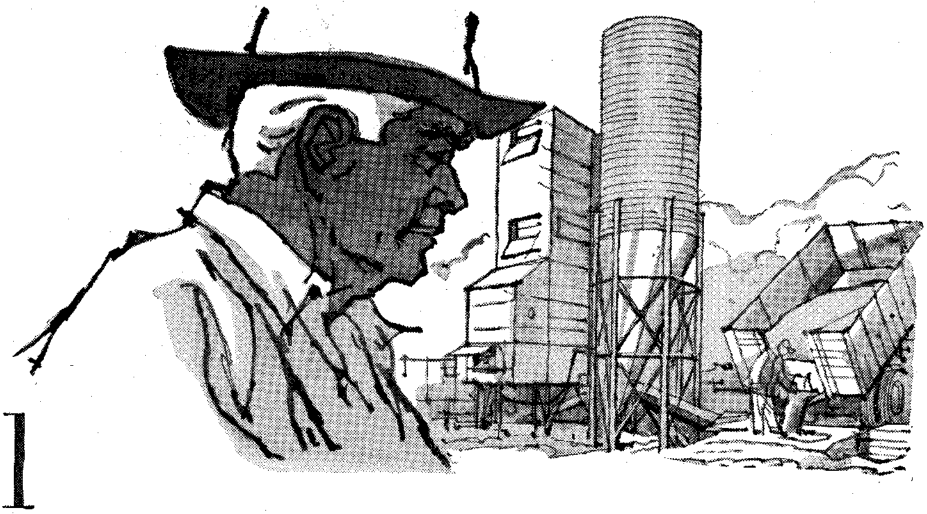

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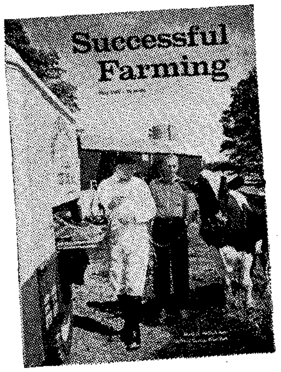

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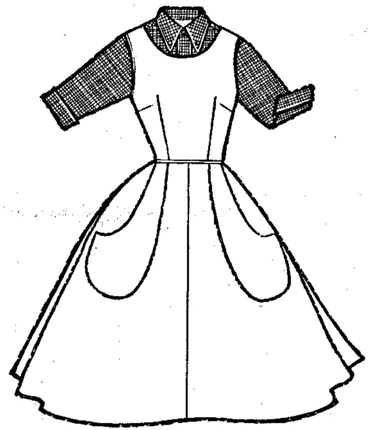

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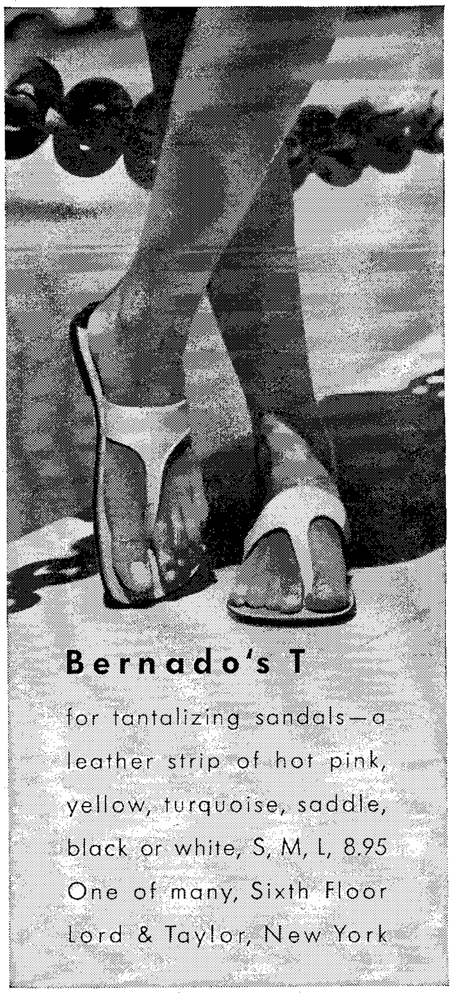

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said. "Look what I can do!" And he tipped his head back and laid the shilling on his forehead.

"My little Bubele!" cried Mrs. Levine. She squeezed his face between her hands and kissed him on the mouth.

"I will go," I said very loud. "I will go for a walk."

"You want to go now?" Mrs. Levine said. "Will you go with Annie?"

I blushed furiously, thinking of Annie and the chocolate, but I was committed to saying yes. I was almost glad I was going for a walk with Annie. I wanted to be angry with her.

I decided not to talk to Annie. We walked through the park gates. I knew that Annie was bad. I removed my hand from hers in a gesture of disassociation. I looked up from time to time with horror and awe at this Annie who had stolen my chocolate, but she was walking very straight, her nose pointing upward. I started kicking little stones; Annie let me. My freed hand kept getting in the way. I put it in my pocket, but it felt as if it didn't belong there and I took it out again. Presently I held it up for Annie, and she took it and swung it as we walked. I helped her swing it higher.

"You know," I said and looked up expectantly, "where I come from Jews aren't allowed to go into the parks?"

"Aren't they, now," Annie said. We walked on.

"You know what! You know what I'm going to do with my money? I'm saving it for when my parents come here."

Annie said, "How much you got?"

"Three shillings. Uncle Reuben gives me sixpence every Sunday. He gives Bobby a whole shilling, and he doesn't even say thank you," I said in a mean voice. "He's spoiled," I said, for the anger that was working in my chest and had bounced off Annie now found its mark. "All he can do is run around and make noises. He's just a baby, isn't he, Annie! I bet he doesn't even know what to do with all that money."

"Oh, well," said Annie comfortably, "there's always something you can do with money."

That very night, Annie knocked at my bedroom door. She was all dressed up in a navy-blue uniform with a red collar and red-ribboned bonnet, and she looked very smart and strange, almost like somebody I didn't know at all. She said could she come in, and did, and stood just inside my door.

I was proud to have her in my room in her uniform. "Where are you going in that?" I asked, making conversation.

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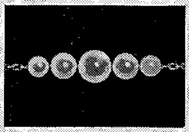

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got a meeting," Annie said. "We have a band and hymn singing. We sing hymns and sacred songs and we have this collection to give food to the poor people and bring them the Word of the Lord."

I listened intelligently. Annie had never spoken such a long sentence to me before. I was flattered. She was even coming over and sitting down on the edge of my bed.

"Today I don't know if I'm going, because I don't have any money to put in the collection. So I don't know if I'm going." Annie looked down at her immaculate black shoes and gave them a dusting with her black-gloved hand.

I noticed absently that her stockings were black, too. There was a brand-new thought working in my mind. It was so tremendous it made me dizzy. I blushed. I said, "If you like, I can lend you some money."

"Oh, no," Annie said. "No, that I never would. I wouldn't borrow money from you, though you are a darling child, that you are, and I'll pay you back every penny come payday—half a crown if you can spare it."

I was shocked at the largeness of the sum, for though I valued friendship above money, I had an attachment to the silver coins that had accumulated over the weeks. I counted five of the six into Annie's upturned palm and watched her take out her black purse and drop them in and clap it shut.

Then Annie asked me if I would like to come into her room. I blushed again, because Annie was taking so much account of me, and because I wanted so very badly to go into her room I said no, and immediately regretted it, especially after Annie had gone and her footsteps sounded away down the stairs.

IT was, I think, on the following afternoon that something happened. I came downstairs. Mrs. Levine was sitting by the window just where she had sat the first morning, and she was sewing a blue dress for me. I remembered with a shock of remorse how I had not liked her and how I had written about her to my mother. I suddenly liked her enormously. I was glad that she was old and ugly and I thought that I would love her forever, even if nobody else did, and was casting about in my mind for something to say to her so that I could call her "Auntie Essie" saying it, but she spoke first.

"Is that you, Lore? Come here. I want you." She had not raised her head and I could tell by her voice that there was something the matter. I looked

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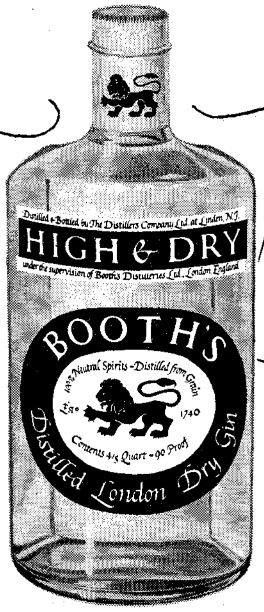
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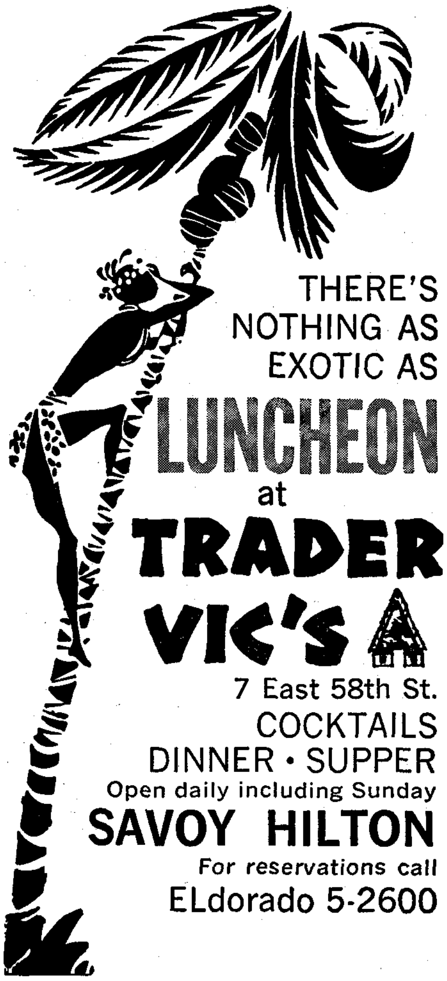
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around and I was glad that Annie was there, busying herself in the far corner of the dusky room. "I have to speak with you," Mrs. Levine said. "I hear that you are going around telling people we don't give you enough pocket money. I was very upset. I think that's very ungrateful of you."

"I didn't," I said, but without conviction; I was trying to recall to whom I had said such a thing. "I never," I said.

Mrs. Levine said, "I was quite upset. We do everything for you, and when I hear you are saying Uncle Reuben gives Bobby more money than he gives you I get very upset. And criticizing everybody—how my grandson is spoiled, and this one you like, and that one you don't like. You don't do that when you live in other people's houses."

I felt the blood pounding in my head—confused because she was accusing me of thoughts I did not recognize, and not accusing me of thoughts for which I had long felt guilty. I wanted to go away and think this out, but I knew I must stand and let Mrs. Levine scold me as long as she felt like it.

Her hands were trembling. Her needle rushed in and out of her seam. "It's not that I expect gratitude," she said. "But you might at least say 'thank you, Auntie Essie' when you see me sitting here sewing a dress for you, but you never notice what people do for you."

"I do," I said. "I do notice," but there was a small sulky voice inside me that said, "If she doesn't know I love her, I'm not going to tell her."

Mrs. Levine had not done with me yet. She was thoroughly worked up and she said excitedly, "And how often have I asked you to call me 'Auntie Essie,' but you never even remember—though you always say 'Uncle Reuben' to him, and then you go around telling people he doesn't give you enough pocket money and I'm sure he gives you as much as he can afford." Mrs. Levine was silent, sewing agitatedly on my dress.

I stood trembling. I looked toward Annie. I thought that any moment she would speak up and tell Mrs. Levine that there had been a mistake, and everything would be all right again, but Annie seemed still to be dusting the same shelf, and her back was to me.

I ran out and up to my room and threw myself on the bed meaning to cry and cry, but I managed only a few dry sobs. I was thinking how that little Bobby really did get twice as much money as I. It surprised me that I had not thought of it before. It made me an-

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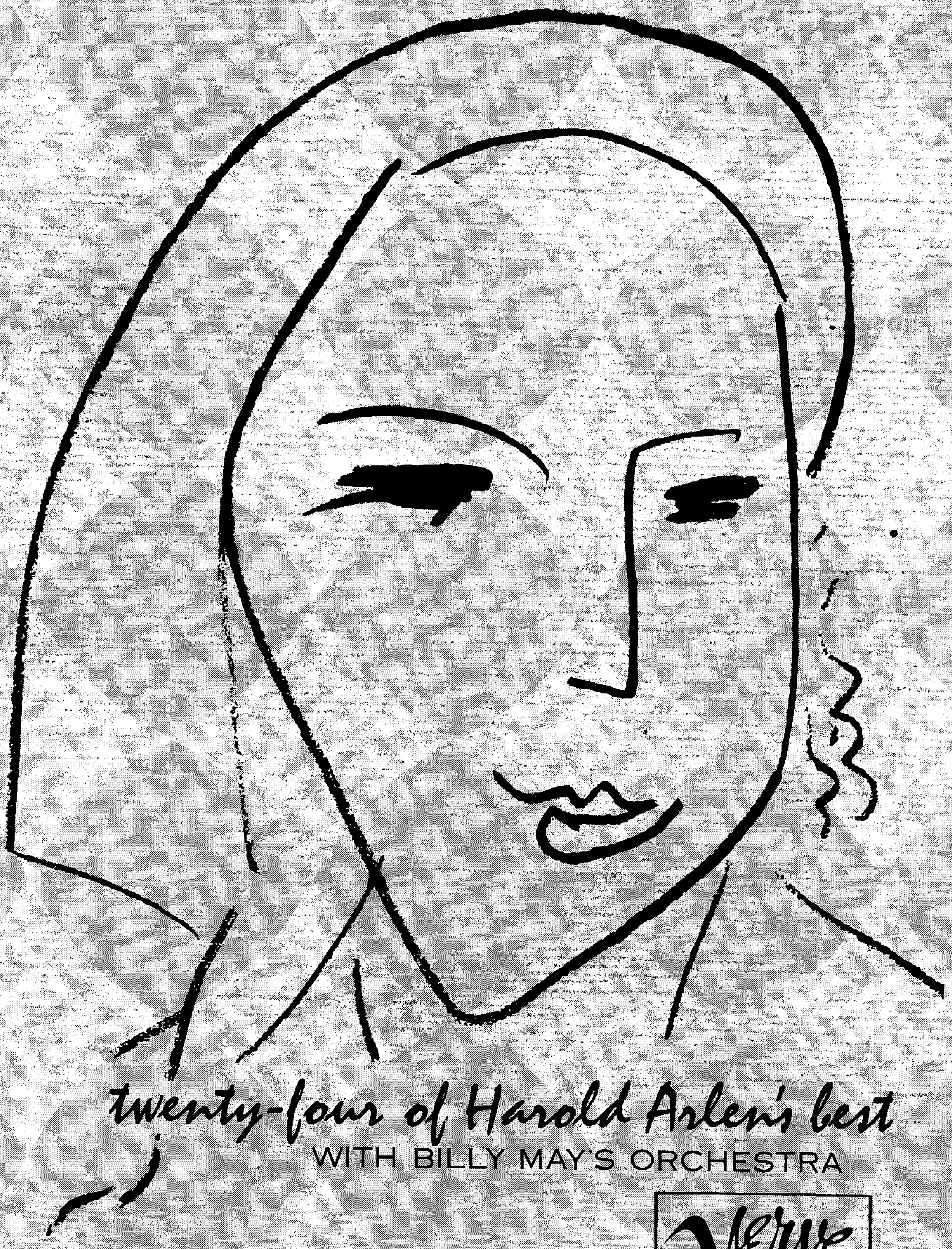

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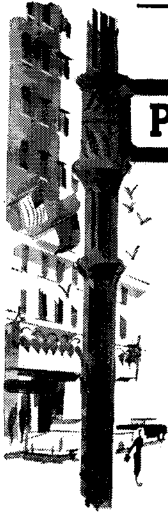
gry. I decided that I would not go downstairs for supper, nor to breakfast the next day, nor ever again. I would stay in my room and starve. I tried to cry some more, but I did not particularly feel like crying. I wondered if there was something the matter with me. I began to dream a dream—I imagined that I was weeping bitterly and that Mrs. Levine came into my room and saw me so and softly begged me to tell her why, and I could not speak because of the tears in my throat. My heart ached deliciously, imagining how Mrs. Levine wept for me.

I lifted my head from the pillow, listening to footsteps coming upstairs. Perhaps Mrs. Levine was coming. I held my breath, but they had stopped on the floor below. A door opened and shut. I heard the bathroom chain pulled and then somebody went back down. That was the front doorbell now—Uncle Reuben coming from his shop. Soon the girls would be home. They would all go into the dining room without me.

I was getting bored. I thought of writing a letter to my mother, but I didn't move from the bed. There was too much now that I could not tell her; it had shocked me profoundly to realize that everybody did not love me, and I knew if my mother were to find out that there were people who did not think me perfectly good and charming she could not bear it. The room had become dark and it was chilly. I thought how Annie would have to come up to my floor when she went to bed. Maybe I would call her. Maybe she would come in. I thought, If she invites me again to come into her room, I will go. I wondered how long it would be before Annie came upstairs.

After a bit, I walked out onto the landing and sat on the top step. Presently I went down to the floor with the green carpet and hung around there, and then I went all the way down to the ground floor. Everybody would be home by now. I could hear them talking in the living room, but I didn't know if I should go in. I wondered if Mrs. Levine was telling them all those things about me. I stood outside the door trying to hear what they were saying, but my figure limned itself on the frosted glass and Mrs. Levine called out, "All right, then, so come in. You don't have to listen behind the door."

I came in with my head on fire. Mrs. Levine was biting off her basting thread. She asked Annie if we had time to try on before supper, and though I kept waiting all that evening and for days afterward for the catastrophe to



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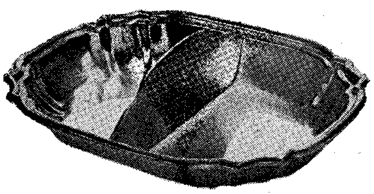

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follow, it seemed as if Mrs. Levine had forgotten the things she had said to me.

ANNIE, too, seemed to have forgotten about the half crown I had lent her. I studied Annie. From the free and easy way that she talked and laughed with me, I could tell she had forgotten that she owed me two shillings and sixpence. I was too shy to remind her, but I never quit thinking that sometime she would remember and give me back my money. This expectation became attached to Annie like an attribute—like the playful angle of her nose and the warm grip with which she swung my hand when we two walked together. I always liked Annie.

Mrs. Levine I went on loving when she wasn't looking. There was now no hope of our coming together, for the accumulated mutual frustration and misapprehension had set a pattern for us; the phrases that she spoke to me and the tone in which I answered had become ritual. Now, seeing me sit idly by the fire, she would often say, "Don't you even want to go and write a letter to your parents?" And I would say, "No, I don't feel like writing."

Mrs. Levine said, "My goodness, I never saw such a child for sitting around and moping."

I said, "I'm not moping."

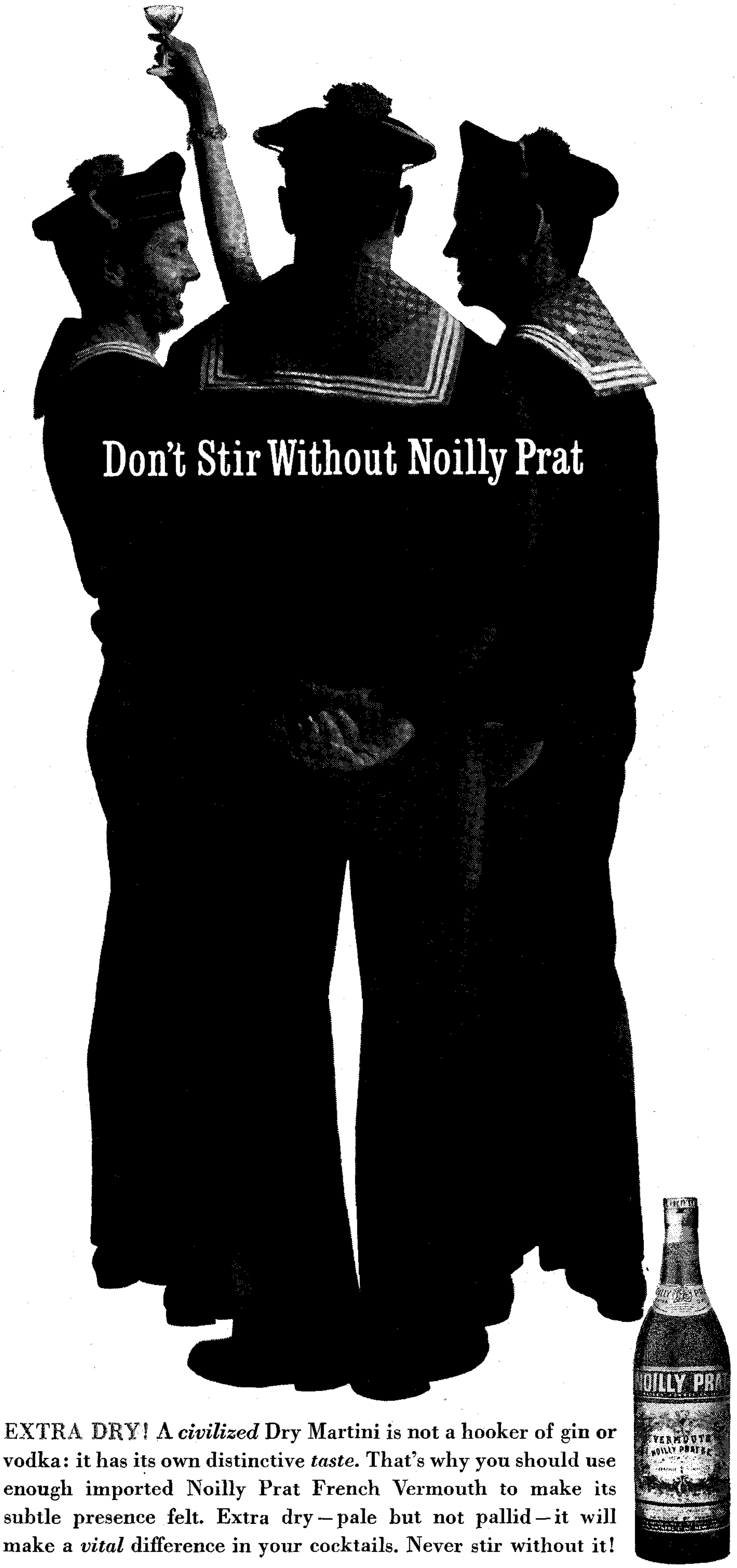
"Yes, you are," Mrs. Levine said.

"No, I'm not."

And if Annie was around, Mrs. Levine would turn her hands outward and her mouth down and say, "Listen to that! I've never seen such a child for arguing."

The truth was that I never exactly understood the word "moping," because I could not determine what Mrs. Levine saw in me when she used it. Often when I giggled in the kitchen with Annie, I stopped myself in horror—I had been enjoying myself; it was hours since I had remembered my parents.

MY parents arrived in England in March, when I had been with the Levines four months. They stayed for three days and then went on south to fulfill the terms of the "domestic-service" visa, which had allowed them to immigrate. Their employer invited me to spend two weeks of the summer holidays with them. On my arrival, my mother made me write the Levines a very grateful letter. They answered immediately and most affectionately. They said how happy it made them to think how happy I must be near my beloved parents, and wouldn't I be happier staying there for good. Besides,



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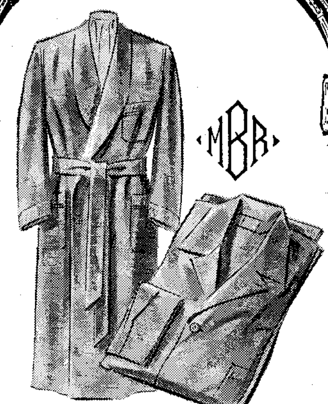

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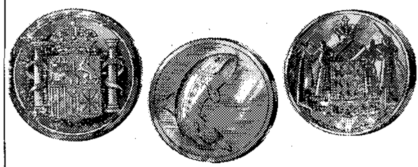

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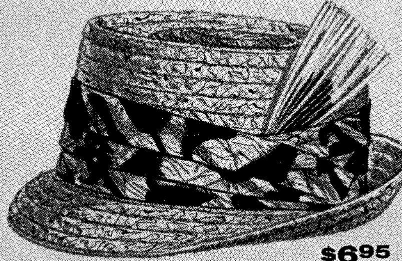

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a cousin had fallen ill and Mrs. Levine was nursing her and Mrs. Levine herself was feeling poorly.

The refugee committee in town found a new foster family for me to live with. After a while, an aunt of theirs fell ill, too, and then I lived with another family, and when they moved out of town I lived with another family. I had a serial story running through those years that I continued in bed every night, about a pale, tragic-eyed girl. Her hair was long and sad and she wept much. She suffered. She kept herself to herself. I regretted my daytime self, which was always wanting to be where everyone else was, though I never did learn to come into a room without stopping outside to hear if they were talking about me, to gather myself together, invent some little local excuse, or think up some bright thing to say, as if it might look foolish for me to just open a door and walk in.

—LORE GROSZMANN SEGAL

•

WHAT BONES SAY

The skeleton
is hardly a lesson
in human nature.

Similarly, stones
are the bones of landscapes,
and yet trees blossom

in contradiction.
We are much more
than our brittle topography.

Nevertheless,
what is it
about bones and skull

that suggests a whole
compelling humanity?
The bones' statuary

pose, like handwriting,
the thin, helpless,
scrawled mortality?

Wise to keep
a skull in the cupboard,
not as warning

but as a bulwark
against disaster
or wild dreaming.

And you—it behooves you,
that you may dispense
with my passing madness,

to take fair note
of this ultimate:
a skeleton loves you.

—ALASTAIR REID

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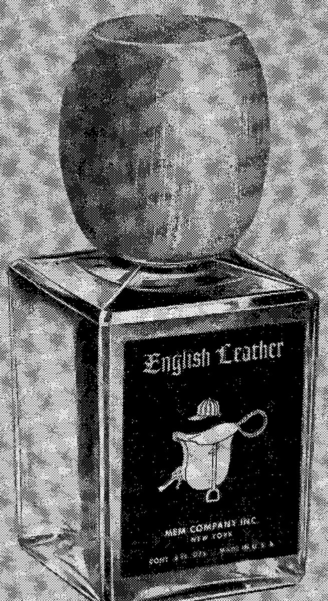

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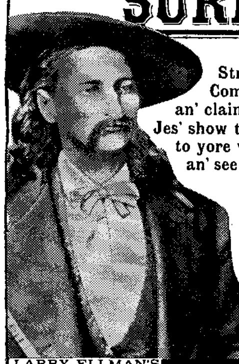

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NEXT
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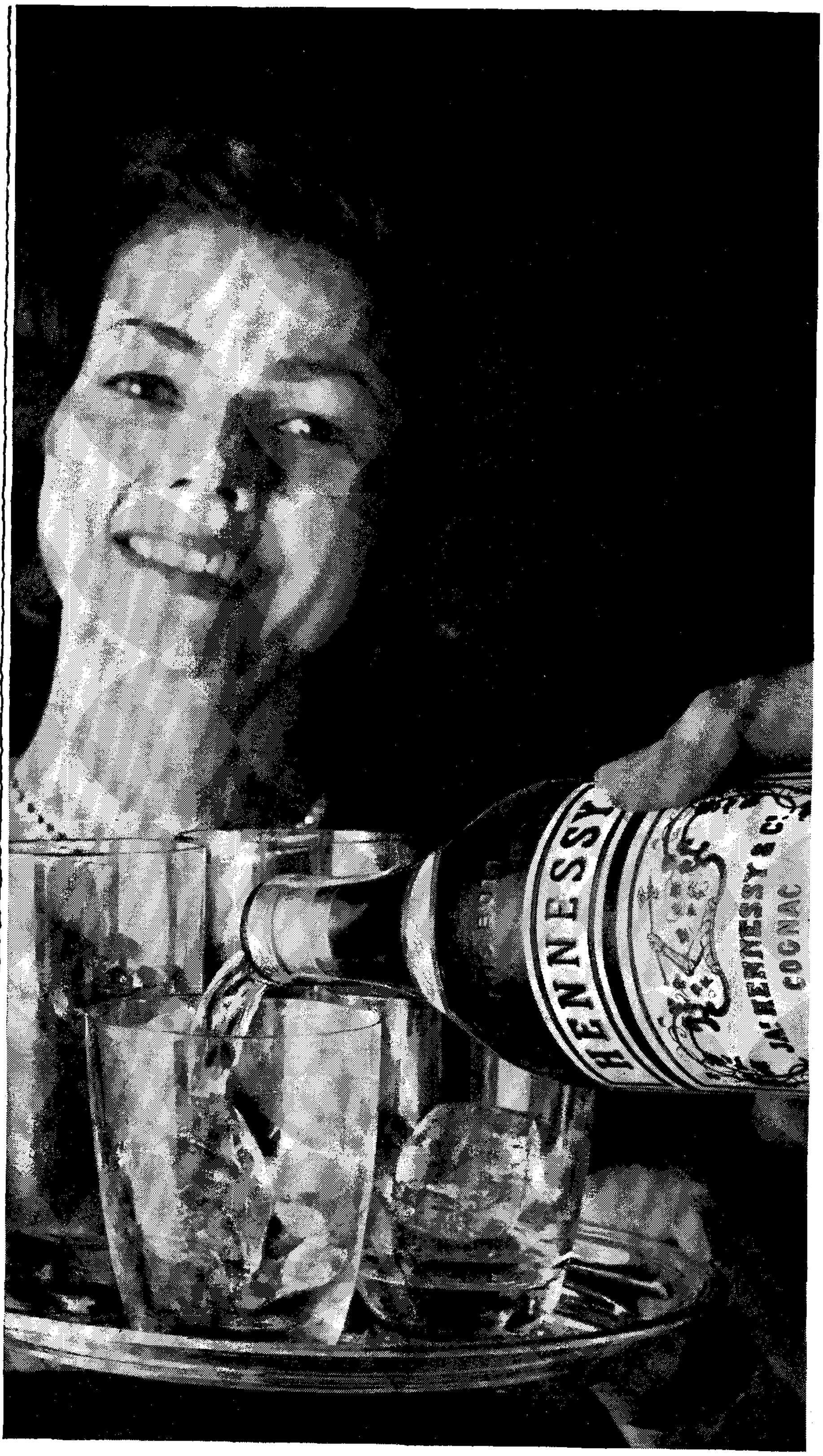
THE idea that sets off "Please Turn Over," a British farce, has been worn so threadbare by now that the only surprise is that it is amusing at all. Most of the time, the picture is just about amusing at all; occasionally, it is very amusing. Its heroine is a girl of seventeen who secretly writes one of those quivering "I" novels exposing the hidden corruption in a placid suburban town, and she uses her humdrum family circle and the humdrum town she lives in as models for the characters and setting. The book is published and causes the expected sensation—high-pitched giggles, peeping tomfoolery, outrage, a sock in the jaw, and a threatened lawsuit. Some of the movie's tricks, though, happen to work. The best of them is having the principal actors—those who play the girl, her parents, her spinster aunt, a few of their associates, and their belligerent maid—double as their counterparts in the novel, which they act out as they read it. Their glazed, deadpan rendition of the second-hand dialogue is quite funny, especially in some of the more lurid scenes of seduction and drunkenness—which never, by the way, cross the border into any approximation of realism but appear to us exactly as they might be imagined by a simple-minded girl with a card at the lending library. (How do seventeen-year-olds in England manage to stay so naïve?)

It is hard to believe that anything even as serious as a parody of popular fiction was intended by the writer or the director. The whole project boils down to a series of vaudeville turns by a number of quick-change artists, who certainly seem to enjoy their work. So, in a way, did I. The only one of them I recognized was Dilys Laye, the husky-voiced comedienne of "The Boy Friend" (she sang "It's Never Too Late to Fall in Love"), who plays an efficient secretary transformed into a heartless gold-digger. Seeing the movie is about as restful and diverting as leafing through old bound volumes of *Punch* on a rainy afternoon,



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which is pretty restful and diverting, at that.

"PARRISH," an odd combination of instruction, uplift, and horsing around, deals with work and bucolic pleasures along the tobacco roads of Connecticut. The title role—that of a blond young man who determines, in the face of considerable distraction, to learn the tobacco business—is assumed (I guess that's the word) by a blond young man named Troy Donahue. Claudette Colbert plays a professional chaperon, the kind of high-minded, unfocussed matron who would name a boy Parrish; Karl Malden plays a ruthless tycoon; and Dean Jagger plays an upright farmer. For a while, I thought that perhaps Miss Colbert and Mr. Malden were being a little overexpressive. Then I listened to the lines they had to speak and decided that anything they did was O.K. The picture was written, directed, and produced by Delmer Daves, and an attractive girl named Connie Stevens does quite well as one of the bucolic pleasures.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN DEPT.

[*From "Management Guide to Overseas Operations," edited by Dan H. Fenn, Jr.*]

I do know that business relations among men of different nationalities sometimes serve to take the edge off belligerency, and I can testify to it with a little anecdote from World War II:

Our office in Paris was on the line of march when Hitler's Wehrmacht rumbled into the ancient city and along the Champs Élysées. Suddenly, one of the tanks swerved out of line and headed straight for it. The tank came to a halt and disgorged a German soldier who thundered on the door and made it plain he wanted to come in. Come in he did, and there he stood in that enemy uniform, with a gun on his hip and a grim look on his face.

Our French employees had a bad moment—until the German soldier suddenly smiled and said:

"I'm from the National Cash Register Company in Berlin. I'm sorry I can't stay very long, but I was wondering—did you make your quota last year?"

•

A list of titles available and an index of subjects will be found in the library for consultation. The munificent gift included nearly all the Penguins and Pelicans now in print. The Pelican library is remarkable, containing scholarly works on a large number of recondite subjects; such as "Animals Parasitic in Man," "Invertebrates," "Flower Arrangement," "Knitting" and so on through nearly every department of human knowledge.—*Notice received by a member of the British Institute, Florence.*

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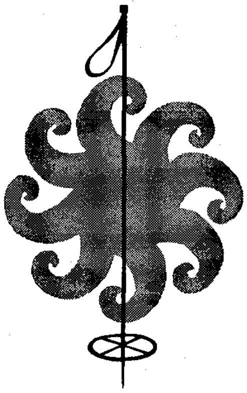

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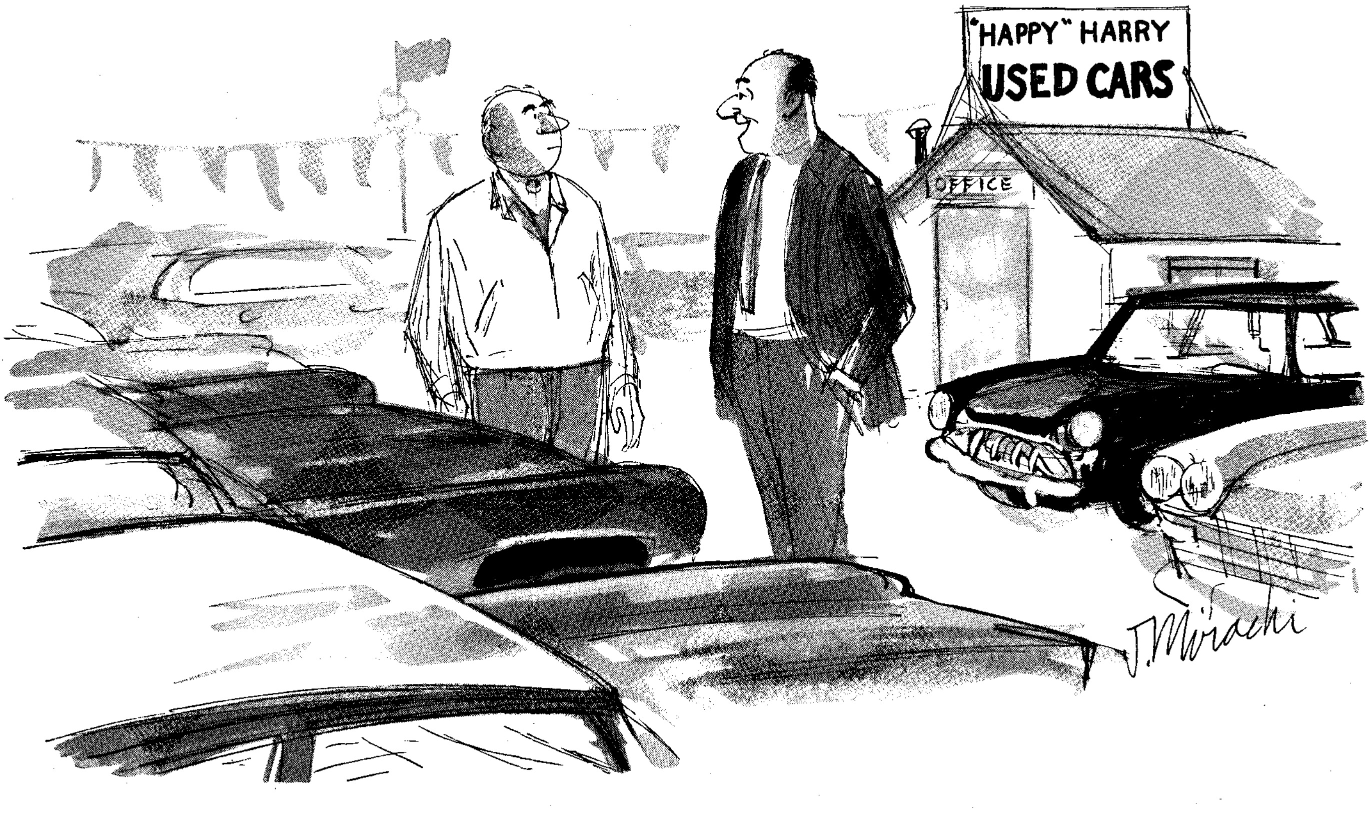
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE trouble, I think, with outdoor furniture of late years is that in growing increasingly sumptuous it has lost much of the casual charm that was once its whole point. For those elegant swimming-pool-and-chaise-longue scenes in the whiskey and cigarette ads, the ever more elaborate metalwork, the richer and thicker seat cushions, and the increasingly dashing colors are, no doubt, exactly right, but if the idea is to find comfortable seats for a garden where it's desirable that the delphiniums, rather than the furniture, dominate the scene, some careful picking and choosing will have to be done amid the avalanche of outdoor furniture that is being turned out this season by manufacturers who seem bent only on proving that they can turn out an avalanche of outdoor furniture.

A collection that has obviously been picked and chosen with the utmost discrimination is on hand at Georg Jensen, and I'm sure it will please people who hold out for distinction, comfort, and grace in their outdoor setups. However, it is composed almost exclusively of Hong Kong-made rattan and willow pieces, which can't be trusted to stand up indefinitely against the elements, so whether it will appeal to the householder who takes a not altogether amiable view of lugging his garden chairs and tables in out of the rain is another question. The answer, of course, is that these delightful furnishings—all of which, by the way, carry unexpectedly reasonable price tags—are to be used for the patio, the terrace, the sun deck, or whatever this year's stylish designation of the semi-outdoors may be. The prize of the Jensen furniture collection is a strikingly simple contour-form chaise longue done in beautifully woven rattan and set on gently curving runners that are not quite rockers and that give the chair an easy good looks not often found in casual furniture of this sort. It is, I suppose, in order to meet the challenge of the rocking being done on the New Frontier that a most restful armchair of the same rattan weave is equipped with out-and-out rockers. This chair costs $50, and the chaise longue costs $75. Other noteworthy items in the show are a very low and deep-seated chair of lacquered willow, at $20.50; a Bath chair of the same material, at $120; a set of three rattan stools of various sizes, at $40 for the set; and a high-backed chair, also in rattan, of that rather pretentious peacock design, at $120.

The furniture that Jensen has assembled is only one part of a comprehensive exhibit that is intended to meet all the needs of outdoor living, so I suppose there was no avoiding the inclusion of such boring paraphernalia as barbecue grills (superior, I admit, to most barbecue grills) and manly chefs' aprons. But if the banality of these items lowers the style of things, the show is lifted to a lofty realm of applied design by a very beautiful terrace fountain from Italy, of cerulean-blue mosaic. This entrancing conceit is a shallow saucer, three and a half feet across, set on a black pedestal that brings the over-all height to two feet four inches. The fountain is electrically operated, by a pump of the sort used for indoor fish tanks (it can be plugged into any A.C. outlet), so the jet of water that splashes in the center of the little pool renews itself constantly without wasting a drop and without imposing the necessity of plumbing connections, either for a water supply or for drainage. Even on Jensen's second floor, the fountain pool is an enchantment; how much more delightful it would be splashing away on a city terrace on a hot day, or set in the middle of a country patio, is not hard



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Melis el magnifico

to imagine. The price of the lovely thing is $400.

MORE furniture for partly covered areas is to be found at Leigh Hammond, a fairly new establishment at 963 Madison Avenue (75th), along with a variety of tastefully selected summer furnishings for the house—fabrics, furniture, window arrangements, and such. Among several handsome outdoor pieces made, on Long Island, of a particularly sturdy willow is a love seat—a sort of two-seated sofa, with seat and back cushions—that is especially good-looking, as Heaven knows it ought to be, at $310. A very low, deep-seated, cushioned easy chair of the same willow is $160, and a number of hourglass tables about the right height and size for holding a tray cost $90 each. The Hammond people say that this Long Island willow furniture, unlike its Chinese counterpart, is so strong that it can be left out in the open, but that's their claim, not mine.

AND now, after a pause to mention *an exceedingly useful ottoman, in* white, orange, or turquoise canvas, that Abercrombie & Fitch has had the practical good sense to add to the familiar British officer's chair, thus turning that old standby into a very comfortable chaise longue (the chair costs $19.95 and the ottoman $11.50), I shall have something to say about furniture that is for the real outdoors and that can be trusted to take care of itself, rain or shine. Having lived for half a dozen years with a perfectly simple contour-form chaise longue made of one piece of heavy canvas laced onto a gently curving frame of tubular wrought iron painted white, I know what I am talking about when I say that this is unquestionably as comfortable, as unobtrusive, and as practical a garden chair as can be found. The tautly stretched canvas dries in a matter of minutes after a rain, the frame is rustproof, the shape is graceful, and, all together, they make an infinitely relaxing seat. This paragon of easy chairs has been off the market for some years, but it—or something that resembles it very closely—has now put in an appearance at Hammacher Schlemmer, with off-white, turquoise, or rust canvas, for $35.90.

Salterini has brought out some chairs that look to me as if they would be extremely comfortable for lounging, although they would certainly do just as well for dining, which is what the manufacturer says they were made for. Indeed, for dining they would be so un-

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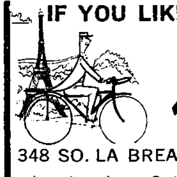

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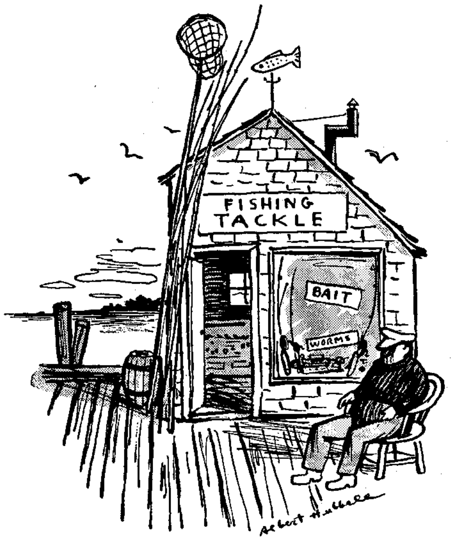
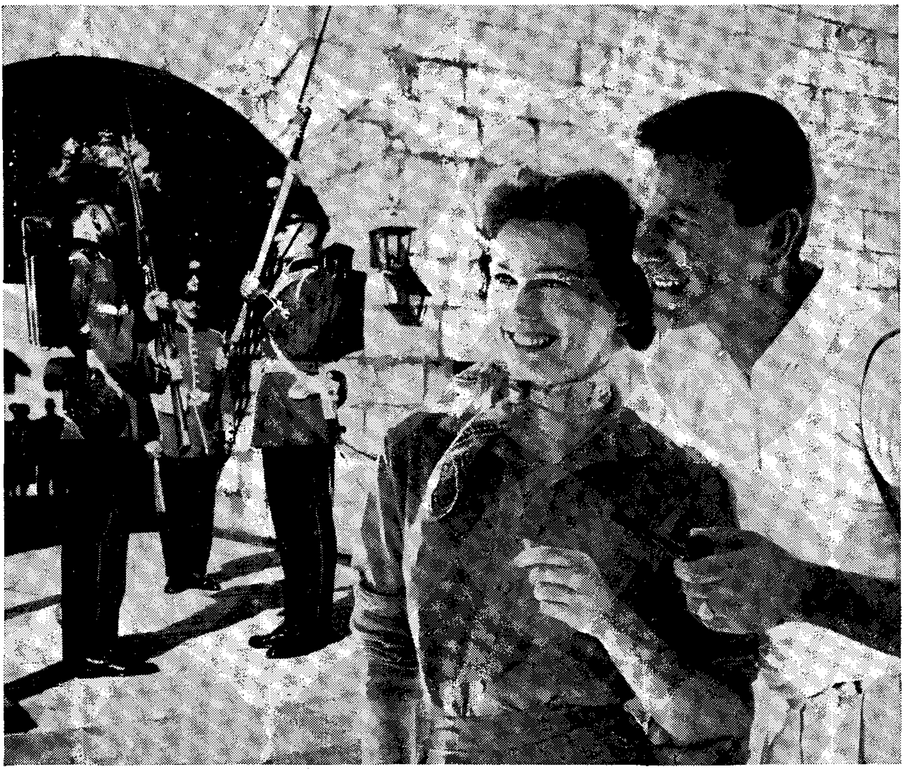
pretentiously elegant that they might well inspire a hostess to provide a meal to match—fine food to be lingered over in easy enjoyment. The chairs, which come in white-painted wrought iron (they are also painted in other colors, but these I admire less), are deep-seated and fairly low, and the backs are done in a sketchy sort of openwork that gives exactly the right support. While the seat cushion does put the responsibility on the owner of getting it in out of bad weather (it's covered with Bahia cloth), it is easily detachable, so that isn't much of a chore. The price at Altman and at Hammacher Schlemmer is around $50.

For the householder who understands by "outdoor furniture" something that can be left outdoors and requires no care at all, a new chair manufactured by the Troy Sunshade Company is a real find. The frame and the laced webbing of the seat and back are made entirely of translucent jade-green Fiberglas—a newly developed material that is as strong as iron, as light as a feather, and completely impervious to anything the elements can inflict. The stuff is employed in this case to produce good-looking and extremely restful armchairs that, in addition to their other practical qualities, can be stacked one atop another—if that's what you want to do with your chairs. The price is around $40 or $45 at Altman, Leigh Hammond, Hammacher Schlemmer, and Mayhew, 603 Madison Avenue (57th).

MY continuing preference for marble-topped tables in the garden, in the face of all those lovely plastics that have lately been invading even the great outdoors (the *Times* the other day reported on plastic igloos, and a Maine paper has envisioned the use of plastic

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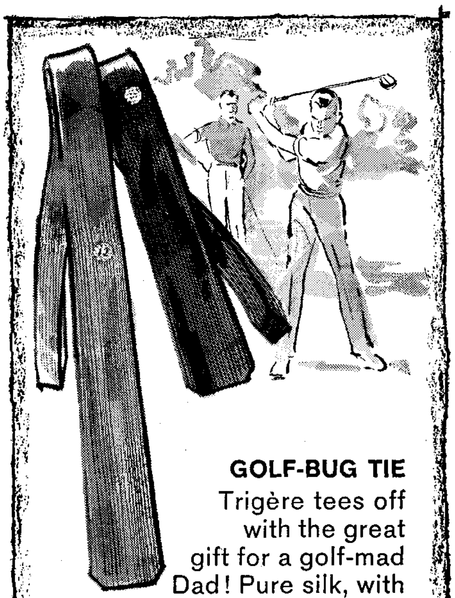

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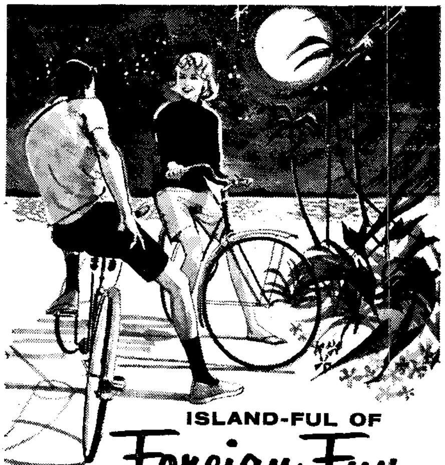
lobster pots), will be put down, I daresay, to plain contrariness. If, however, anybody in the garden shares my affection for marble to eat off, or to set a Martini pitcher or a tea tray on, he would do well to follow me to the showrooms of Rene Brancusi, 1001 First Avenue (55th), where just about every conceivable size, shape, and variety of marble top is on view. Brancusi also has an ample stock of cast-iron pedestals, and although many of them are both too heavy and too ornate for my taste, there are a number of simple bases that are quite adequate. The tops are of white, green, red, purple, brown, black, and gray marbles from Italy, pinks from Portugal, and a very striking stone of mottled yellow from Spain. Prices start at $24, for a Carrara top two feet in diameter, and go on up, and there are a number of nicely designed bases for $49.95.

HOW many times, I wonder, has another "Walden" failed to get itself written because our contemporary nature-loving scribes are put off by the Maine black fly or the Long Island mosquito? While I can't, of course, offer any dependable statistics on this probable loss to literature, it may be good news to any number of persons—geniuses and non-geniuses alike—who are thus frustrated in a desire to identify themselves with nature that a very neat screened summerhouse is to be had at Macy and at Hammacher Schlemmer. It is in the form of an irregular octagon, twelve feet eight inches long, nine feet wide, and ten feet high, and is enclosed with aluminum screening and topped with a weatherproof green nylon roof. The whole thing can be easily taken down and folded for winter storage, and it costs $229.

NOW that I have, I hope, presented you with satisfactory objects for outdoor eating, and sitting, and reclining, let us consider what jars and pots will suitably hold the flora necessary for the embellishment of terrace and patio. Elinor Merrell, 18 East 69th Street, has exactly what you are looking for if what you are looking for is a supply of those vast, handsome jardinieres that used to add their imposing elegance to the porches and terraces of early- and mid-nineteenth-century mansions. Among the simplest of these containers are some unadorned terra-cotta jars from the South of France, many of them big enough to hold a small tree or a large shrub, whose prices start at around $80. More elaborately and



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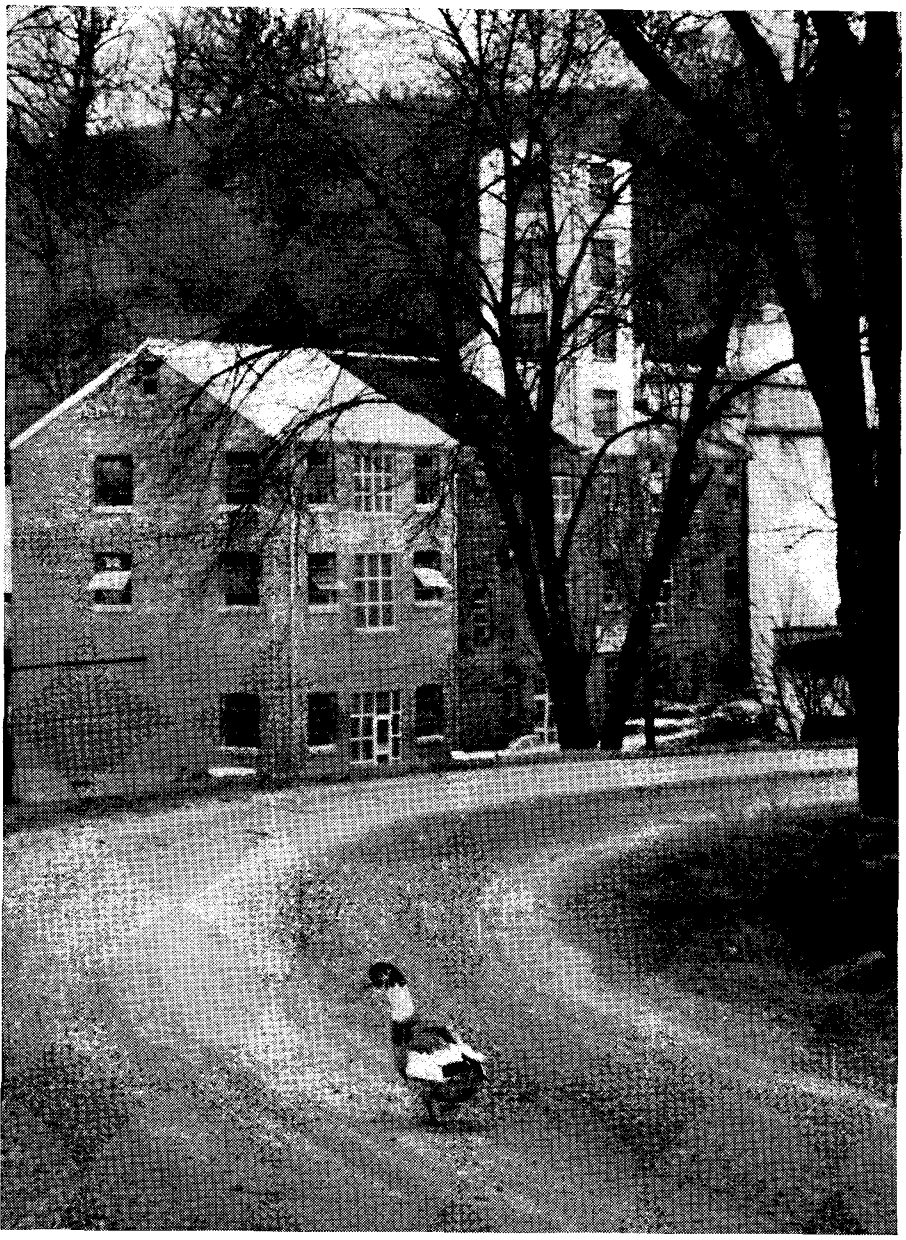
elegantly designed specimens include a pair of nineteenth-century red tôle urns, fourteen inches high, at $250 for the pair; a pair of beautiful and most unusual cornucopia-shaped tôle containers from eighteenth-century Holland, twenty-three inches high, at $550 for the pair; and some equally rare early-nineteenth-century jardinieres, about fifteen inches high, of cream-colored pottery decorated charmingly with a scene in deep blue, at $125 each. These are by no means all, but they should give an idea of the distinction of this collection of outdoor antiques.

Nothing could be less like the Merrell jardinieres than an exhibit of very modern jars, intended for the same purpose, that are to be seen at Georg Jensen. In department-store parlance, "planters" seems to be the accepted term for these, or for anything else that houses a growing plant; the connotation of the word, though, has grown so unpleasant, suggesting, as it does, the current weakness for putting plants in something (preferably an antique) not meant for the purpose—a Japanese *hibachi*, or a *prie-dieu*, or an eighteenth-century sewing box—that I prefer to make do with "jardiniere," as long as everybody knows what I am talking about. The Jensen jardinieres, then, are mostly of ceramic in tones of brown and tan and cream—some with raised decoration on the outside—and a few are of unadorned terra cotta in appealing shapes. They vary in size from a pot big enough to hold an azalea to one that might accommodate a small shrub; all are furnished with holes for drainage; and prices run from $11 to $125.

Still among the modern containers, Mayhew has two perfectly beautiful and quite grand urns that ought to find a home on a very imposing terrace; they are of French pottery with a high white glaze, they are twenty inches high and twenty inches in diameter, and they cost $225 apiece.

AND now, having decorated the outdoors within an inch of its life, you should know about Lord & Taylor's latest contribution to indoor summer living, since, improbable as it may seem, we shall be moving in from the garden or the terrace occasionally. Lord & Taylor's offering—something badly needed this season, when good-looking strictly summer rugs seem to be at a premium—is some eighteen-inch hemp squares hand-woven in the Philippines in extremely decorative cartwheel patterns. They come in two color arrangements—one predomi-



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nantly lemon-colored and the other bright orange—and L. & T. will make them up into rugs of any size, alternating the different-colored squares or using only those of one shade. Either way, they are charming, and cost $2.25 per square. —S. H.

•

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL

(IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD)

[*From the Congressional Record*]

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The time of the Senator has expired.

Mr. GOLDWATER. May I have 10 more minutes?

May I ask the majority leader a question? It is obvious that I am convincing *no one* but myself, the Senator from Kentucky [Mr. COOPER], and the majority leader.

Mr. CURTIS. Oh, I am being convinced.

Mr. GOLDWATER. I know the Senator from Nebraska has been convinced for some time, because he has the same philosophy on this question that I have.

Mr. CURTIS. When the Senator from Arizona speaks, he fills my mind.

Mr. GOLDWATER. I thank the Senator. I hope that he will continue to have an open mind and that he will be able to fill it with the philosophy which he and I share.

May I ask the majority leader if the Senate is prepared to adjourn at 6:30 p.m.?

Mr. MANSFIELD. Would the Senator object if the 10 minutes which have been yielded to him were taken by him at the conclusion of the morning hour tomorrow?

Mr. GOLDWATER. I shall be glad to do that. This is an important amendment. I am not fooling myself for 1 minute about its chances, but I think Senators from States that have businesses that are affected by foreign imports should have an opportunity to hear a part of this discussion, and what I cannot complete I can certainly put in the RECORD by unanimous consent.

Mr. MANSFIELD. I agree, and I think the Senator is entitled to a larger audience than is present at this time.

Mr. GOLDWATER. I do not know that I am entitled to it, because I do not know that the speaker or the brilliance of the remarks are such that they are entitled to a larger audience. But I get lonesome. The Senator from Montana and I both come from Western States where we are used to standing in the broad expanses where there is nothing but the Lord and the wind. In this Chamber sometimes we do not have the Lord present, but we always have wind present. I am standing here, getting a little lonesome. I would like to address my remarks to a little larger audience.

Mr. MANSFIELD. The Senator is too modest. Then, we shall operate on that basis, with the understanding that at the conclusion of the morning hour tomorrow, the Senator from Arizona will be allowed at least 10 minutes to continue with the discussion of his amendment.

Mr. GOLDWATER. I thank the Senator very much.

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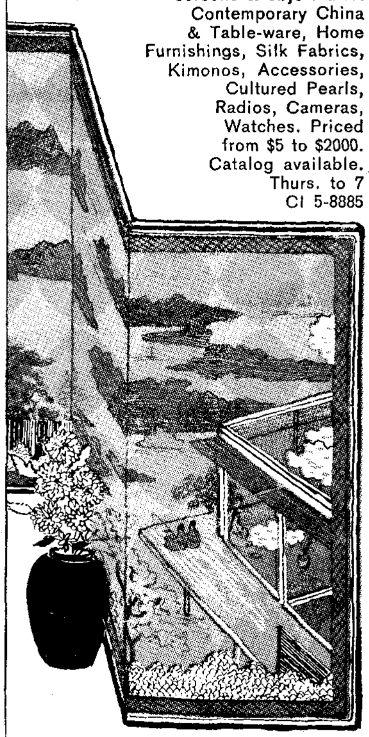

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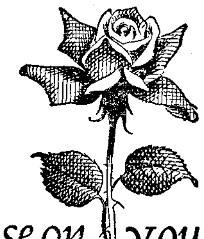

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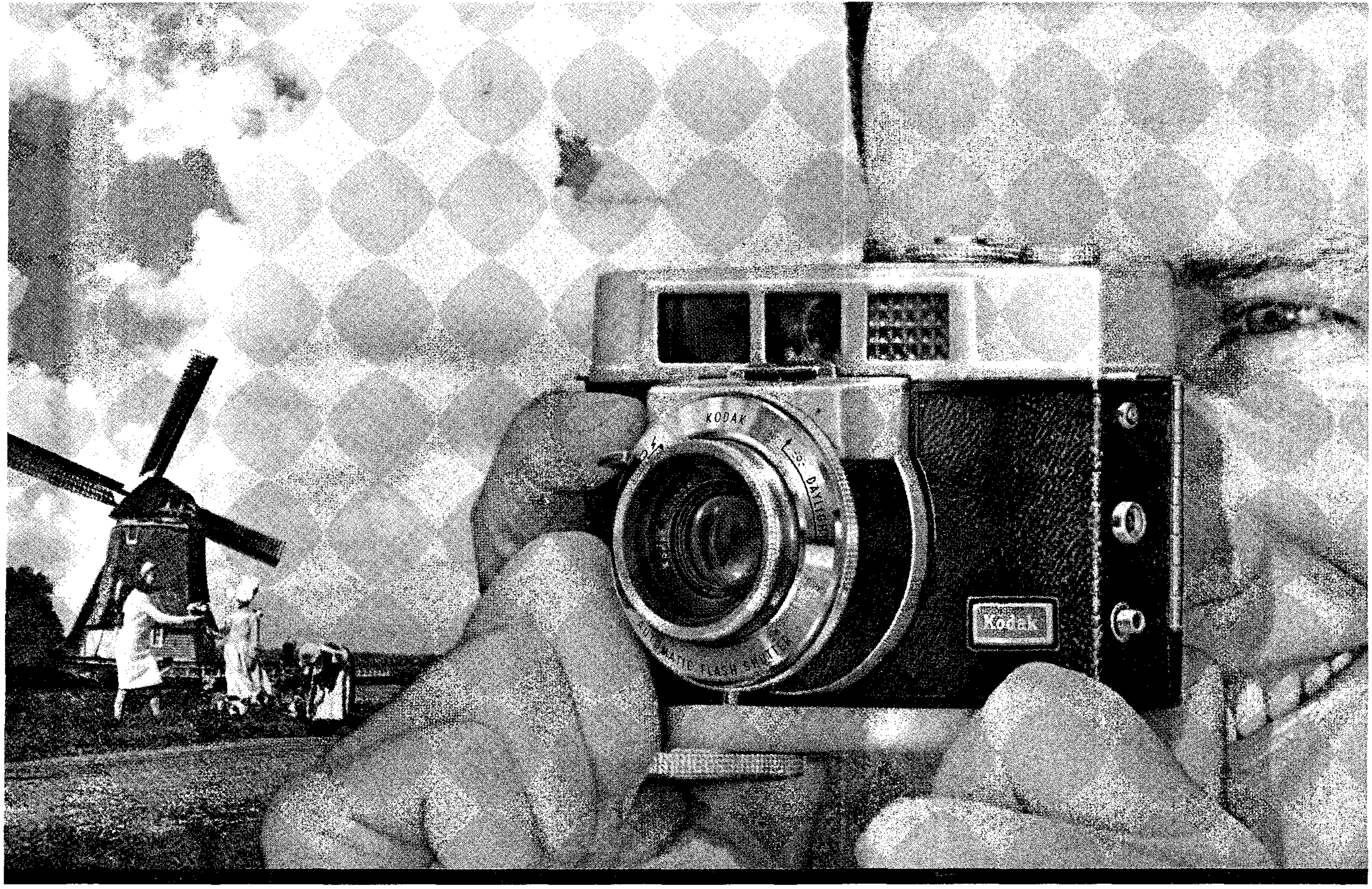

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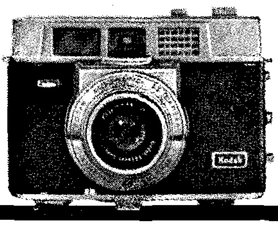

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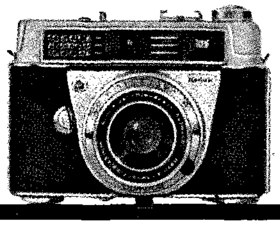

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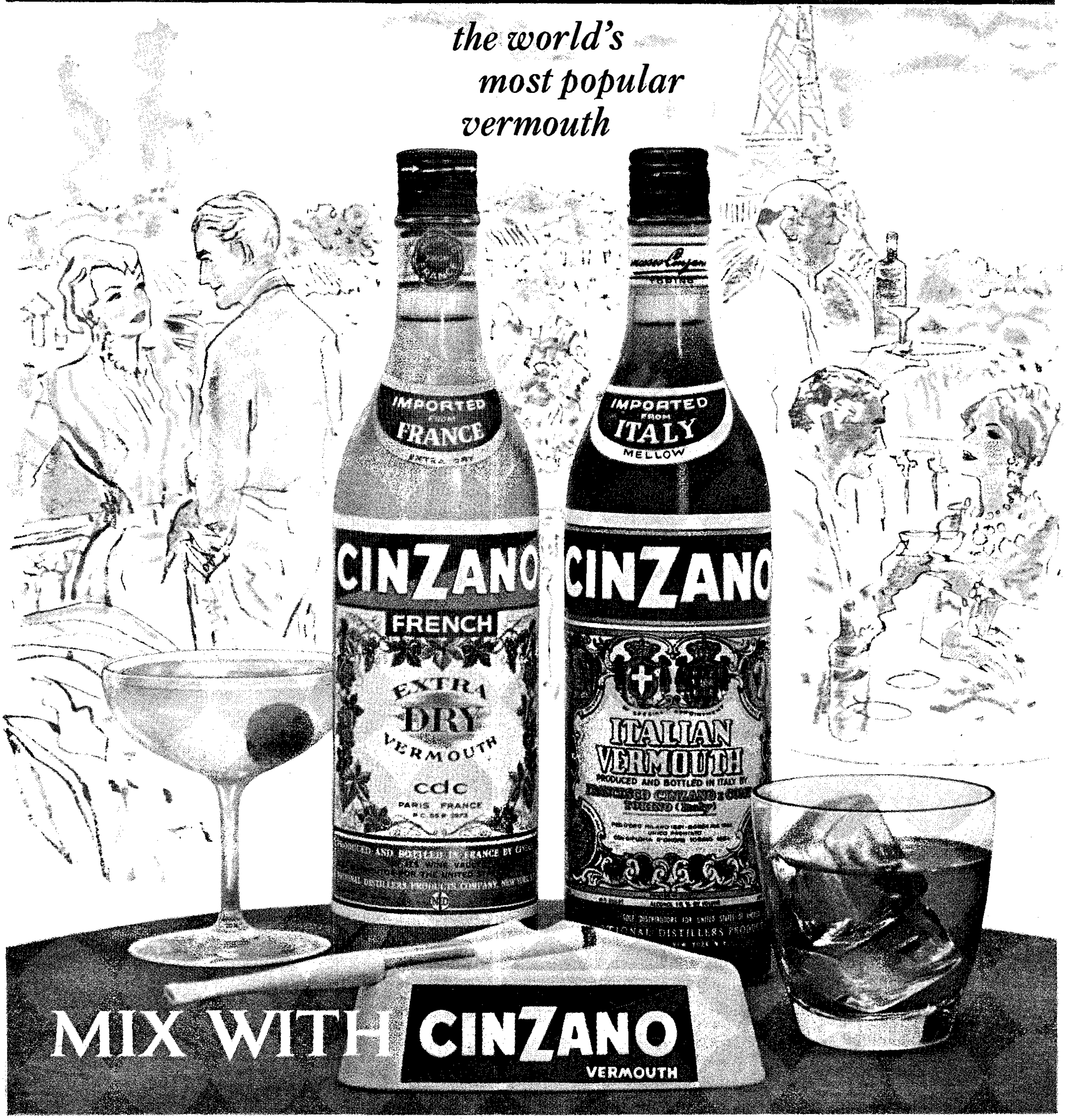

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THE RACE TRACK

Encore

WELL, Carry Back did it again. Though he didn't crash through with quite as thrilling a performance (or perhaps I'm becoming accustomed to his spectacular finishes), he won the Preakness at Baltimore last Saturday the same way he won the Kentucky Derby. This time, Globemaster was second and Crozier third. The mile and three-sixteenths was run in 1:57⅗, which is three full seconds slower than Nashua's record for the race, set in 1955. Nine three-year-olds went to the post for last week's Preakness—the eighty-fifth renewal, by the way—and at the start Carry Back was pinched off between Crozier, who bore out, and Orleans Doge, who bore in, while Globemaster was the quickest in the dash to the first turn. Globemaster continued to lead, followed closest by Hitting Away, Crozier, and Sherluck for the first half mile, and the race was that far along before Carry Back got into his stride, by which time he was last, fifteen lengths behind. As the blue and silver hoops of his colors could be seen beginning to move up on the leaders from the outside, there was a roar from the crowd, but it still appeared doubtful whether he could catch them, because he made an unusually wide turn into the stretch. However, he settled down to the struggle with courage and tenacity, and steadily closed the gap. As he passed Crozier, the latter, who was tiring, swerved out and bumped him lightly, as if to say "The back of my hand to you!" Forty yards from home, Carry Back had the race won, and he went under the wire three-quarters of a length ahead of Globemaster, with Crozier four lengths farther behind. The winning margin was the same as in the Kentucky Derby.

Globemaster surprised me. A week before the Preakness, it was reported that he threw a stifle out of joint, which is nothing to laugh off. Kelso did it some time ago, you may remember, and was out of training for months. On the other hand, some horses can pop their stifles out and in again with no more ill effects than some people suffer from cracking their knuckles. Maybe Globemaster is that sort. At any rate, you can put him down as a miler. Crozier didn't have

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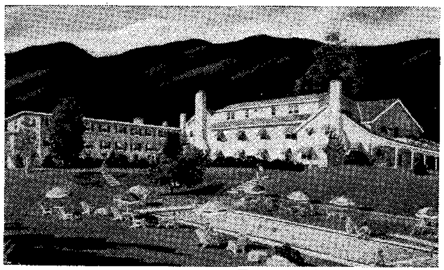

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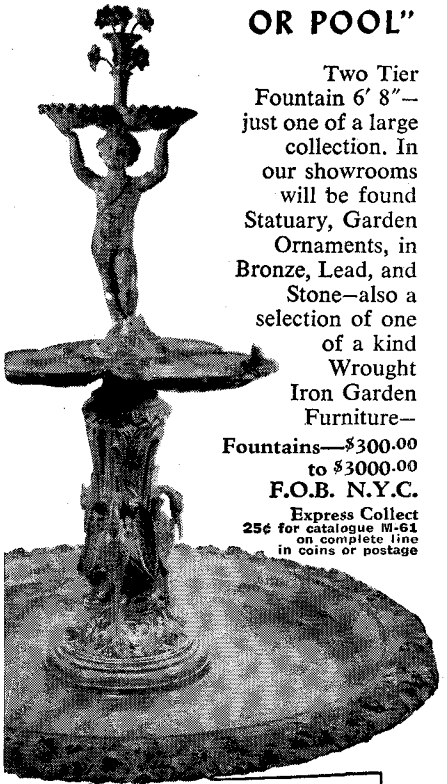
the zip he showed in the Derby. According to his rider, he didn't like the track, but I'd say it was too much Carry Back. The excuse for Dr. Miller, of course, was that the distance was too short, and for Sherluck that he's had too much racing. None was offered for Hitting Away; he was too complete a bust.

Wandering around the stables at Pimlico before the Preakness, I intended to have a look at several of the runners, but I got no farther than Carry Back's stall. (Who cares about the losers, anyhow?) He's a most unusual fellow. For one thing, he's never had any of the ills that plague racers—not even bucked shins. (I'm knocking wood as I write this.) For another, he's so relaxed. All horses know when they're going to race, and some of them go into a dither hours before they're led to the paddock, but Carry Back was behaving as you might expect him to if he'd been turned out on a farm. Jack Price, who bred him and trains him, says he's always like that. I was dumfounded when, with little more than an hour to go before the Preakness, his groom came up and gave him a double handful of hay. By all the rules, horses are fed lightly early in the morning of the day they race and then have nothing else until after they've run. But it seems that Carry Back always gets a snack about four o'clock in the afternoon, racing or no. He's a good doer, polishing off twelve quarts of oats and great quantities of hay every day—a huge ration for an animal only a scant inch over fifteen hands high and weighing around nine hundred and sixty pounds. The experts will tell you that his conformation is all wrong—to them, Globemaster is the picture horse—but the record shows that Carry Back has won six of his nine starts this year and $452,769 in prize money ($126,200 of it in the Preakness), which, added to his earnings last season, gives him a grand total of $739,068. What price a million by midsummer? Now he'll go for the Belmont Stakes on June 3rd, but Mr. Price is still toying with the idea of running him in the Jersey Derby at Garden State on Memorial Day as a prep for the blue ribbon at Belmont Park.

As post time for the Preakness neared, Sellers, who has ridden Carry Back since last autumn, came to the stall and gave a hand to the groom who was dressing the colt for his big test. Sellers, who was one of the leading riders last season and is top of the list this year, handles a rub rag very well. (Can you imagine any other fashionable jockey doing that? I can't, either.) If you care, Mr. Price never gives Sellers



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riding orders. Sellers says, "Carry Back and I get along all right." Indeed they do.

WHILE we're on the subject of jockeys, Shoemaker rode his four-thousandth winner—an animal with the impossible name of Guaranteeya—at Hollywood Park the other day. It took him only thirteen years to run up that total.

FROM all accounts, Bowl of Flowers didn't have as easy a time winning the Acorn Stakes at Aqueduct last weekend as I thought she would. In fact, she had to be ridden hard to wear down Black Darter in the last furlong of the mile event. She won by less than a length, and Black Darter barely nosed Seven Thirty out of second money. Observers thought the reason Bowl of Flowers didn't go so well in the run down the backstretch was that she was bucking a stiff head wind. I fancy she'll go better in the Mother Goose at Belmont on June 10th. Incidentally, several good judges were impressed by the way Funloving won the Black-Eyed Susan at Pimlico the other day. She may be something for Bowl of Flowers to worry about. . . . Speaking of Kelso, who hadn't been under colors since he was voted the Horse of the Year last autumn, he came back to the races at Aqueduct on Friday, and, as was expected, won easily, for he didn't have much to beat. No doubt he'll be top weight for the Metropolitan Mile on Memorial Day, but he has grown and filled out so well that I rather imagine he'll be able to handle any impost. . . . The two-year-old who caught my eye at Aqueduct last week was Sunrise County, a son of Summer Tan, who led nine other colts home by lengths in a maiden race on Wednesday.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The Patent Office Society has been engaged in many varied activities during 1960, all of which were directly or indirectly related to the basic object of improvement of the Patent System.

The year began by completing the arrangements for our Annual Spring Dinner-Dance.—*Journal of the Patent Office Society.*

A start is a start.

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The Waste Makers. By Vance Packard. McKay. $4.50. To members of Phi Beta Kappa, this may be a repetitious glimpse of the obvious; to the American masses, it could be a salutary eye opener.—*Key Reporter, organ of Phi Beta Kappa.*

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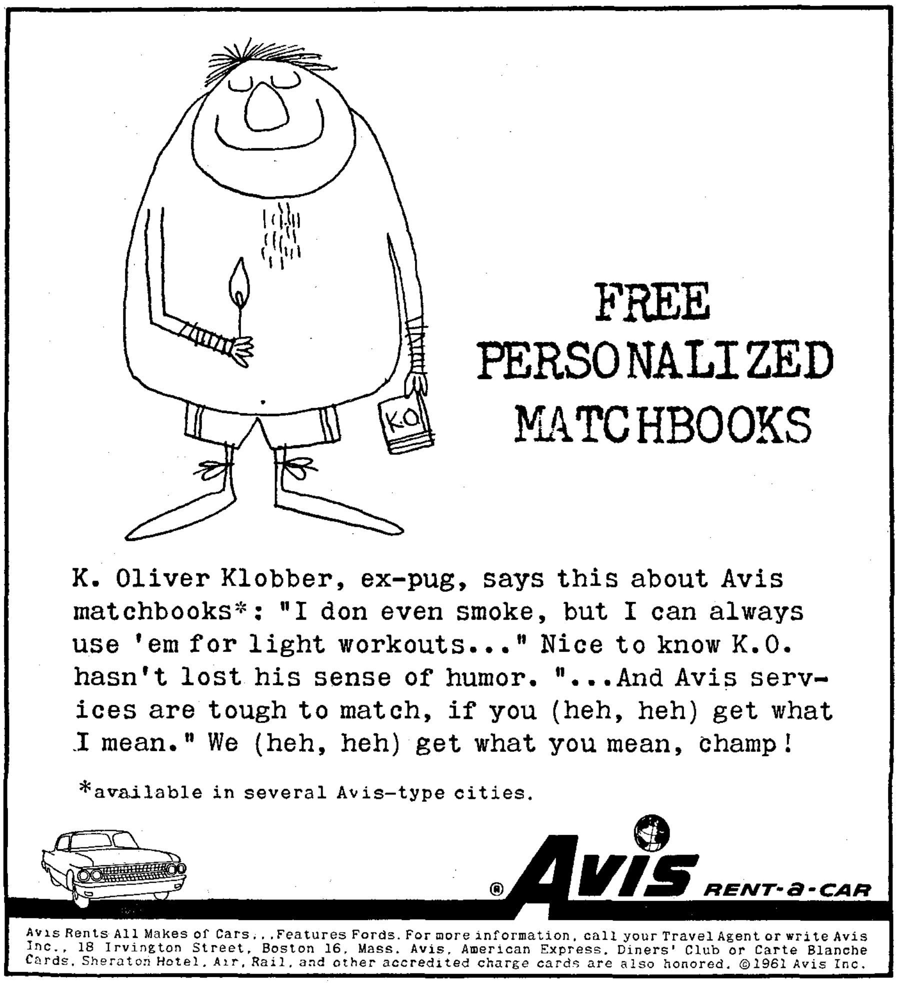

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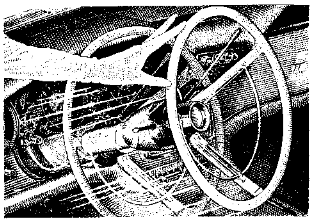

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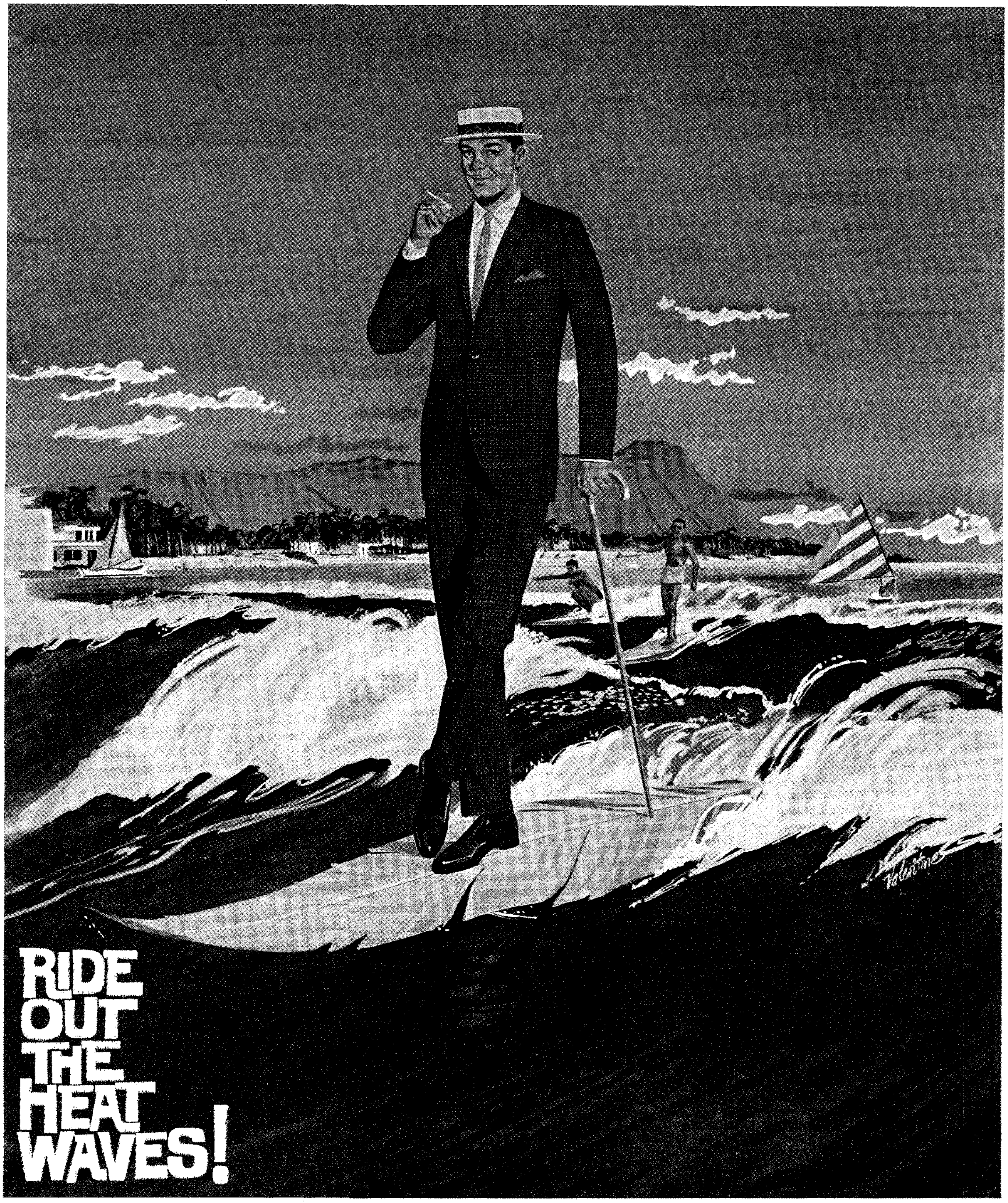
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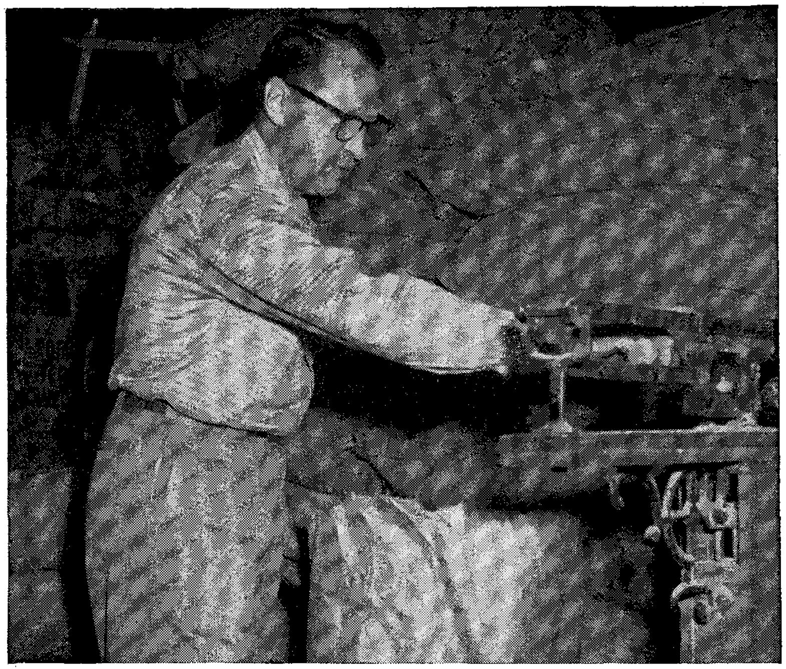
LETTER FROM PARIS

May 15

L'INSTITUT FRANÇAIS D'OPINION PUBLIQUE has taken a poll of how French citizens feel about various facets of the April French Army insurrection in Algeria, now that it is apparently over and people here in Metropolitan France can steady their thoughts. The poll presented perspicacious questions that covered a great deal of ground, and brought forth some unexpected and illuminating answers. This sampling of public opinion, printed in *France-Soir*, seems especially informative when set against the mixed confusion and flat relief that immediately followed the events. To the opening question—What elements caused the check of the Algerian revolt?—the action and influence of President de Gaulle rated top among the answers, though at only thirty-nine per cent; the determined hostile attitude of the French people against the insurgents was next, with sixteen per cent; the firm attitude against the rebellion of the French Army conscripts in Algeria drew fourteen per cent; and the attitude of the American government got one per cent. This last was an agreeable and surprising antidote to the current rumor—denied here by Ambassador Gavin—that agents of our C.I.A. had tried not to check but to cheer on the insurrection as a laudable effort to prevent an eventually liberated Algeria from possibly going Communist. To the question as to what fate should be meted out to the insurgent ex-generals, thirty per cent were for the death penalty; twenty-five per cent proposed prison, presumably for life; twenty-one per cent judiciously favored leaving them to the "extreme rigors of the law," as de Gaulle promised; one per cent thought that they should be exiled; six per cent thought that they should be shown clemency; and one per cent thought that the generals were right in what they did, and within their rights to do it, too. It is taken for granted that the last three opinions, totalling eight per cent, came from activist sympathizers, of whom only one per cent still had the spunk to speak up openly. As for the French government's immediate prosecution of



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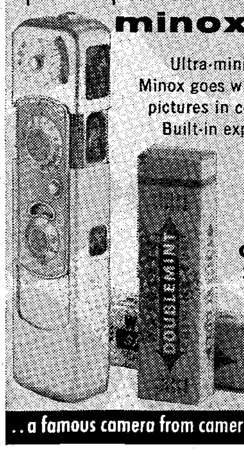

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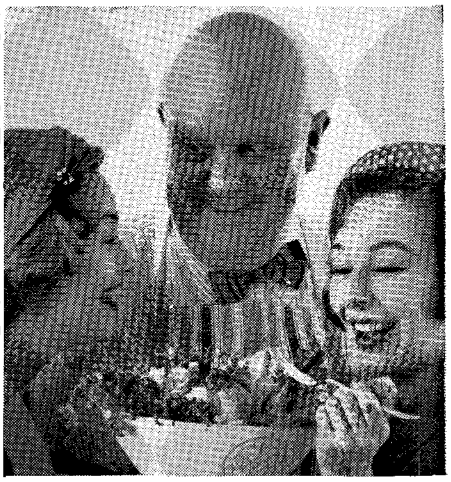
those who rebelled against it, forty-nine per cent thought that it should prosecute very rigorously, twenty-nine per cent thought that mere rigorous prosecution was enough, and twelve per cent thought that the government should be clement—again that soft, sympathetic note. The answers to a question about the possibility of another Algerian uprising were in part fatalistic and alarming, with twenty-four per cent—almost a fourth of those polled—frankly saying yes, they did think one possible; forty per cent saying no; and thirty-three per cent still so troubled by the uprising itself and by the sullen, angry, anti-France reaction of the Algérois white French settlers that they said they did not know what to think. Even more tragic were the answers to the question of whether the French felt they could now trust the loyalty of their regular French Army, with which since Napoleon's time the French nation has carried on a kind of love affair. Only twenty-four per cent declared that they were very confident they could trust it; forty-three per cent felt rather confident; eleven per cent had no confidence in it whatever; and twenty-two per cent, or more than a fifth, were unable to make up their minds—signs of tepid faith in the worthiness of France's Army, which is also now gravely worrying NATO and France's allies. As for Algeria's future—which is, after all, what the insurrection was about—fifty per cent thought Algeria would ultimately be independent and would follow de Gaulle's warning and his hope that it would maintain an association with France thereafter, and nineteen per cent thought it would be independent but would try to have the remotest possible relations with France (in other words, almost three-quarters of these French think that Algerian independence is a sure thing), while only three per cent said they believed Algeria to be French property. Whether so small a proportion with the courage of its convictions covertly represents a much bigger French faction, numbered by discretion or real fear right now, when the government's dragnet is spread to pull in activist sympathizers, nobody knows, of course. Unfortunately, it is fairly easy to suppose that many of those queried on Algérie Française were simply lying in their answers. Certainly the complicity with the insurrection in high military and government circles and the sympathy for it among the rich industrial section of French society have been amply notorious. However, it is thought possible that the rapid collapse and



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the unpopularity of the insurrection may have brought many of France's diehards up to date at last on the futility of their fetish belief in the continuation of Algerian colonialism. On this point, de Gaulle a few nights ago, in his latest speech to the nation, specifically begged them to give up "their outdated myths."

The next-to-last question in the poll obtained the expected proportion in its major response, but also some odd by-products. It asked, "What do you think is the most important problem for France right now?" "Peace in Algeria," seventy-eight per cent said, with two per cent particularizing, "Peace negotiations with the rebel Algerian F.L.N. Army," which now seem actually set for Evian later this week. However, five per cent said that the most important problem in France now was its low salaries and standard of living. A more patriotic four per cent thought that "the stability of the regime and its institutions" was dominant. Three per cent—a low fraction of idealists—gave "world peace" as their answer. And only two per cent of the French who were questioned thought that the ex-generals' Algerian insurrection was still of paramount importance, even though it shook the French nation and them and the Western world only three weeks ago. For another two per cent, "a variety of things"—none specified—were of supreme importance to France in this still quasi-troubled hour of its history. One wonders what on earth they were. The final question was a natural: "Are you confident that General de Gaulle can settle the Algerian problem?" "Very confident," said forty-six per cent; "Rather confident," said thirty-eight per cent; "Rather unconfident," five per cent reported; and four per cent bluntly declared, "No confidence at all." It is felt that peace absolutely must come now, or the unsuccessful, crazed insurrection of military hotheads will, after all, have been victorious. In any case, the answers to the poll's final question sum up a decimal portrait of a France in a remarkably high state of unity after such a grave disturbance—indeed, in a high state of unity for any time. For the essential French tragedy is that Frenchmen always think with greater disparity than men in any other country. Yet after three years of him, General de Gaulle is still all they have—the sole great figure, with a voice, on the landscape.

It is rumored that de Gaulle has designated someone to replace him, automatically, legally, and immediately, should he die suddenly. As the London

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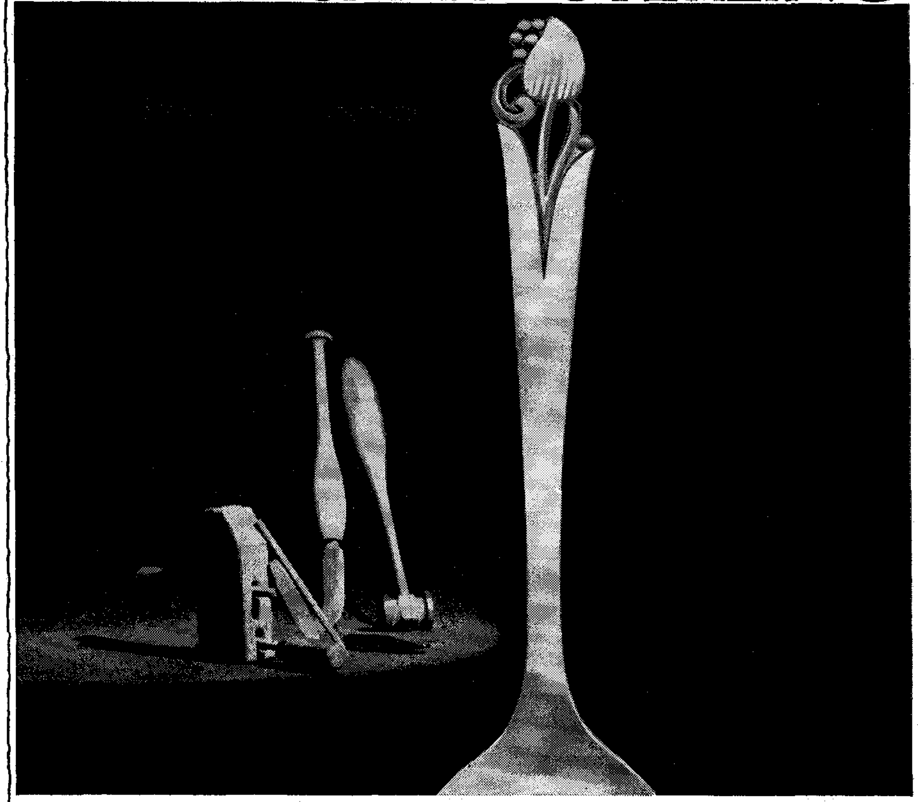

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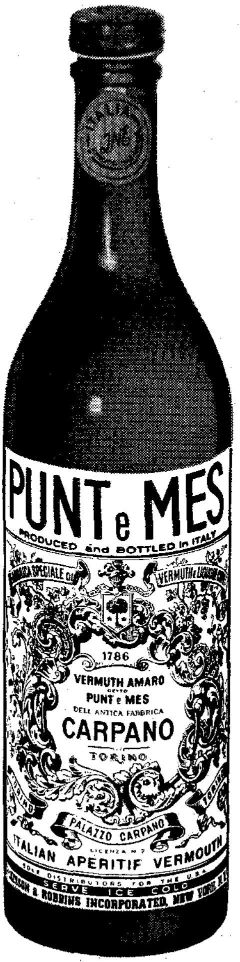
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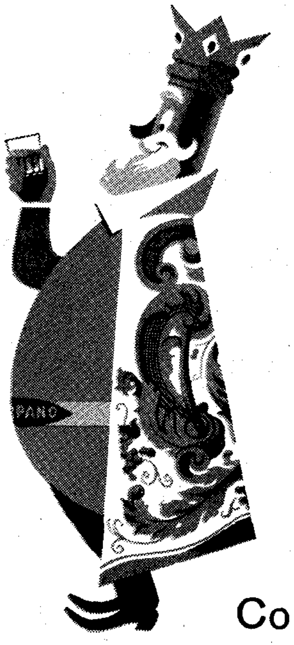

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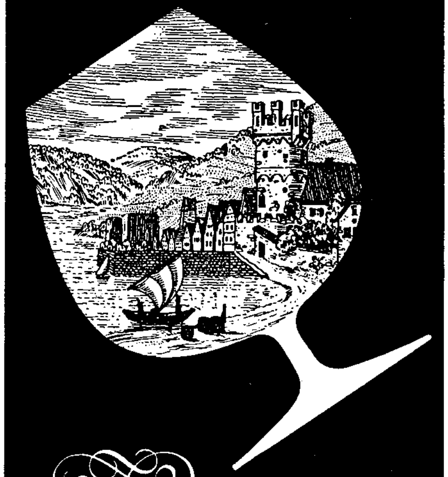

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Sunday Times succinctly said in its position of a worried neighbor of France, "It is more than ever a sobering thought that the destinies of a great nation at the center of the world should depend upon the heartbeat of a single man."

THERE are five times as many art shows now given each month in Paris as there were before the war. Today there are three hundred and sixty-three art galleries in the city, compared to three hundred and fifty-three movie houses, but only the movie-house men complain of poor business. Statistically, there are five thousand professional artists in Paris, each painting almost a picture a week. Paris is the maelstrom on the Seine of modern art. Many of the current spring shows are of the works of old heroes still alive, such as the exhibition of the brash, vigorous latest paintings by Picasso. There is a large show of characteristic paintings by Miró. Looking at reproductions of some of them in a Paris paper, Picasso said, with his well-known malicious wit, "How fresh he remains! At his advanced age he still paints like a two-year-old child." Now eighty-six, Jacques Villon, to whom appreciation and fame came so surprisingly late, at the age of seventy-five, is exhibiting what he considers the best hundred pictures of his life so far. These pictures of his choice are like stylized dreams of things gone by: self-portraits, portraits of friends, and still-lifes bedded in a faint Cubism—an exhibition of the untroubled elegance of a courteous genius. Unexpected popularity has greeted the display of Matisse's colored-paper cutouts (already exhibited shortly before he died), his last works, in blazing reds and pungent blacks and blues, of formalized flowers, women's bodies, and leaves—the works of a bedridden old man sculpturing with scissors on paper.

There is a tendency among some art merchants to run two great modern painters representing certain extremes in a doubleheader show, so they can be compared on the spot. An example is the stimulating show held here of Klees and Kandinskys only, with none of the rest of their group, the first being so restrained and eclectic that, by comparison, the second seem almost gaudily extended. This double treatment has unfortunately been at its worst for the Yorkshireman Henry Moore, whose sculptures have been on view amid the greenery of the gardens of the Hôtel Biron—in reality, the Rodin Museum, where the Master's works have stood in permanence for

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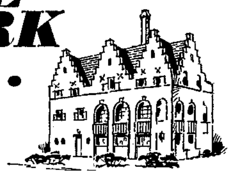

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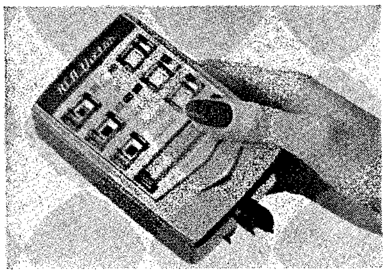

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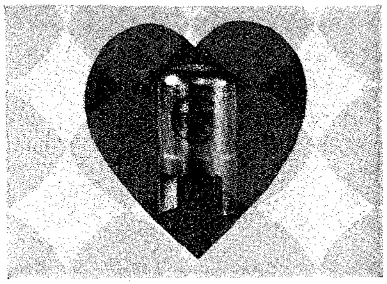

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WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE—FIRST IN LATIN AMERICA . . . **FIRST** ON THE ATLANTIC . . . **FIRST** ON THE PACIFIC . . . **FIRST** 'ROUND THE WORLD years. In this almost accidental meeting between the two artists (which occurred simply because there is really no other official outdoor spot in Paris to show large figures), the robust, terrestrial male and female nudities of Rodin's statues—such as "The Thinker," "The Walking Man," and, of course, "The Kiss"—seemed to establish a complete lack of hospitality to the austere, unemotional monsters of Moore. By the very opposition of their aesthetic meanings, some kind of partisanship is bound to spring up in the viewer's mind, which is unfair. You cannot look at Moore with one eye and keep seeing Rodin with the other. They are sculptors who should never have met—at least, not in the same garden.

It has been obvious for many years that writers writing about abstract art—with no matter what attentive prose or fondness—literally cannot put it into words, since the whole meaning of it is in evasive, non-descriptive visual terms and invisible suggestions; only a photograph can at once be tacit and yet tell all second-hand. The French, however, have a civilized, obstinate belief in literature, in the ever-possible powers of the vocabulary to conquer whatever man can produce, or can even have in mind. This spring has seen some remarkable efforts in the prefaces to abstract artists' exhibition catalogues, which have aimed at saying in syllables what the artists themselves could say only in paint. A few of the luckiest artists have had these prefaces penned by gifted and famous littérateurs, generously making an essay of their appreciation. For instance, Jean-Paul Sartre, who hitherto has apparently furnished art prefaces only for Calder and his mobiles and for the tortuous sculptor Giacometti, just wrote of the paintings of Robert Lapoujade, "*Lapoujade n'engage pas son art, c'est son art qui l'engage.*" And certainly the titles of Lapoujade's subjects indicate his commitment to the times we live in, since they include "Riots," "Triptych on Torture," and "Hiroshima." A photo would show strong, anguished-looking compositions with, of course, no identifiable forms, yet representing, in all probability, the traumatic fears and emotions of modern existence. Lapoujade is a former butcher from the town of Montauban, where Ingres painted. The painter Le Maréchal, whose exhibition showed canvases of exquisitely gay-colored Surrealism, on a small scale, has benefited from a catalogue preface, printed like a small booklet, by André Breton, who says, in a key sentence, that Le Maréchal is "the

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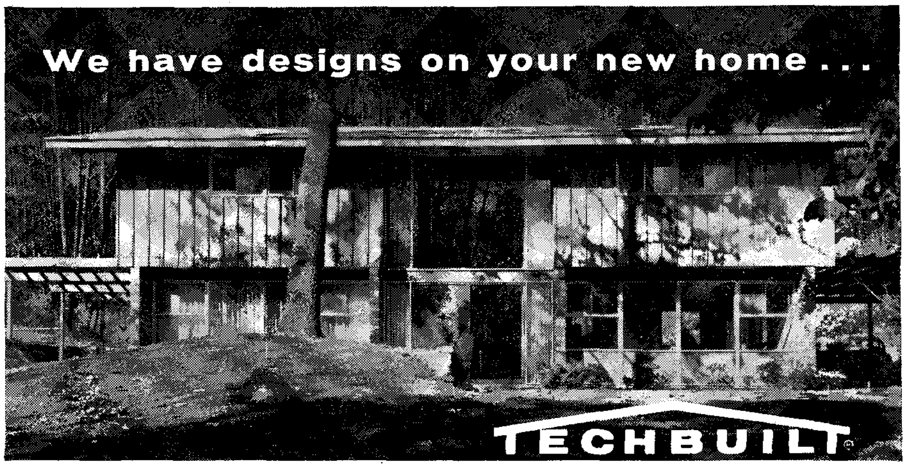

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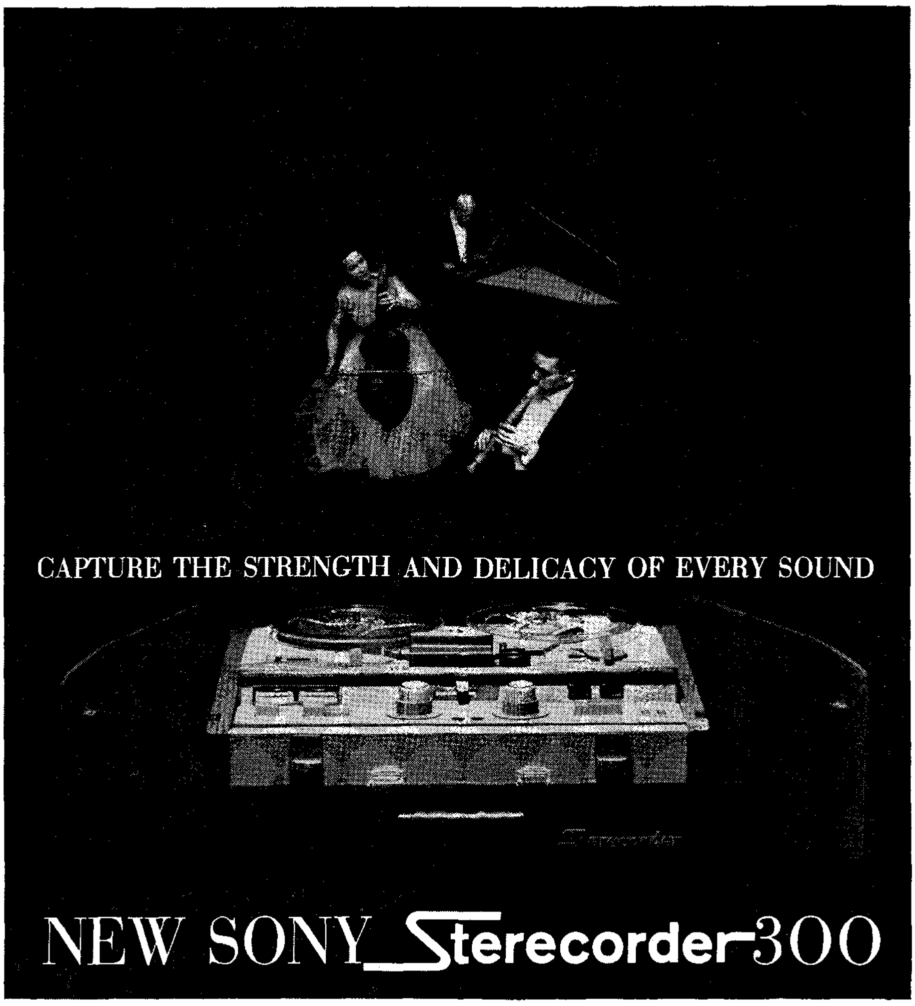

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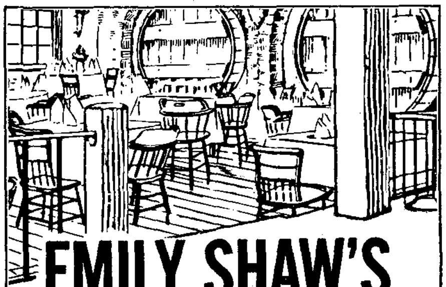

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only painter to know that visions have their own curtains of gauze"—surely an accurate description of Breton's well-known poetic reaction to the oneiric, though no description at all of the hundreds of small semi-creatures or quasi-insects climbing aloft on Le Maréchal's canvases. Among the literary prefaces that failed to explain much of anything was the one for the exhibition of works by the well-considered abstractionist Messagier. It said that he had never denied "his debt to Uccello, Piero della Francesca, Goya, and Monet, and, occasionally, Marcel Duchamps." The catalogue reader, on lifting his eyes, saw canvases of which the most striking—in shades of tangerine and lemon—looked vaguely like smeared marble striations, and nothing like Goya. This marble-smear style is very popular, being the manner also of Olivier Debré, brother of France's Premier Michel Debré. Another painter with a famous relative is the young J. Fin, who is Picasso's nephew—a family connection visible in the style of fine painting in his recent show.

If you are coming to Paris and like abstract art, you will find its quality of painting finer than hitherto. You will also find that it represents "states of extra lucidity," "the synthesis of the rational and the emotional," "spatial movements with reference to electronics," and a new one called "hypnotic space"—and very attractive, too.

—GENÊT

•

"Grandma" to most of us still means a frail old lady, her children long since married or convicted, rocking gently on the porch knitting socks for the 13th Spanish War Rifles and occasionally peering over the top of her bifocals like a wise owl with randruff.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

And with three drinks under her belt.

•

Important elements of the motion-picture industry have been campaigning for years to eliminate censorship. They have argued that any problem of obscure or otherwise objectionable films could be handled by criminal prosecution of the exhibitors rather than prior censorship.—*The Times.*

There's been nothing obscure for at least twenty years.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Rye* (*N.Y.*) *Chronicle*]

Mr. Novick's duties at the hospital will be to initiate a program aimed towards making the employee's job easier. This is done through the process of studying a given job with the employee and then proposing methods whereby the job may be done with less effect.

BOOKS

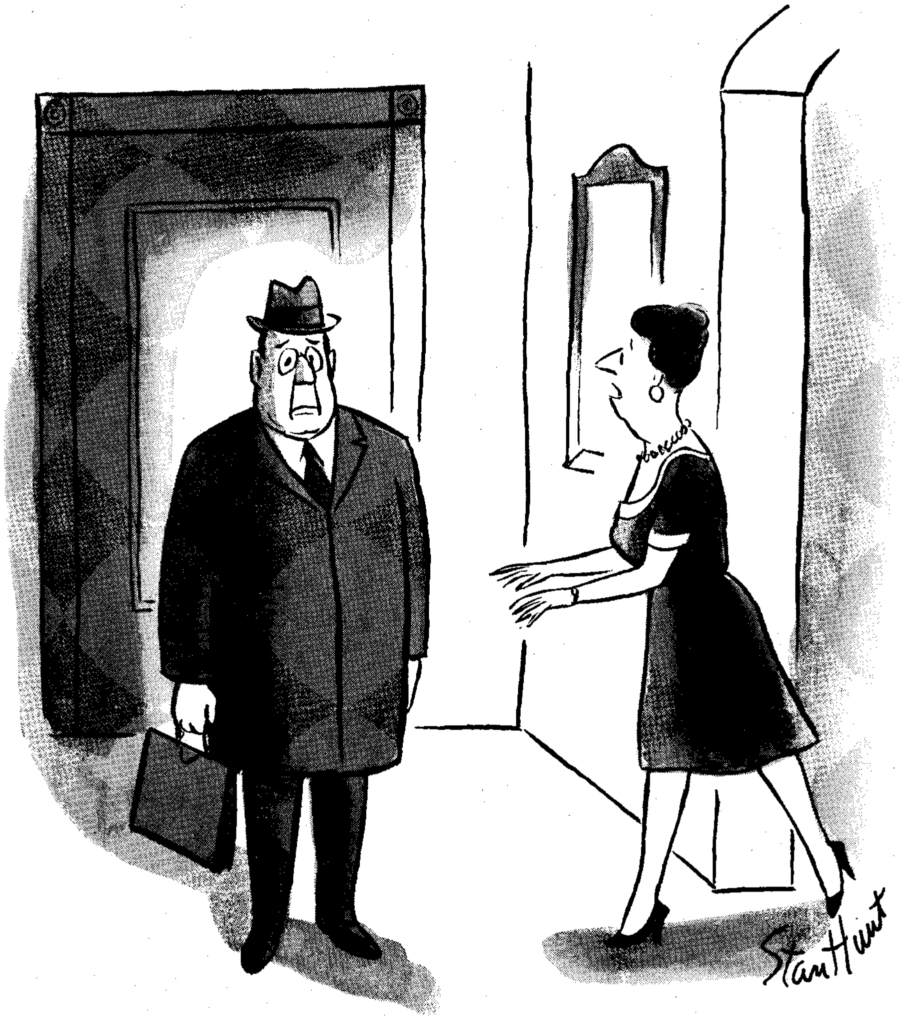
Sermons from the Mount

MOST critics who have attained such modest celebrity as their métier affords, or who have attained celebrity in other fields, are likely to be remembered for being wrong about something. Hanslick was wrong about Wagner, Baudelaire was wrong about Ingres, Ruskin was wrong about the Impressionists, Sainte-Beuve was wrong about Proust. George Bernard Shaw was wrong about Brahms. But in his case this was a minor lapse in judgment, and it was completely swamped by the number of instances in which he was brilliantly and incontestably right. And, right or wrong, Shaw's criticism remains a model of what music criticism should be: positive, strongly opinionated, urbane, contentious, clear to the nontechnical reader, and at the same time so profoundly knowledgeable as to be unassailable by the highly informed professional musician. All these qualities are demonstrated over and over again in "How to Become a Musical Critic" (Hill & Wang), a collection of certain of his writings on music that have never before been published in book form and that have now been edited for the purpose by Dan H. Laurence. The writings cover a long period, from Shaw's first essays in the *Hornet* (these appeared as early as 1876) to his last observations on music, which were first printed in 1950. It is interesting to note that he continued to be vitally concerned with the art long after he achieved worldwide eminence as a playwright, though he had written the main quantity of his music criticism in an earlier period—roughly, up to the turn of the century.

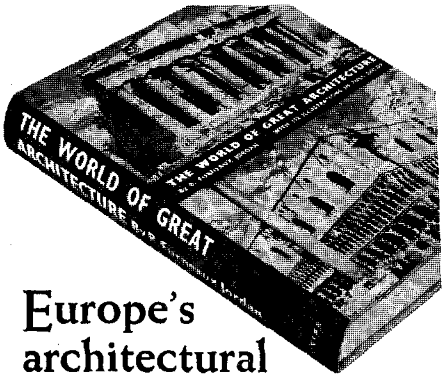
Shaw is famous for his wit, and the book contains some hilarious passages, among them a dissertation on the weaknesses of Liszt's "Dante" Symphony, in which he points out that its sententious effort to portray the dramatic content of the "Inferno" in musical terms is laughably superficial:

> It is hard to say what the characteristics of Dante's Hell are. Turmoil, hurry, incessant movement, fire, roaring wind, and utter discomfort are there; but so they are also in a London house when the kitchen chimney is on fire. Convey these by music, and the music will be just as appropriate to the one situation as to the other. To convey nothing else is to miss the characteristic which differentiates the Inferno from any other noisy and unpleasant place; and this is what, as I think, Liszt has done: therefore I call his conception a shallow one. I am seriously of opinion that if the symphony were dubbed anew The Conflagration, and a careful analytical program compiled, assigning the various episodes of the *allegro* to The Alarm, The Fire Gaining Ground, Awakening of the Inmates and their Flight, Gathering of the Crowd, Arrival of the Engines, Exertions of Firemen and Struggle of Police with the Mob, with the Falling in of the Roof as a climax, not one of the audience would perceive the slightest incongruity between the music and the subject. The plan could be carried out to the end of the symphony. The Francesca episode might be labeled Complaint of the Lady of the House to Captain Shaw. To that gallant officer might be attributed the soothing recitative-like passage for the bass clarionet, at present supposed to represent the poet's sympathetic address to the unfortunate lovers. The *andante* would be appropriate to the mingled feelings of relief and regret following the extinction of the flames; the incidental fugue might portray the firemen searching the blackened ruins by lantern light; whilst the vocal conclusion would be in its place as the Thanksgiving of the Householder. . . . Dante's poem is unique because of those features of it that are not to be found elsewhere. Liszt's symphony is commonplace because disturbance and noise are commonplace. But to do justice to it on its own level, I admit that the degree of noise is not altogether commonplace. The symphony is exceptionally loud.

Yet even in such examples of humor it is obvious that Shaw is making a profound comment on the aesthetic limitations of program music as well as on the limitations of Franz Liszt, and one of the things the present-day reader will notice in this book is the vast scope of Shaw's technical and aesthetic knowledge of music. He was a celebrated literary man, and one is thankful for his unfailing skill in expressing himself. But, unlike many literary men, he had a solid background of musical learning and could slash away at the pretensions of musicians without fear of getting beyond his depth. He was never clever merely for the sake of being clever. Instead, a great deal of his criticism is earnest indeed, and most of it is much to the point. In common with all commenta-



"*You poor dear! Rails were mushy again today, weren't they?*"



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tors who manage to be entertaining while writing about music, he knew that one of the most effective means of holding his readers' attention was to use music as a jumping-off point, and occasionally he wandered off to such pet hobbyhorses as Socialism and vegetarianism. But these wanderings are few and invariably amusing.

As a man of the theatre, Shaw was particularly, though not exclusively, interested in opera. He was a canny judge of operatic singing and acting, and an exhaustive analyst of the musico-dramatic elements that fuse in the complicated arts of good operatic composition and production. His championship of Wagner is well known, but he was impatient with the stilted formality that tended to overpower Wagnerian production at Bayreuth after the death of Wagner. He was also a great crusader for Mozart opera, and was among the first to insist upon its lofty dramatic significance in an era when most Englishmen were inclined to view it as remarkable mainly for its pretty tunes. As late as 1910, he sharply attacked the scholarly and comparatively dull Ernest Newman because of Newman's hostility to Richard Strauss's "Elektra"—a hostility Newman later renounced. It was another instance in which Shaw, looking with a fresh eye and an unerring dramatic instinct upon a new and then controversial work, proved to be supremely right against the more tradition-bound pundits of his day.

It could be said that the title of this book is misleading, for it contains no pedagogy and does not really answer the problems of anyone wanting to learn "how to become a musical critic." Shaw's closest approach to an answer is in the essay in which he writes, "There are three main qualifications for a musical critic, besides the general qualification of good sense and knowledge of the world. He must have a cultivated taste for music; he must be a skilled writer; and he must be a practiced critic." The implication is that he should be like that great music critic George Bernard Shaw, and few would disagree, though it is not within the capacities of anyone else to be quite as much like Shaw as Shaw himself was.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE ROAD TO THE SNAIL, by William P. McGivern (Dodd, Mead). Dennis Campbell, a diffident English hotelkeeper on holiday in Spain,

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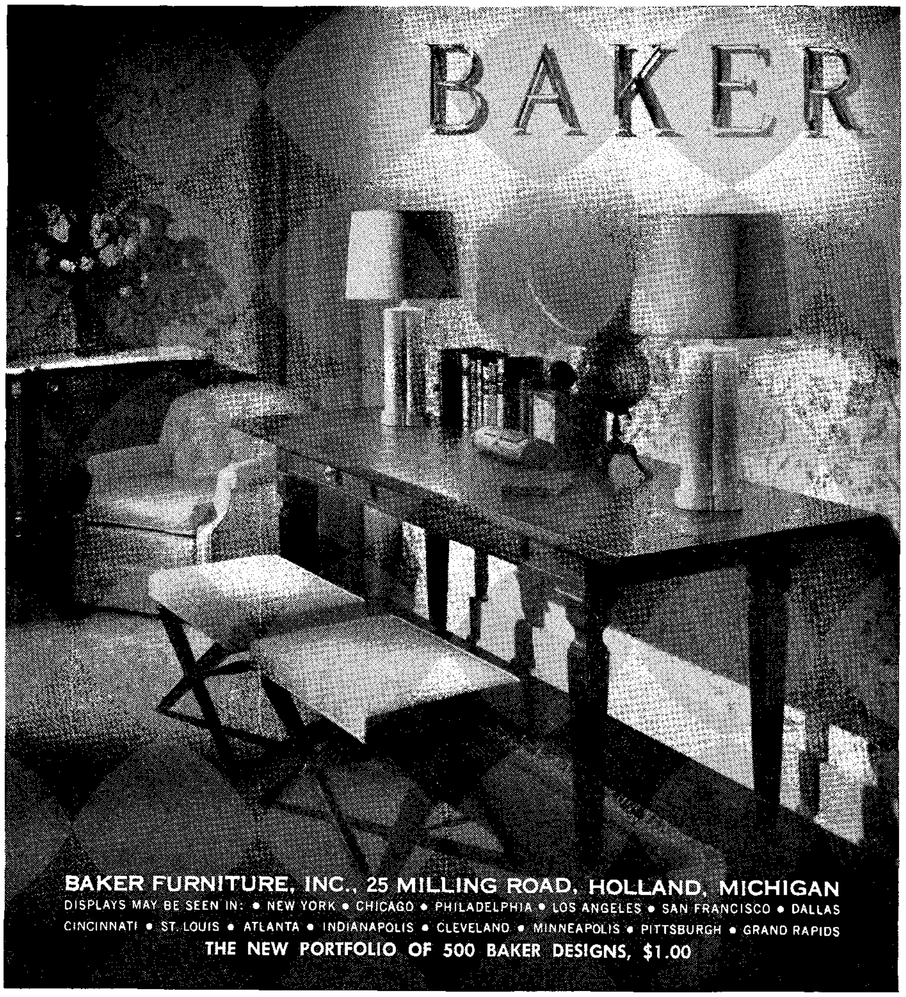
rents a modest villa high on a rocky hill above a sleepy little semi-artistic town and finds there is no road that will bring him and his car closer than half a mile to his front door. What he does to rescue himself from discomfort makes a story that is given pace and the appearance of excitement by Mr. McGivern's terse style. The name of the house is the Snail.

THE SONG OF THE RED RUBY, by Agnar Mykle, translated from the Norwegian by Maurice Michael (Dutton). Mr. Mykle describes the mental tribulations of a healthy young Norwegian college student who is bothered by the necessity he feels to make love to several women, and to accept their love, even though he is not, in the romantic or marrying sense, in love with any of them. The book is enthusiastic and has occasional touches of originality, but it is far too long.

RAPE OF HONOR, by Willi Heinrich, translated from the German by Sigrid Rock (Dial). In this melodramatic and crudely written novel of modern Germany, Herr Heinrich describes the mental anguish and physical degradation of a young and handsome former medical student forced by financial need to accept a job as chauffeur to a rich, spoiled, discontented matron of thirty-seven who is promiscuous in her habits and perverted in her inclinations.

PAPA MARTEL, by Gérard Robichaud (Doubleday). Ten gentle, wistful tales in which the domestic history of a French-Canadian family named Martel is remembered and described in affectionate detail. There are nine Martels—Papa, Maman, and their seven children—and we are told all about their circumstances and the important events in their lives between 1919 and 1937.

THE POWER OF BLACK, by M. B. Longman (Globus). A superficial, fleshy tale, told in thunderous tones, of the men of the Ashe family and their adventures in oil and with women. The story begins with Homer Ashe, a Virginia plantation owner who dreams of the money in oil but who dies early, ruined in health and fortune by the Civil War, and ends with his grandson, Jay Wade Ashe, a multimillionaire, or billionaire, who marries five or six wives and ends up a sour old man of sixty or so, living alone in a magnificent house in Paris. The action, which hovers briefly over Charleston at the begin-



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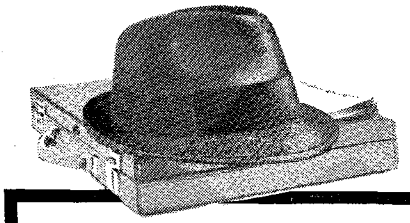

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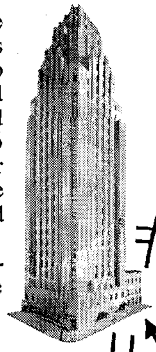

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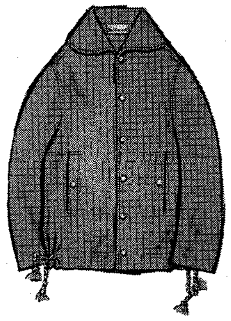

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GENERAL

India and the West, by Barbara Ward (Norton). A brilliant, fluent exposition of India's economic problems. The British, Miss Ward says, bequeathed India a liberal political tradition and a stagnant economy; now, to preserve the first, India must change the second. All industrialized economies, Miss Ward reminds us, financed their first factories by exploiting the poor who worked in them. But in India, she points out, any worsening of the workers' appalling living conditions would be unspeakable; only a totalitarian state could get away with it. Miss Ward then goes on to tell us exactly what India, as a non-totalitarian state, has achieved economically in terms of steel produced, capital invested, food grown for the market, and so on. It is much, but not enough, because the country lacks capital. The author, a first-class economist, recognizes that "the framework of economic expansion is determined at every turn by politics," and, for political reasons, she feels that the Western democracies must supply Indian democracy with capital through a new version of the Marshall Plan. Though her book works its way toward this recommendation, it is not tendentious. Rather, it is a remarkably informative study that transforms statistics into realities and makes economic abstractions, such as the theoretical errors of Marxism-Leninism, concrete.

The Story of Father Dominique Pire, as told to Hugues Vehenne, translated from the French by John L. Skeffington (Dutton). Father Pire is the Belgian Dominican priest who won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1958 for his work in setting up villages for displaced persons. He seems to be an unusual priest—bored by philosophy and intellectual matters, actively disliking parish duties, not concerned with converting his refugees, a practical joker, and a Luther-quoter. He may, in fact, be a saint, and the story of his selfless labors for the homeless and oppressed is intensely moving. Photographs.

In Deep, by Frank Baines (Macmillan). This is a memoir of a young Englishman's introduction to the sea. It recounts a voyage from London to the South Australian grain port of Wallaroo in a creaky old Finnish square-rigger just before the Second

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World War. The events are largely predictable (a storm in the North Atlantic, a violent death, a shore-leave orgy), but the writing is a surprise and a delight: "The tow-rope slipped half a turn round the capstan with a sharp jerk, the bollards took the strain and the tow-rope creaked jerkily on the bollards, squeeze, squeak, squ-e-e-e-ze! Water dripped out of it like sweat wrung from an intolerable exertion, and it went as white as a knuckle."

OPERA: ORIGINS AND SIDELIGHTS, by Ruth Berges (Yoseloff). This is a notably erudite but also wonderfully readable volume dealing with the tangential folklore of opera. Miss Berges tells about the tradition of diabolism that lies behind Gounod's "Faust;" the history and vicissitudes of the character Iago, from his first appearance in a story by Giovanni Battista Giraldi Cinthio (1565), through Shakespeare's immortal re-creation of him, and down to Verdi's and Boito's alterations of Shakespeare's version; what the three riddles in Puccini's "Turandot" meant at different times in the hands of different writers; the influence of gypsy mores and history on Bizet's "Carmen;" the ancient and recurring mythology behind the swan in "Lohengrin;" the love-potion lore that Wagner drew on in "Tristan;" and a hundred other things. Most of her essays have been previously published in the *Opera News*, a periodical put out by the Metropolitan Opera Guild. Photographs.

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF WILLIAM JAMES, edited and with an introduction by Elizabeth Hardwick (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). The twelfth volume in the happily continuing Great Letters series. James may not have been a writer of great (i.e., exquisitely composed or richly meaty) letters, but he was indubitably a great writer of letters. He dashed them off, long and short, with ease and abandon, from home and abroad (Europe, South America, on the domestic lecture circuit), to innumerable correspondents (his parents, his sister, his celebrated brother, his wife, his associates at Harvard, his colleagues all over the world), and for one purpose only—to communicate, to keep in touch, to express his extraordinary capacity for friendship and affection. It must have been a constant exhilaration to be numbered among his friends.

NOTE: "Collected Poems," by Robert Hillyer, which has been issued by

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FOR EXAMPLE

"Few things," said Mark Twain, with deadly accuracy, "are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example." In childhood, one's parents always seem to be pointing to someone else's behavior as superior. And later, other people always seem to have cleaner cars, shinier shoes, better gardens. From the cradle to the grave, the presence of the good example seems inescapable.

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Knopf, is a selection from all of Mr. Hillyer's published works. Many of the poems in the book appeared originally in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE WYCHERLY WOMAN, by Ross Macdonald (Knopf). Another of Mr. Macdonald's expert threnodic illuminations of the underside of California. This time, for a minor change, the scene is San Francisco and the Bay area, but the components are much the same as those we have known in the past farther south. They include a missing heiress, easy money, adultery, and, of course, murder: "Her eyes went dark. . . . 'Is everybody dying?' " Well, practically.

THUNDERBALL, by Ian Fleming (Viking). At the end of the tour of duty herein described, James Bond, the one-man gang of the British Secret Service, lies, as usual, just this side of death's door—this time in a hospital in Nassau. However, as usual, he has no complaints. He has defeated (with the usual maximum of bloodshed) an international crime syndicate whose plan it was to atomize the rocket base at Cape Canaveral and the city of Miami, he has won several thousand dollars at *chemin de fer*, he has enjoyed his customary ingestions of bourbon whiskey, and, best of all, he has added a brand-new tiger woman to his list of insatiable bedmates.

ARMS FOR ADONIS, by Charlotte Jay (Harper). A young Englishwoman named Sarah happens to see a bomb explode on a street in Beirut and immediately thereafter is grabbed by a handsome man and driven off in his pale-pink car. Her abduction is the first in a series of bewildering episodes, including a shooting and a wild ride through the mountains, which Miss Jay manages to explain by the time the book is over, even though she doesn't quite unravel the Middle Eastern politics behind them. She has described Beirut and the life that people lead there very well indeed, and the city is likely to remain in the reader's memory for quite a while after the adventures of Sarah have faded away.

•

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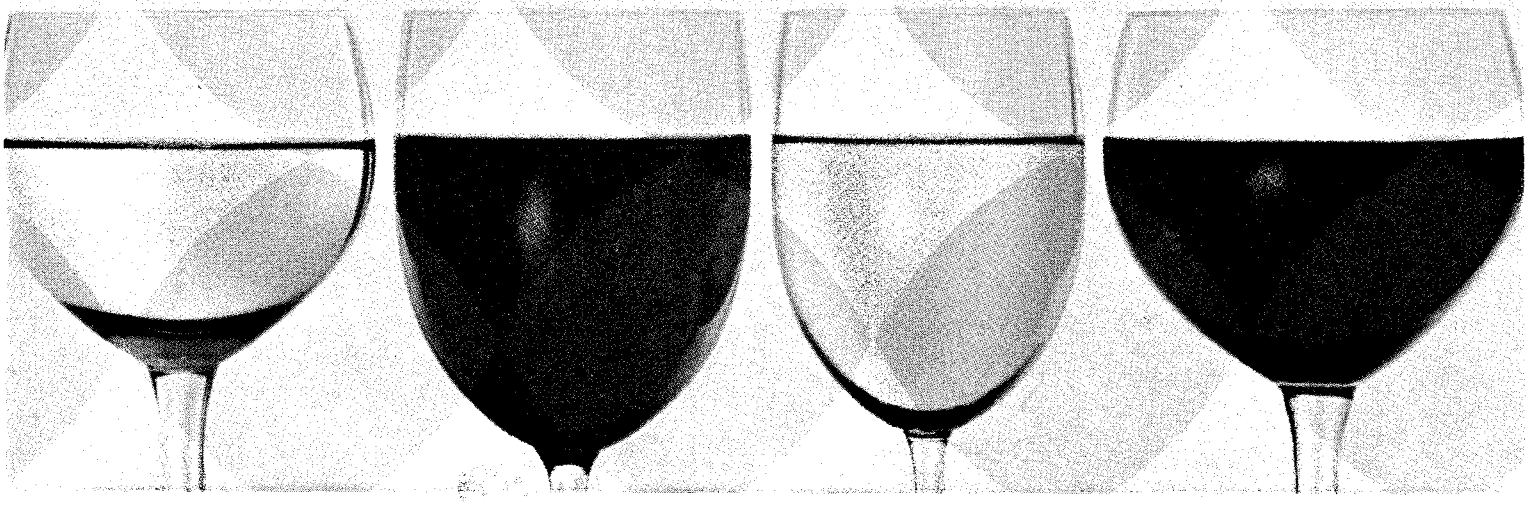

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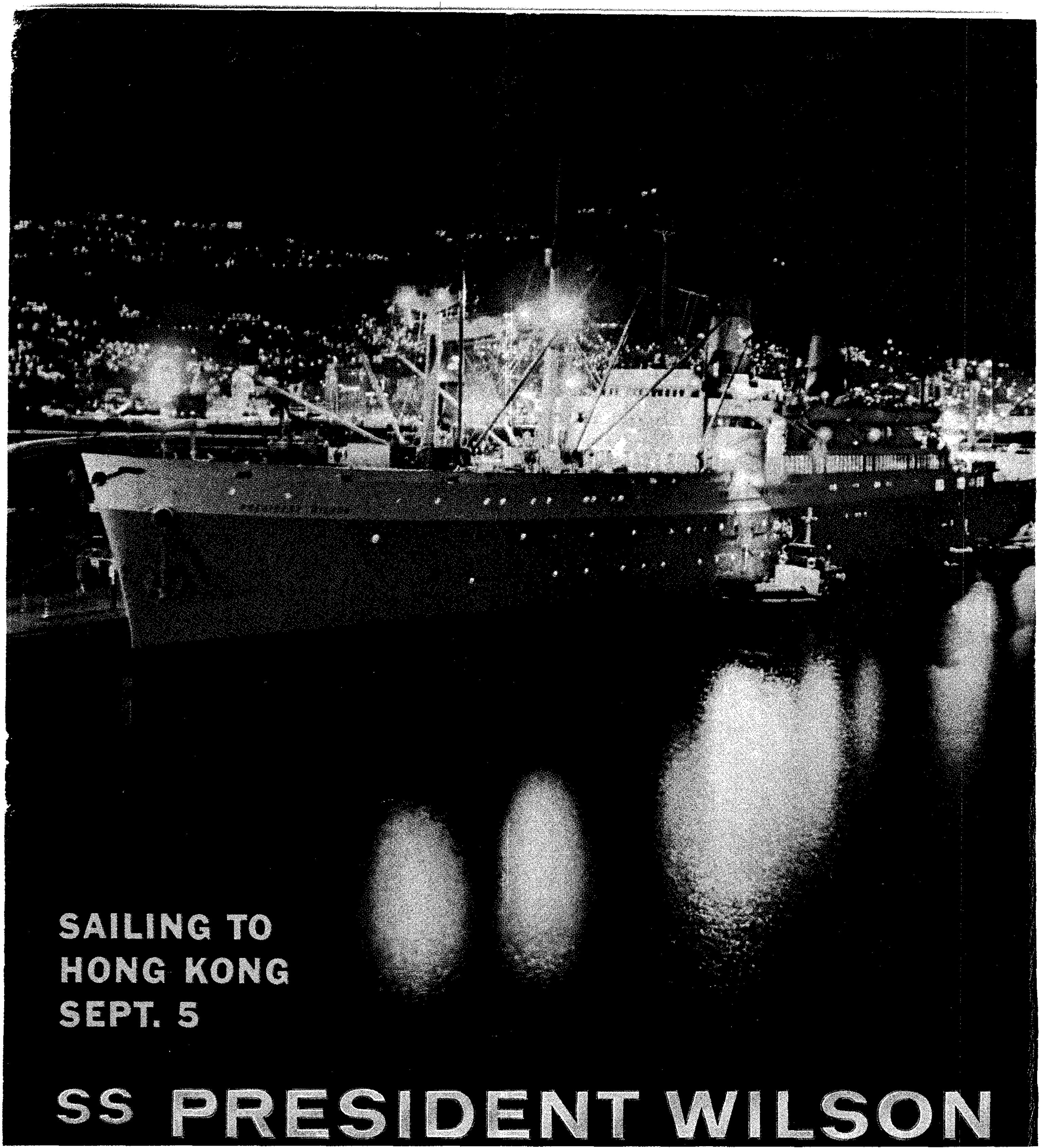

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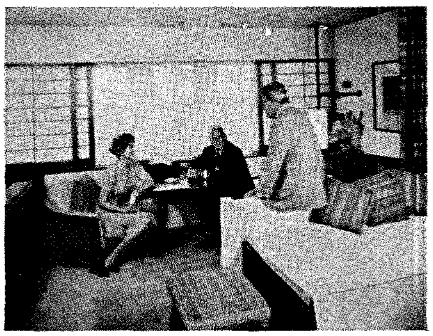

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